THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Week gazine
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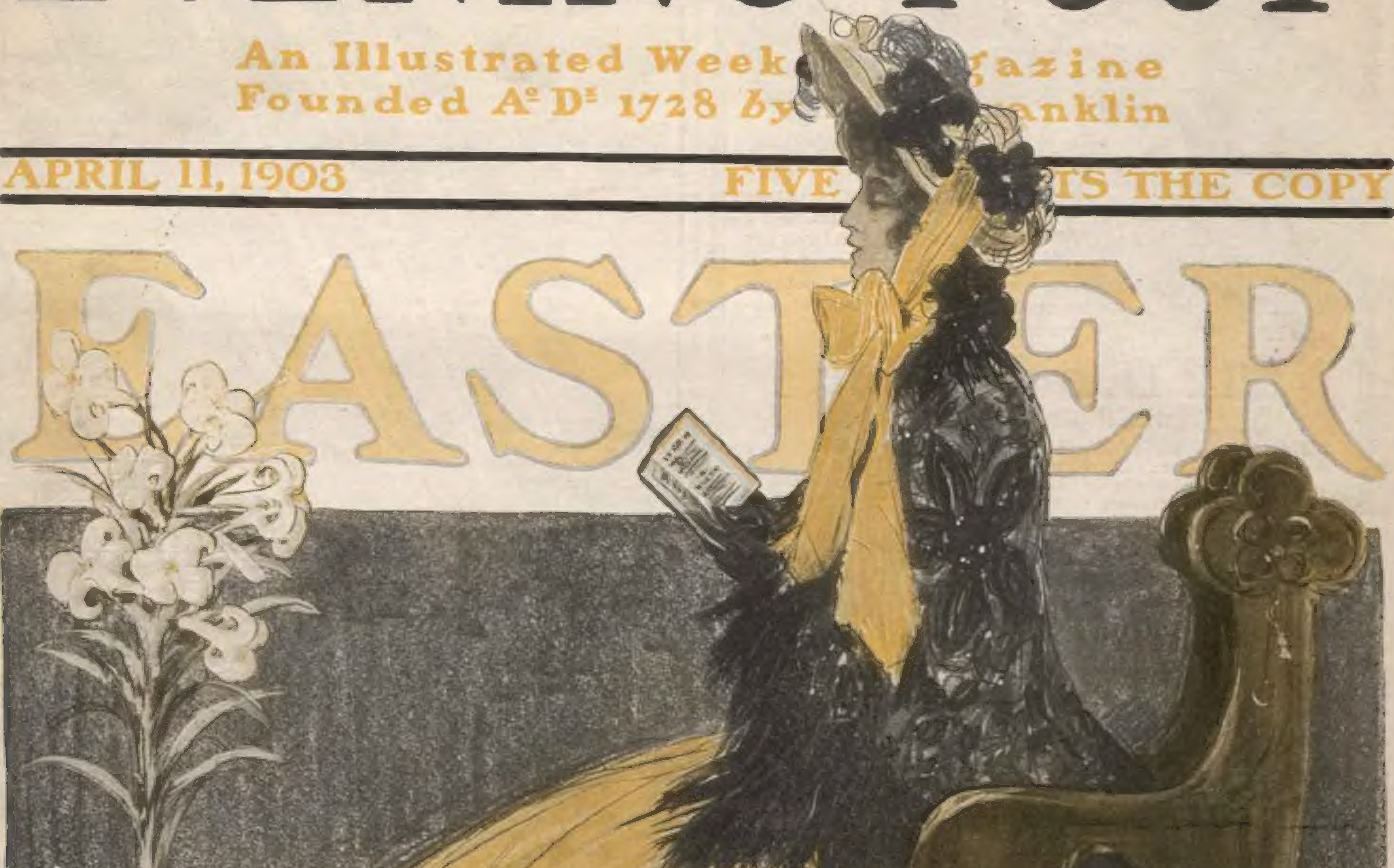
APRIL 11, 1903 FIVE TS THE COPY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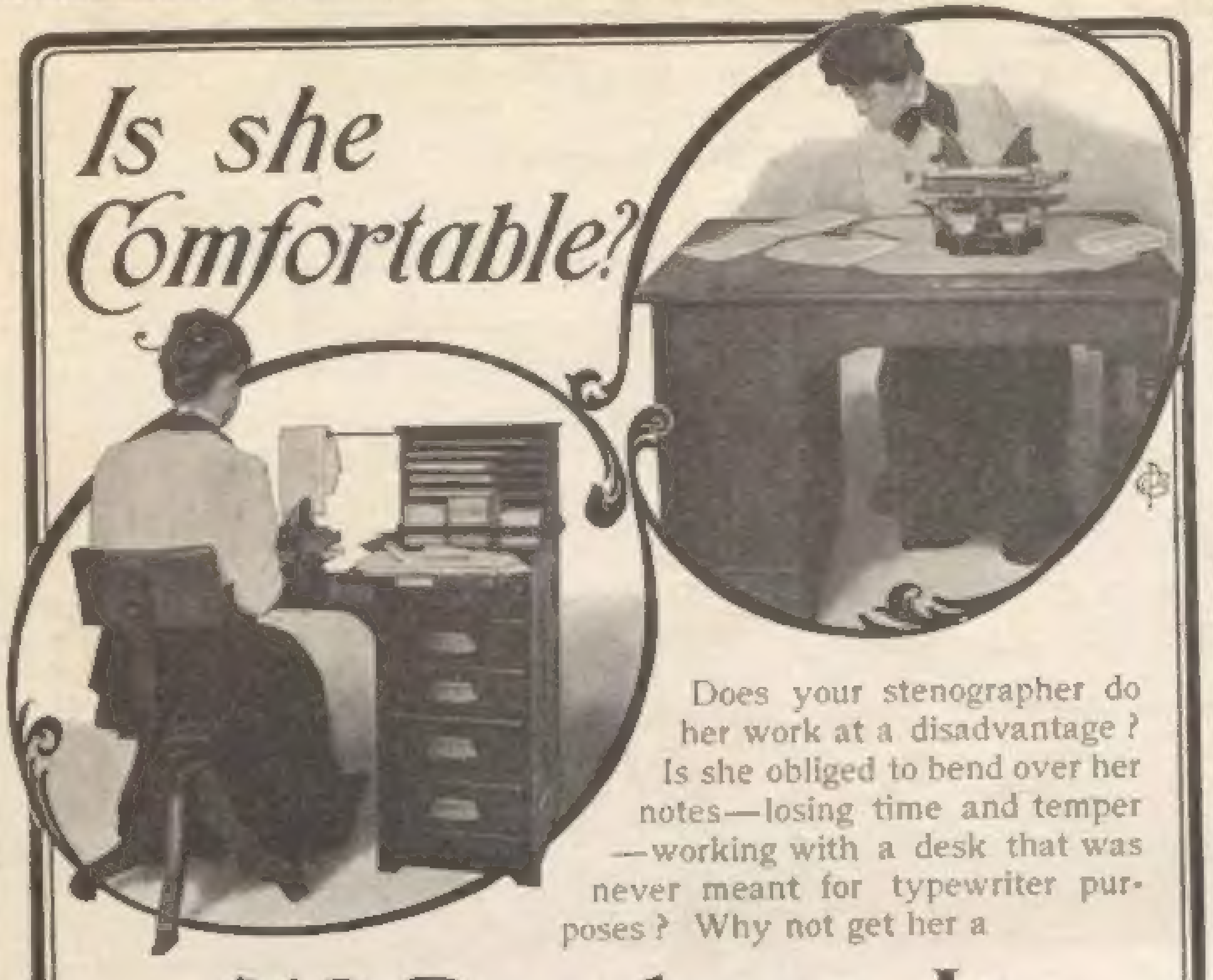

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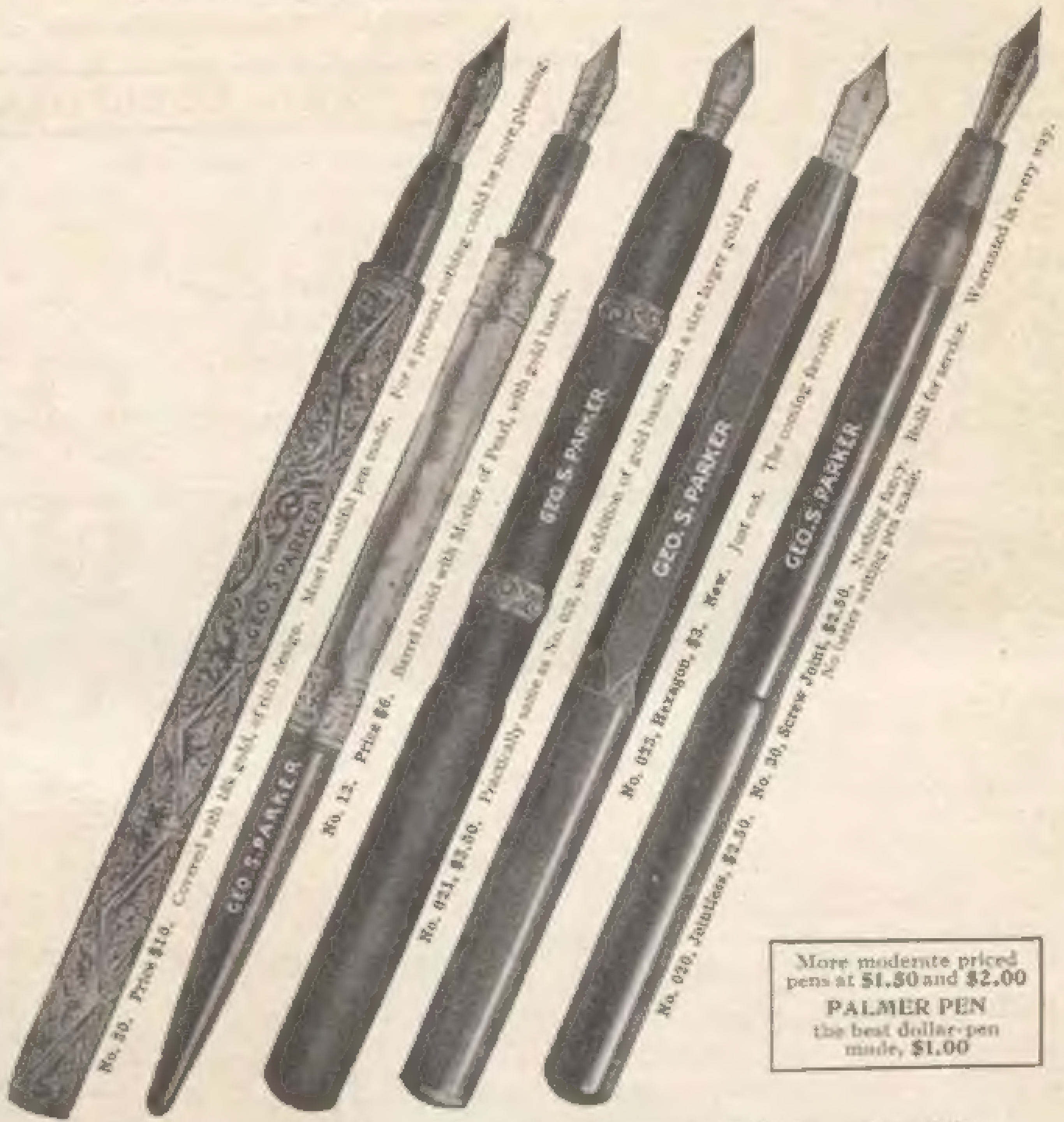
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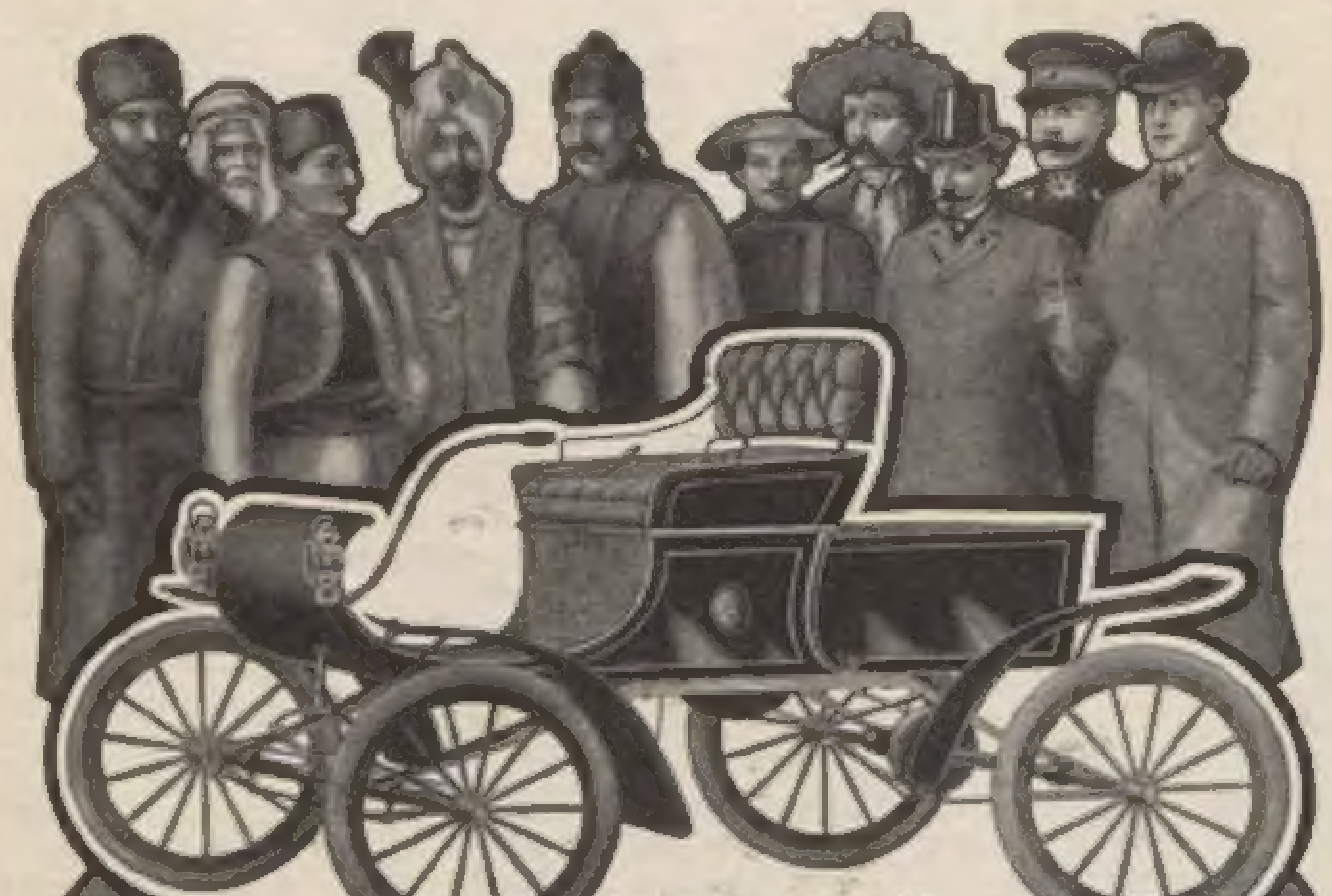

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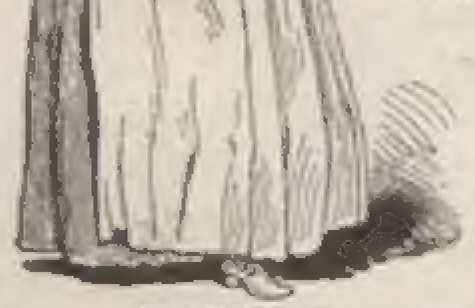

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AMERICANS OF TODAY & TOMORROW

By Albert J. Beveridge

THE American of to-day is, first of all, the possessor of strength — fortune in location, opulence in resources. He has an advantage in all the natural elements which makes men of other lands almost beggars in comparison. He is a very lord of power. But it is a strange fact that the possessor of great power usually uses it riotously. Youth throws away life as though youth were a millionaire of vitality. Perhaps this is the working out of some deep law of equilibrium, which, after all, will not have strength become too strong. That we Americans have been using the great bank account which Nature put to our credit with the recklessness of a spendthrift the deep criticism of the young German in the last paper demonstrates; and the observation of all thoughtful people confirms it. And so it is that, as pointed out, Germany with puny resources is able to compete with us on the high seas and in the markets of the world. She does this by organization — by the careful conservation of what she has. In the last few weeks the papers have been filled with dispatches reciting afresh what careful students have known for the last five years, that we are in actual danger from German rivalry. It is a very poor thing to get angry with Germany on that account; rather, we should respect her. Respect her and also learn a lesson from her — a lesson which England would have done well to learn when Mr. Williams, many years ago, brought out his remarkable book, Made in Germany. And that lesson is the combined lesson of conservatism of our resources and organization of our energies. Henceforth this must be the dominant note in American national policy and in the personal conduct of each American. *Conserv*-atism — that is, the husbanding of all of our strength and all of our resources, and the spending of them wisely and to good and effective uses.

There is one characteristic which I am sure every person who has thought deeply and long over the make-up of the American mind and disposition will agree is and will always be the saving American grace, and that is the virtue of adaptability. We encounter a new and perfectly unfamiliar situation; we do not attempt to bend that situation to preconceived notions. We simply adapt ourselves to it and solve its difficulties according to the wisdom of the event. Indeed, it may well be said that *the* American characteristic is adaptability. Recognizing then our advantage over the remainder of the world in all that makes for national power and, therefore, for individual success; recognizing, too, the gigantic wastefulness of our past methods, the American of to-day realizes also that for the nation at large and for each citizen thereof a cautious conservatism is the duty of the hour and of the century. I cannot get out of my mind the remark (quoted before in papers in this magazine) of the Japanese statesman: "We hope to prevail in the war with Russia because small resources well organized are more powerful than great resources poorly organized." The reign of waste in America must be at an end — is at an end.

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

With the American's adaptability, with his love of and insistence upon absolute truth, his demand to know just how his account stands so that he may work according to it, it is a fair conclusion that the young American of the twentieth century will make himself, first of all, a conservative man. There is nothing worse for any of us, nothing worse for a nation, than to run after every hue and cry that is raised, simply because the hue and cry is novel and appears attractive. We must remember that nine-tenths of all propositions advanced are unsound. It is useful to reflect upon the records of the Patent Office. Tens of thousands of inventions prove of no practical moment. It is not meant by this that we should not have hospitality for new ideas. It is meant merely that we should make it the habit of our lives to apply cold common-sense to our enthusiasms.

This may take out of our effort some of its *élan*, but it will add to it a steadiness of purpose better than any dash. A French soldier of Napoleon declared that "in the attack Frenchmen were incomparably strong — in defeat they were childishly weak; whereas the stolid steadiness of the English was even more admirable when they were beaten than when they were victorious."

The Watchword for the Twentieth Century

THE American of the twentieth century will surely see this — sees it now. He says to himself as he rises in the morning: "My watchword for this day is 'steadiness and poise.'" He declares: "I do not propose to burn my energies up agitating for this *ism* or that *ism*. I do not propose to scatter my strength fighting for verbal 'rights' which I am told belong to me. I mean that my work shall be for substantial ends." And so he introduces into his life the rule of the three modern graces — steadiness, system, conservatism.

It is a thing for us Americans to think about, and think about very solidly and very earnestly, and right now. Other peoples will think about it if we do not — *do* think about it whether we do or not, and act on their thought. It is a fine thing to know just what criticisms your rivals make of you; they are probably sound. And instead of avoiding them one should get hold of them, if one can, and profit by them prayerfully.

"I find," said a foreign statesman to an American gentleman in the course of a very frank interchange of mutual criticisms on the modern method and conduct of their respective peoples, "that you Americans contend too much among yourselves; you waste infinite energy battling against one another. It is a good thing for us. We see our chance. And while you are getting what you call 'rights' from one another we get with our comparatively very insignificant strength much of the fruit which you yourselves might gather for the prosperity of your whole country and the individual happiness of all your citizens."

It was a deep remark, was it not? For do we not find labor and capital in warfare among our very selves? These conflicts, of course, happily are growing less. The hopeful lover of the American people cannot console himself except with the thought that ultimately they will disappear altogether. The American who is developing to-day in all ranks of life is a man upon whose mind the great truth is gradually but surely dawning that the good of each of us is the good of all of us; that there are no separate "rights" of any separate *class* against another; no "duties" of any *class* due to another; but that the happiness and the welfare of all of us are to be found only in a hard-headed, unselfish (although, deeply considered, most selfish) consideration of what is best for the whole country.

Many years ago the industrial classes in England began quarreling among themselves. Labor wanted many things. Its demands were made with impatient impulsiveness. The manufacturers, the business men, the capitalists resisted with no large wisdom of method or manner — resisted, indeed, with folly and bullheadedness. There was no conciliation, no getting together, no wholesome reasonableness. Meanwhile, in Germany — polytechnic schools, patient steadiness in industry, saving and creative methods in capital, the slow, sure acquirement of skill and effectiveness. The result is that English labor has become unskilled in comparison with the labor of her continental rivals; that English capital has become impotent and nerveless in comparison with the watchful, confident and aggressive capital of her industrial enemies across the channel; and that English business houses are beginning to find themselves without business and English labor is beginning to find itself without employment. And when this process shall have been completed, when breadless women and children, and men without work shall howl in the streets of London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, what a spectacle then will the contentions between labor and capital present which have torn industrial and commercial England for a quarter of a century? How much lovelier a picture would conciliation and mutual understanding and sane confidence in each other have presented! And how immeasurably better for English prosperity! With this object-lesson being worked out before our very eyes the American of to-day is not liable to fall into the same abysmal error. Shall we not, rather, quit contending among ourselves and unitedly contend with the world? It would be a sorry picture we should make (with our puissance, our intelligence, our acuteness) if we should find ourselves fighting with one another over a division of spoils which our rivals, during our contention among ourselves, had captured. And so it appears that the word of truth which will be in the mouths of all Americans from the dawn of the twentieth century will be conservatism in method and coöperation and forbearance in thought and action.

The Man Who Goes to the Front

THIS is no preachment. All who have reached mature years have observed that mere precept and counsel bear small results. At best they produce only occasional and spasmodic good. This paper is intended to show young Americans that conservatism and steadiness in individual and national American character necessarily grow out of the situation in which the Nation finds itself. The saving period—the saving of energy and resources—is now as inevitable as the wasting period now past, or at least passing, was natural. And if each American sees that this is so he will himself make daily effort that these elements of character shall be the dominant ones in him. For if this is the order of our time, if this is the necessity of our circumstance, then each one of us will get himself into line and harmony with this system of things. Otherwise, each one of us will find himself working at cross-purposes with the course of events. Usefulness, success, satisfying fruition of all our work are possible only when our work is in harmony with the general sweep of human activities. And this orderly on-going of the affairs of peoples is fixed and determined by natural conditions. What this paper is attempting to show is that these natural conditions require a levelness and discretion of thought and action in American character.

Let the young American ponder this well, and he will see that rashness of scheme and hotheadedness of action and recklessness of method cannot possibly bring him any ultimate good. They are as much "out of gear" with what our internal relationships with one another and our general attitude toward the world at large require of us as the conduct of the highwayman and the forger is antagonistic to the whole scheme of human society. Did you ever think why it is that crime cannot possibly be successful, no matter how able the criminal? It is because the criminal is fighting every settled method of the world. Every device of business becomes a detective; and the criminal's operations are in conflict with the whole course of the daily life of eighty millions of our people—of all people. Let him take precautions ever so cunningly, the criminal finds his maturest plans utterly irrational. For precisely the same reasons the methods of mere dash are irrational and out of date. The systematic, the considerate, the orderly, the conservative—these are the qualities of character which our situation in the world and the present state of our development absolutely require of all Americans. And therefore the type of American now developing and even this moment already to the front is the coolest, steadiest, most thoughtful and practical character which the race has yet produced—a man with daring, but the daring of forethought; with energy, but the continuous energy of purpose; with effectiveness, not spasmodic and instantaneous, but the resistless effectiveness of well-considered and moderate plan.

Although oratory in the old sense of that word is dying out (and an excellent good thing it is), plain speech to the people is increasing in its power and in its results. The political platform is the best place to observe the growth of the very elements set down above as the natural and necessary qualities of American character. In a Central-Western State during a recent political campaign an "orator" of attractiveness and picturesque quality was addressing a large crowd made up principally of farmers. Two gentlemen—students always and everywhere of American tendencies—from the edge of the crowd observed that the audience rapidly melted away. "It is easy to see why," remarked one. "He is appealing to men's passions on unsubstantial grounds; he is announcing propositions attractive on the surface and at the moment of utterance, but harebrained to the thoughtful. And these people are thoughtful. Rural free delivery gives them their daily papers. Their information is as good as the speaker's, and they have acquired that quickness of mental habit characteristic of our rapid age; also, their instinct of soundness is developing astonishingly. So they will not listen to this engaging speaker. What he says offends a sort of conscientiousness of logic in them. They feel that their own capacity for thought and truth is being trifled with."

A week later practically the same audience assembled to listen to another speaker. He spoke boldly, announcing propositions which the old-time player on public passions would have declared surely indiscreet and certainly unpopular. But he spoke most reasonably and, above all things, most frankly. Instead of diminishing, his audience constantly increased. Nothing in the world attracted them and held them but the substantial reasonableness and conservatism of his utterance.

A Text for the Young Politician

THESE two illustrations show how the solid and moderate are developing among the great mass and body of American citizenship. They are sidelights revealing an explanation of the triumph of the conservative cause in our fiercest political battles. Let the young politician who hopes for permanent and enduring success bear in mind that the age of claptrap in our political affairs has passed. He may catch the "groundlings" with it, but he will "make the judicious grieve." And the "judicious" are a majority among Americans, and a steadily augmenting majority.

"I, too, am not a bit tamed. . . .
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world,"

exclaims Walt Whitman. And when he said it a lot of literary gentlemen who knew nothing of the American people wrote beautiful essays about Whitman's being "the untamed soul of our Western democracy." He is nothing of the kind. The chief note in Whitman's unruled and unruly verse is as abhorrent to and out of harmony with American character as the war-whoop of those savages whom our industry and civilization displaced.

Akin to this false note of Whitman are the shaggy and eccentric cries that we hear with decreasing frequency in the political campaigns. Even powerful party leaders still indulge in unrestrained utterance concerning the "down-trodden people," and "the majesty of the people," and "the will of the people," and other familiar catchwords of the demagogue. They do not mean these weighty words in their true sense. They mean them in the Whitman sense. They use them improperly and passionately to influence the popular mind. The will of the people is indeed the noblest thing on this earth. The common thought of the instructed masses must in the end necessarily be the largest human wisdom. But the will of the people is no spasmodic affair. It is the powerful and prudent conclusions of our eighty millions pouring in steady and continuous stream through the years. It is not a thing to be trifled with or played upon. And he who takes some gust of popular passion, conspicuous for a day but disappearing to-morrow and regretted the day after, as the evidence of popular desire, and "plays to" it or plays upon it, not only does not understand American character, but he misuses, misinterprets and insults it.

How comports this theory of caution with the doctrine of masterfulness of the first paper? "It is a philosophy of contradictions you hold," said a talented woman in a company of conversation one evening. She was responding to another who had given voice to something of the same general tenor of these papers. (And how the drift of conversation shows the common thought running through the common mind of the people!) "No, not contradictions, but consistencies," said a third member of the company, "for the very excess of vigor which we Americans possess implies the necessity for regularity and wise direction in its exercise." It is related of James H. Hyde who founded the Equitable Assurance Society on nothing but this rational plan and unconquerable energy, that he said to a young man (also of great power) of a rival company: "You remind me of my own younger days. It seems to me that the young New Yorker of to-day says of a task: 'This takes ten pounds of energy. Very well, I will give it ten pounds and not a pennyweight more.' When I was founding this institution I said to myself: 'Here is a plan; its execution requires ten pounds of energy. Very well, here goes for a hundred.' And I gave it a hundred; *but I was very sure that it was a plan worth giving a single ounce of energy to.*" That was a thoroughly American utterance. The point is that we must not waste our energies on unsubstantial projects. We must choose our course with care; but, having chosen it and considered it, then we must be no miser in the application of our strength to pursuing that course to its triumphant end. And all of our energy and resources are for use, not for mere hoarding. But in the uses to which we devote them there must be forethought and deliberate choosing.

What Waste Effort Leads To

THE more one studies the leaders of the United States Senate the more profoundly is one impressed with the wisdom of their leadership. Men like Allison of Iowa and Platt of Connecticut are high types of effectiveness. An old Senator remarked one day: "Have you ever observed the ponderous magnitude of bills and resolutions which are introduced only to die? Have you observed, too, that many that survive the committee and are pushed with vigor go nevertheless to a certain death? Let me tell you it is because they are not well worked out in advance. Even when they are well worked out as separate propositions they are not carefully considered

(*Continued on Page 47*)

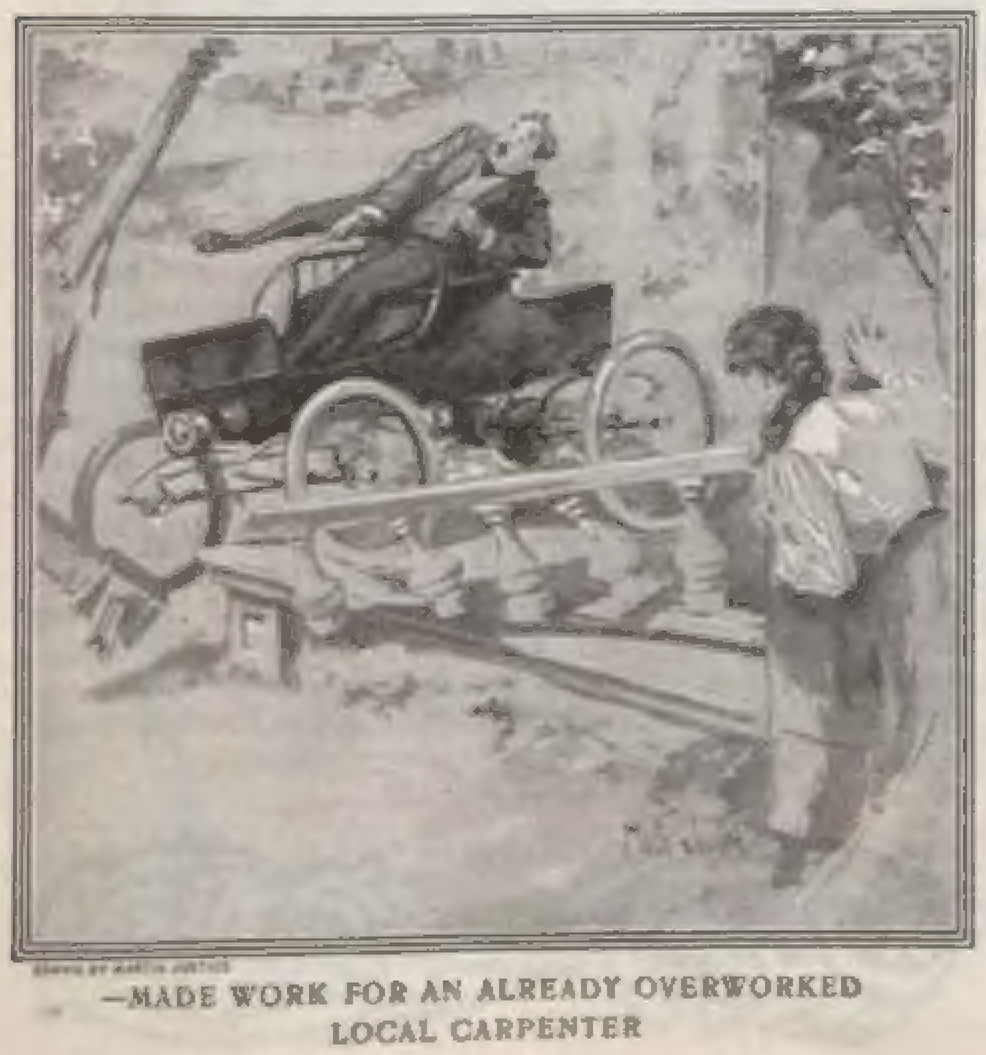
Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of papers by Senator Beveridge. The next will appear in an early number.

Araminta and the Automobile

What Happened to the Man Who Knew How

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of My Golf, Etc.



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

—MADE WORK FOR AN ALREADY OVERWORKED LOCAL CARPENTER

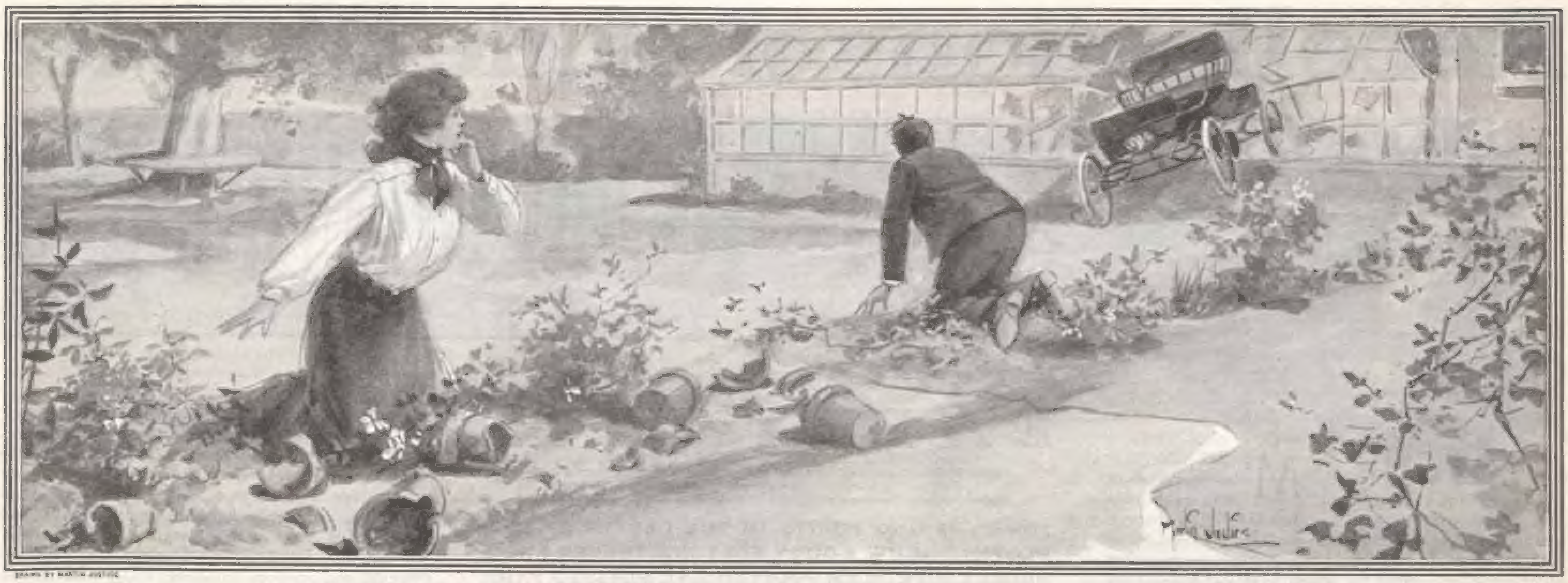
SOME persons spend their surplus on works of art; some spend it on Italian gardens and pergolas; there are those who sink it in golf, and I have heard of those who expended it on charity, but these last are comparatively rare.

None of these forms of getting away with money appealed to Araminta and myself. As soon as it was ascertained that the automobile was practicable and would not cost a king's ransom, I determined to devote my savings to the purchase of one.

Araminta and I live in a suburban town; she because she loves Nature and I because I love Araminta. We have been married for five years.

I am a bank clerk in New York, and morning and night I go through the monotony of railway travel, and for one who is forbidden to use his eyes on the train and who does not play cards it *is* monotony, for in the morning my friends are either playing cards or else reading their paper, and one does not like to urge the claims of conversation on one who is deep in politics or the next play of his antagonist; so my getting to business and coming back are in the nature of purgatory. I therefore hailed the automobile as a Heaven-sent means of swift motion with an agreeable companion and with no danger of encountering either newspapers or cards. I have seen neither reading nor card-playing going on in any automobile.

The community in which I live is not progressive, and when I said that I expected to buy an automobile as soon as my ship came in I was frowned upon by my neighbors. Several of them have horses and others have feet. The horsemen were not more opposed to my proposed ownership than the footmen—I should say pedestrians. They all thought automobiles dangerous and a menace to public peace, but of course I pooh-poohed their fears and, being a person of a good deal of stability of purpose, I went on saving my money and in course of time I bought an automobile of the electric sort.



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I TELL ARAMINTA THAT IT ISN'T THE RUNNING OF AN AUTOMOBILE THAT IS SO EXPENSIVE. IT IS THE STOPPING OF IT

Araminta is plucky and I am perfectly fearless. When the automobile was brought home and housed in the little barn that is on our property the man who had backed it in told me that he had orders to stay and show me how it worked, but I laughed at him—good-naturedly yet firmly. I said, "Young man, experience teaches more in half an hour than books or precepts do in a year. A would-be newspaper man does not go to a school of journalism if he is wise; he gets a position on a newspaper and learns for himself and through his mistakes. I know that one of these levers is to steer by, that another lets loose the power, and that there is a foot-brake. I also know that the machine is charged and I need to know no more. Good-day."

Thus did I speak to the young man and he saw that I was a person of force and discretion, and he withdrew to the train and I never saw him again.

Araminta had been to Passaic shopping, but she came back while I was out in the barn looking at my new purchase and she joined me there. I looked at her lovingly and she returned the look. Our joint ambition was realized; we were the owners of an automobile and we were going out that afternoon.

Why is it that cheap barns are so flimsily built? I know that our barn is cheap because the rent for house and barn is less than what many a clerk, city pent, pays for a cramped flat, but again I ask, why are they flimsily built? I have no complaint to make. If my barn had been built of good stout oak I might to-day be in a hospital.

It happened this way. Araminta said, "Let me get in and we will take just a little ride to see how it goes," and I out of my love for her said, "Wait just a few minutes, dearest, until I get the hang of the thing. I want to see how much go she has and just how she works."

Araminta has learned to obey my slightest word, knowing that love is at the bottom of all my commands, and she stepped to one side while I entered the gayly painted vehicle and tried to move out of the barn. I moved out. But I backed. Oh, blessed, cheaply-built barn. My way was not restricted to any appreciable extent. I shot gayly through the barn into the hen yard, and the sound of the ripping clapboards frightened the silly hens who were enjoying a dust-bath and they fled in more directions than there were fowls.

I had not intended entering the hen yard and I did not wish to stay there, so I kept on out, the wire netting not being what an automobile would call an obstruction. I never lose my head, and when I heard Araminta screaming in the barn I called out cheerily to her, "I'll be back in a minute, dear, but I'm coming another way."

And I did come another way. I came all sorts of ways. I really don't know what got into the machine, but she now turned to the left and made for the road, and then she ran along on her two left wheels for a moment, and then seemed about to turn a somersault but changed her mind, and, still veering to the left, kept on up the road, passing my house at a furious speed and making for the open country. With as much calmness as I could summon I steered her, but I think I steered her a little too much, for she turned toward my house.

I reached one end of the front piazza at the same time that Araminta reached the other end of it. I had the right of way and she deferred to me just in time. I removed the vestibule storm door. It was late in March and I did not think we should have any more use for it that season. And we didn't.

I had ordered a strongly-built machine and I was now glad of it, because a light and weak affair that was merely meant to run along on a level and unobstructed road would not have stood the assault on my piazza. Why, my piazza did not stand it. It caved in and made work for an already overworked local carpenter who was behindhand with his orders. After I had passed through the vestibule I applied the brake and it worked. The path is not a cinder one, as I think them untidy, so I was not more than muddied. I was up in an instant and looked at the still enthusiastic machine with admiration.

"Have you got the hang of it?" said Araminta.

Now that's one thing I like about Araminta. She does not waste words over non-essentials. The point was not that I had damaged the piazza. I needed a new one, anyway. The main thing was that I was trying to get the hang of the machine and she recognized that fact instantly.

I told her that I thought I had and that if I had pushed the lever in the right way at first I should have come out of the barn in a more conventional way.

She again asked me to let her ride, and as I now felt that I could better cope with the curves of the machine I allowed her to get in.

"Don't lose your head," said I.

"I hope I sha'n't," said she dryly.

"Well, if you have occasion to leave me, drop over the back. Never jump ahead. That is a fundamental rule in runaways of all kinds."

Then we started and I ran the motor along for upward of half a mile after I had reached the highway, which I did by a short cut through a field at the side of our house. There is only a slight rail fence surrounding it and my machine made little of that. It really seemed to delight in what some people would have called danger.

"Araminta, are you glad that I saved up for this?"

"I am mad with joy," said the dear thing, her face flushed with excitement mixed with expectancy. Nor were her expectations to be disappointed. We still had a good deal to do before we should have ended our first (and last) ride.

So far I had damaged property to a certain extent, but I had no one but myself to reckon with and I was providing work for people. I always have claimed that he who makes work for two men where there was only work for one before is a public benefactor, and that day I was the friend of carpenters and other mechanics.

Along the highway we flew, our hearts beating high, but never in our mouths, and at last we saw a team approaching us. By "a team" I mean a horse and buggy. I was raised in Connecticut where a team is anything you chose to call one.

The teamster saw us. Well, perhaps I should not call him a teamster (although he was one logically): he was our doctor, and, as I say, he saw us.

Now I think it would have been friendly in him, seeing that I was more or less of a novice at the art of automobiling, to have turned to the left when he saw that I was inadvertently turning to the left, but the practice of forty years added to a certain native obstinacy made him turn to the right and he met me at the same time that I met him.

The horse was not hurt, for which I am truly glad, and the doctor joined us and continued with us for a season, but his buggy was demolished.

Of course I am always prepared to pay for my pleasure, and though it was not strictly speaking my pleasure to deprive my physician of his turn-out, yet if he *had* turned out it wouldn't have happened—and, as I say, I was prepared to get him a new vehicle. But he was very unreasonable; so much so that as he was crowding us—for the seat was not built for more than two, and he is stout—I at last told him that I intended to turn around and carry him home, as we were out for pleasure and he was giving us pain.

I will confess that the events of the last few minutes had rattled me somewhat and I did not feel like turning just then, as the road was narrow. I knew that the road turned of its own accord a half mile farther on and so I determined to wait.

"I want to get out," said the doctor tartly, and just as he said so Araminta stepped on the brake, accidentally. The doctor got out—in front. With great presence of mind I reversed and so we did not run over him. But he was furious and sulphurous, and that is why I have changed to homœopathy. He was the only allopathic doctor in Brantford.

I suppose if I had stopped and apologized he would have made up with me and I should not have got angry with him, but I couldn't stop. The machine was now going as she had done when I left the barn and we were backing into town.

Through it all I did not lose my coolness. I said, "Araminta, look out behind, which is ahead for us, and if you have occasion to jump now, do it in front, which is behind," and Araminta understood me. She is quick-witted.

She sat sideways so that she could see what was going on, but that might have been seen from any point of view, for we were the only things going on—or backing.

Pretty soon we passed the wreck of the buggy and then we saw the horse grazing on dead grass by the roadside, and at last we came on a few of our townfolk who had seen us start and were now come out to welcome us home. But I did not go home just then. I should have done so if the machine had minded me and turned in at our driveway, but it did not.

Across the way from us there is a fine lawn leading up to a beautiful greenhouse full of rare orchids and other plants. It is the pride of my very good neighbor, Jacob Rawlinson.

The machine, as if moved by *malice prépense*, turned just as we came to the lawn and began to back at railroad speed.

I told Araminta that if she was tired of riding, now was the best time to stop; that she ought not to overdo it, and that I was going to get out myself as soon as I had seen her off.

I saw her off.

Then after one ineffectual jab at the brake I left the machine myself, and as I sat down on the sposhy lawn I heard a tremendous but not unmusical sound of falling glass. . . .

I tell Araminta that it isn't the running of an automobile that is so expensive. It is the stopping of it.

* * *

For Record-Making Runs

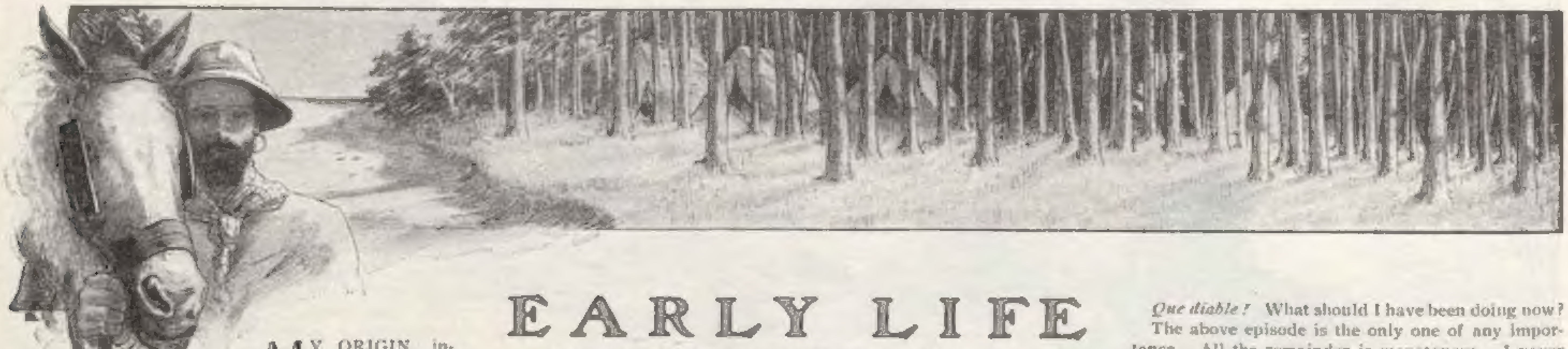
A SPEED indicator for vehicles to record the distance traveled and the time made on every successive mile will interest chauffeurs and drivers of spirited horses.

A toothed wheel is advanced one point by every revolution of the wheel of the vehicle with which it is associated. This movement connects with a pointer moving around a dial whereon is indicated to the occupant of the vehicle the distance traveled. Working automatically in connection with the indicator is a stop watch or other similar timepiece.

The invention may be set to record the time traveled per mile or for any fraction of a mile. At the moment of starting the vehicle the stop watch in the indicating device is set in operation and the distance to be timed determined. When that distance has been covered the timepiece is automatically arrested, the time consumed recorded, and by automatic adjustment the watch is ready instantly for the next division of the journey. The cycle of operations may be continued as long as the vehicle is in motion.

Thus the driver of a fast horse is enabled to time his animal's speed to a second on any portion of the distance traveled. A chauffeur by consulting the dial before him may learn to a nicety whether he is exceeding speed limits.

Recollections of M. de Blowitz



EARLY LIFE

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SOME TURNING POINTS IN THE CAREER OF M. de BLOWITZ. HOW A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER AND A BROKEN PIPE-STEM POINTED THE ROAD TO FAME

MY ORIGIN, infancy and youth have been narrated so often that no one will, I hope, find fault with me if, in my turn, I myself give an account of them. Since they have appeared sufficiently interesting for others to relate, I also have acquired the right to do so without being taxed with presumption. In any case, I venture to say that, instead of the fantastic tales which have appeared, nothing but "information derived from an absolutely authorized source" will be found in the following pages. In writing these lines, which will not appear until after I am in the grave, I have but one ambition: that of saying the truth, all the truth; and I have but one desire: that of preventing persons from disfiguring, for their own pleasure or passion, events with which I have been closely connected.

On December 28, 1825, at the Château of Blowsky, in the region of Pilsna, in Bohemia, there was born a child with a big head and a feeble body. The doctors who had been summoned to his bedside shook their heads in silence and declared that "he had a weak heart and was ill-formed," and consequently he would not live. The child's mother thereupon decided that the proper thing to do was to have him baptized without delay. And so, on December 29, while the snow was falling heavily and a strong wind was carrying off a peal of bells, he was conveyed to the little chapel of the little village of Blowsky, and there the Rev. Father Wasck, arch-priest of the parish, administered to him the holy sacrament of baptism. At the same time, on the old register of the church which contained the names of all his ancestors, from Seigneur Kaspar de Blowitz of Palatine, who founded the village school, to Seigneur Marc Opper de Blowitz, who owned the ancient château, he entered the new-born child under the names of Henri-Georges-Stephan Adolphe, and said a mass in order that God might allow him to live.

I should not be telling the truth were I to say that I recall all these facts, for however good my memory may be it is not capable of that. But they have been affirmed to me so often by my mother, repeated by the venerable arch-priest and denied by the doctor, that finally I am absolutely persuaded they are true. The parish register may, however, be taken as evidence; it leaves no doubt as to my having been born a Catholic, baptized twenty-four hours after my birth, and that I did not have time to become a Jew. I regret it, moreover, . . . for Israel!

Of my early childhood I remember but little; the few incidents that I am able to recall do not appear to me worthy of being rendered public.

I will say, however, one thing. When I was six years of age but little was wanting—that little being a bridge over a stream—for me never to have been correspondent of the Times. This is what happened:

An Adventure with Kidnapers

ONE summer's evening there was nobody at home in the paternal château. My father was away hunting in the environs with some of his lordly friends and my mother was absent. I was playing in the park when, at a turn of the road, an old worn-out gipsy-cart appeared on the scene. It was drawn by an emaciated horse and driven by a sordid old woman in shreds. A pale and wretched-looking man followed. In the vehicle were some raggedly garbed children, among them being a little girl with a beautifully dressed Polichinelle. The fact is the doll Punch was altogether too beautifully dressed.

What took place? Did the man take me by the hand? Did the woman speak to me? I have forgotten, but what I have not forgotten is the attractive Polichinelle and its bright black eyes. Ten minutes afterward I was being rolled along in the gipsy-cart. I had been kidnaped! It seemed to me as if new life had suddenly been infused into the emaciated horse, whose pace was quickened and the tired-looking man pushed the cart so as to advance faster.

"If you are a good boy," said the woman, "we will let you play the drum and blow a trumpet all the time." And, in order to give me an advance taste of these future pleasures, they brought out from the back of the vehicle an old box, which when unpacked was found to contain—helter-skelter—costumes, drums, wigs, horns, all things that I had greatly admired at the recent village fête.

"Have you got a locket on you?" was a question asked me by the young girl with the beautiful black eyes.

I answered by showing her a small gold locket hanging from a chain round my neck and which my mother had given me.

"All right," she said, somewhat sadly, "be sure and keep it, and always tell everybody that your mother placed it there. I have one also—look; and I keep it; but my mother has never come to claim me yet."

The Pursuit and the Rescue

OUR ride in the cart continued without a halt for five or six hours and we must have covered quite a respectable distance, when suddenly, far away in the silence of the forest, we heard shouts and the sounds of the hunting horn.

"They are looking for us," said the woman.

The man uttered an oath and whipped the horse. The little girl with the black eyes grasped my hand, and in a very low voice said to me:

"It is better it should be thus; it is preferable that they should find you; you don't know what is in store for you if you remain with us."

I was very much amused and I looked about and listened. Evidently at the château my absence had been remarked and they were looking for me.

A terrible race ensued. The horse seemed suddenly endowed with fresh vigor as if he were conscious of the chase. In the distance the sounds of the horn were distinguishable, first a long way off, then nearer, and then far away again. Will they overtake us? Will they not overtake us?

Until now we had been driving along one solitary road which brusquely ran into a glade and two roads appeared. Which were we going to take? The one on the right or the one on the left? The man, who had not ceased swearing, hesitated. And here I firmly believe my fate was settled. If he had taken the road on the right I do not know where I should have been at this hour.

But he took the one on the left which led us down a little hill toward a river. After another mile the stream appeared, but there was no bridge across it. The road went no farther. As we reached this spot the horns were blowing louder than ever. The clamors of a number of men on horseback could be heard plainer and plainer. There could no longer be any doubt; they were in pursuit and about to overtake us. The spare man and the ragged woman and the wretched children certainly understood what was going forth, for they quickly abandoned horse, cart, boxes, and all their possessions, and threw themselves into the water; they swam across and two minutes later could be seen running away at full speed on the other side of the river.

I remained alone in the gipsy-cart, alone with Polichinelle. A few minutes later my father, for he was among the men on horseback, found us lying down quietly in the rear of the cart. I had been found. I was taken back home. I do not know whether they said anything to Polichinelle, but I do know that they said something to me! And I also know very well that, if the gipsy who had kidnaped me had taken the road on the right which disappeared in the mountain mazes, I should never have been found.

Que diable! What should I have been doing now?

The above episode is the only one of any importance. All the remainder is monotonous. I never went to school, much less to any university. My young days were spent entirely in the large ancestral château, in the shade of the wild forest. I read and worked but little. I walked a great deal. My memory, which all my lifetime has been my powerful and precious auxiliary, was formed almost entirely alone. It was innate and natural. It required no training.

In my father's room there used to be an enormous stick with a gold knob which I always admired and envied. Every time I saw it I used to ask for it, and every time I asked for it I used to long to have it and keep it.

One day my father said to me:

"Listen: I will give you this stick if to-morrow you recite to me by heart the legend of Kosros the Wise."

That was a way of getting rid of me, for the Hungarian legend of Kosros the Wise is quite as long as Shakespeare's Hamlet, and Sir Henry Irving will tell you that twenty-four hours constitute a very short time for one to learn Hamlet.

Nevertheless, the following day I went to my father's room and, without a mistake or hesitation, I recited to him all the wonderful legend, from the day when the daughter of Kosros chose for a husband Pryémilas, a mere laborer, until the day when his sister, Wlasta, at the head of an army of Amazons, won, with the aid of the Czechs, the battle of the White Mountain.

The stick with the gold knob became my property. I did not keep it; but, thank Heaven, I kept my memory.

At the age of fifteen, after a somewhat rudimentary education that, nevertheless, included various poetic legends, which I learnt whenever I had a longing for some of the parental belongings, my father decided that I should travel. He supplied me with money and gave me as a companion a tutor, who had taken his degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

I started out one morning on foot and was soon lost in the distance, *en route* for unknown parts.

I think I must have traveled through the whole of the immense Empire of Austria. It was not, at that time, what civilization has made it at the present day. In the frontier provinces superstition and fanaticism reigned supreme. During my long peregrinations I had striking examples of both and they have left on my mind an indelible impression.

The Stolen Statue of St. John

NOT very far from my native village was a quiet little country town called Grunberg. Any travelers who might nowadays venture to explore this little out-of-the-world nook of Bohemia would notice, close by a peaceful pool, an old church, an odd mixture of all styles of architecture. It is a very poor, modest little church, but it possesses a life-size statue of St. John in massive silver. Curiously enough, this statue has only one arm, and one would be inclined to protest against this willful mutilation if it were not connected with a strange incident of which I was a witness.

The day after I had left my father's château I arrived at Grunberg and found the whole town in the wildest state of excitement. The statue of St. John had been stolen the week before, and the whole country round had been doing everything possible to find it. The Bishop of Klattau had ordered processions in all the neighboring districts and every day the priest of St. John's beseeched his parishioners to tell what they knew of the theft.

I have already spoken of a small pool which is near the church. This pool was surrounded by a bank which was very steep on the side near the water and at the top of which was a narrow path. The procession was about to take place just as I arrived, and, in order to reach the other side of the pool, it had to walk along this narrow path.

At the head of the procession was the old priest, praying as he walked along, and carrying a second relic, which was almost as much venerated as the statue. This relic was a silver cross.

Half-way along the path—I can see the whole scene distinctly—the priest stumbled against the roots of a newly-planted tree, and, before he had time to think of saving it, the cross fell from his hands, glided slowly down the bank and disappeared in the muddy waters of the pool.

All the people, following the example of the unfortunate priest, fell on their knees, their eyes fixed on the spot in the water where the cross had disappeared.

The dam was at once opened so that the water should not carry the sacred relic away and every one waited for several hours. At the end of that time, to the delight of all, just as the last water was disappearing through the dam, the cross was seen and by the side of the cross the statue—the famous silver statue of St. John.

A cry of joy rang through the air, the cross and the statue were taken up, and it was then that the disappearance of the left arm was discovered. The thieves, whilst waiting for an opportunity of conveying the statue to a safe place, had broken off this arm, which has never been found.

The people, singing psalms and hymns of thanksgiving as they went along, repaired to the church in order to replace the venerated statue on the pedestal which for the last week had been deprived of its sacred burden. Just as the last individual was entering the church a part of the archway over the doors gave way, fell straight on the shoulders of a peasant and cut off his left arm as clean as though it had been a chopper.

The crowd immediately surrounded the wretched man, yelling:

"He's the thief! He's the thief! St. John has punished him by cutting off his arm!"

There was a terrible rush from all sides. The people attacked the peasant and in a moment his clothes were all in shreds. They were about to drag him along and hurl him into the pool in his turn, without having asked him a question, or without even hesitating as to whether or not he were the real author of the theft, when the old priest interfered.

"I, alone, have the right to command here," he said. "Do not touch that man!"

The crowd fell back a little and the priest continued:

"You are in my church," he said, addressing himself to the peasant, "and this is an inviolable and sacred place. No one has a right to touch you here. Stay inside the church and do not leave it, for once outside you belong to human justice."

And the mutilated peasant remained there. He was in the church all day and all night and he was still there the following day when I left Grunberg.

Five years later, when my voyage through Europe was accomplished, as I passed through Grunberg on my way to my native village, I saw at the door of St. John's Church an old man who had lost his left arm. He was on his knees at the threshold of the sanctuary which he had never dared to leave lest he should be torn to pieces by the people.

One evening, after a long journey, I reached, with my traveling companion, the Croatian frontier. A dreary-looking rough road stretched as far as the eye could see, alongside the mountain, and poles were placed on the roadside at intervals, just as in France the telegraph poles are seen forming a straight line along the banks of a road.

At the top of these poles human heads had been fixed, and I shuddered with horror on discovering that as far as one could see there were these poles and these heads. There had been a revolt the week before, and the Governor of the district, who had proved victorious, had decided to make an example and to inspire the population with a wholesome fear.

This Governor I can see distinctly now. I was dining that evening with my tutor in a wretched little inn, on the very borders of the frontier, when he came back from his expedition. He was a sort of bashi-bazouk with a hooked nose, long, fair mustache and a face with a hard expression. He had three escorts, the commanders of each of which appeared to hate each other.

I could not resist asking him, later, when he was sitting next me at table, why he had three escorts.

"The first one," he answered, "keeps watch on the second, and the third prevents the other two from coming to an understanding with each other."

This will give an idea of the social position of the Governor of Croatia in the first half of the last century.

The Episode of the Gipsy Fortune-Teller

AFTER supper, while the Governor was smoking a long pipe and the officers of the escort were playing at dice, we heard outside, issuing from the darkness, a dismal cry followed by shouts, disputes and fighting. The officers left their dice and the Governor mechanically put his hand to his belt, from which his sword was hanging.

Upon inquiry we found it was nothing of importance, merely a woman, a kind of fortune-teller, who was going along the road when the bashi-bazouks of the escort had set upon her. The Governor suggested that it would be amusing to have our fortunes told. We each of us gave her some silver and she proceeded to foretell the future with the cards. The poor creature was intent on the cards, and in a slow, monotonous voice she told us her rigmarole.

When she came to me, though, she suddenly became more animated and her dull eyes lighted up a little.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've never seen a fortune like yours. There is a fine fate in store for you!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"You'll sit down with kings and have princes at your table."

She did not tell me any more, but that was quite enough, and all night long I dreamt of nothing but conquest and kingdoms. I tried to imagine all the situations which would allow me to sit down with sovereigns, but I never thought of the only one which could ever enable the prophecy to come true.

This voyage was to last five years, and five years it lasted. I went through Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. The most tragic part of it was the return home.

I was just twenty years of age, and when I approached my native village all the memories of my childhood crowded to my mind.

One learns a great many things in a five years' journey through the world, and one forgets much also, very quickly. Suddenly at a turn in the road, flanked by the mountain, the Château of Blowsky came in sight, and I do not know how it was, but as soon as I saw its old, cracked façade, so gloomy and dismal-looking, as soon as I glanced at its dark, mysterious tower, a sort of presentiment took possession of me.

I hurried on and soon reached the park. It seemed to me that everything looked neglected and rather deserted. The grass was long and the meadows appeared to be untended. I pushed the door open, and a cry rang through the house. It was my mother.

"Where is father?" I asked anxiously. "Here he is," she replied; and seated by the fire in the dining-room I saw him, but he was so changed that I scarcely recognized him.

When the first excitement of my arrival was over he began to question me.

"Did you see any one before you reached the house?" he asked. "No one," I replied.

"And you don't know all that has happened here since you left?"

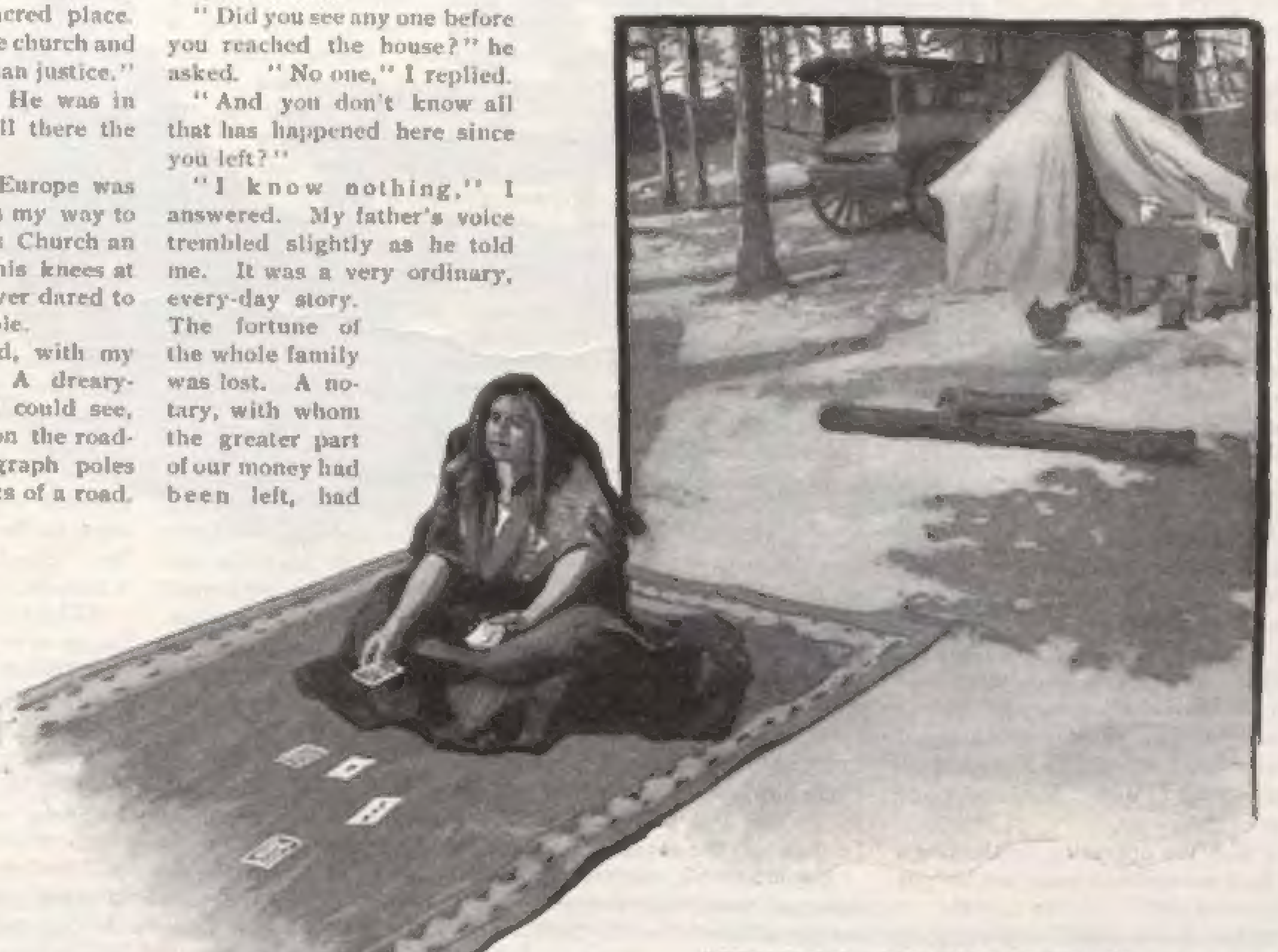
"I know nothing," I answered. My father's voice trembled slightly as he told me. It was a very ordinary, every-day story. The fortune of the whole family was lost. A notary, with whom the greater part of our money had been left, had risked it in speculations which had turned out badly, and, to sum up the matter briefly, we were ruined. "You'll have to work for your living," said my father in conclusion. I do not know why, but the thought of the gipsy woman, whom I had seen at the Croatian frontier, suddenly crossed my mind, and I remembered her prediction. I did not appear at all discouraged; on the contrary, I smiled as I answered my father:

"All right," I said; "don't you worry yourself about me; I shall be able to earn my living."

"What do you think of doing?" he asked.

"I shall start to-morrow for France, and from there go to America. A year ago, when I was in Genoa, I made the acquaintance of one of the leading industrial men of Ohio. He offered me a situation in a big agricultural affair out there. I refused, but I shall go to him now, and I am certain he will give me employment."

"That is right," said my father. "I see that you have plenty of determination."



"YOU'LL SIT DOWN WITH KINGS AND HAVE PRINCES AT YOUR TABLE"

The evening, however, was very sad, and that night was the last I spent in my father's house. Life was before me, full of chances and unexpected things. I did not fear anything, but bravely decided to venture forth. The farewell moment was even more sad than the evening had been. My mother was in tears and my father, who was very pale, stood on the terrace until I was out of sight.

"Good-by," I said, and my last words were: "Perhaps you will never see me again, but I hope you will hear something about me." And I plunged into the unknown . . . into life. . . .

Fate and a Broken Pipestem

A FEW weeks later I arrived at Angiers, in France, on the banks of the Loire, on my way to Havre, where I intended to take the boat for America.

I traveled in what the French call a "diligence," which was merely a horrible carriage, badly built, badly appointed, and with wretched horses. If modern civilization had done nothing but give us railways instead of the diligence, it would deserve the gratitude of all human beings; I mean, of course, of all human beings who travel.

My particular diligence went along that wonderful and admirable road, which all English and Americans who have visited France know so well, and which skirts the banks of the Loire. It started from Tours, passed through Angiers, and was to go on to Nantes. At Nantes I intended traveling by water to Havre, where I hoped to embark for the United States.

As we entered the chief street of Angiers something occurred which was destined to influence my whole career. This was the second incident which decided my fate in life. The first was the road which the gipsies, who had kidnaped me, took to cross the river. This second incident happened in driving over the paving-stones of Angiers, when the diligence gave such jolts that the stem of my pipe broke between my teeth.

My first care in getting out of the conveyance was, of course, to rush to a shop for a new stem. I had scarcely finished this most prosaic transaction when on leaving the shop I knocked up against a tall, slight man with hair just turning gray who happened to be coming in. I apologized, but the gentleman, after gazing at me intently, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, upon my word, I think I recognize you. . . . Are you not young Blowitz?"

"Certainly."

"Don't you remember me?"

"Not at all."

"I saw you five or six years ago at your father's château. I am Count Kolowrath; an old friend of your family."

I remembered now having seen the Count in the days gone by and I recognized him. We talked together a few minutes, and I told him the sad events that had taken place at our home in Bohemia. He took the greatest interest in my story and insisted on my letting the diligence continue its journey without me and delaying my departure for a day. He was only passing through Angiers and lived in Paris, where he was very intimate with all the political men of the day.

The result of our meeting was that I did not start for America the next day, nor yet the day after, nor even the week after, but I went with him to Paris.

Serious events were then taking place there. A Republic —the Republic of 1848—had succeeded the Monarchy of King Louis-Philippe. I was too much interested in all that was going on, too much taken up by this political fever, by this overthrowing of a Government, and by this destruction of old-established institutions, to think of going to America. I remained in Paris, and I observed what was happening around me.

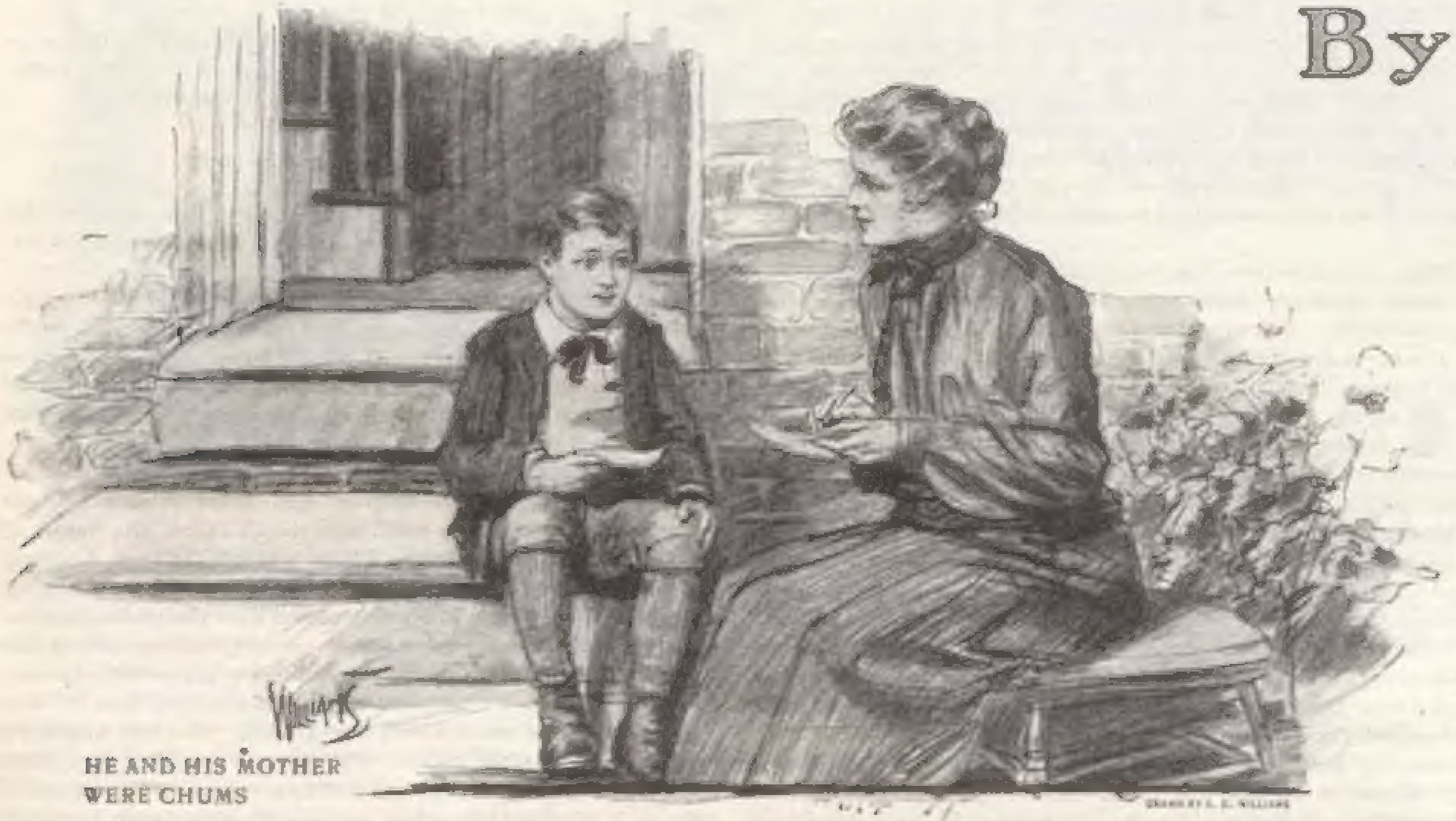
I must now make a confession to my readers. Nature, cities and countries have never had much attraction for me.

(Continued on Page 46)

HIS MOTHER

The Story of the Second Generation

By Will Payne



HE AND HIS MOTHER
WERE CHUMS

I

WHEN the Blue Ridge Bank failed, good, fond, slipshod Tom Lucas, who had been bookkeeper and man of all work at $75 a month, was left without employment. It was a bad time in Blue Ridge and in Western Nebraska generally; but Lucas got a few odd jobs while he was waiting for something to turn up, and with that and his credit the family managed to get on in an increasingly poor way.

Then he had an inspiration. It was long before the Klondike rush, but some people knew there was gold in Alaska. Lucas sold the story-and-a-half house, borrowed what he could, left $100 with his wife, and joined an expedition. They never knew just how he died up in the north, but they knew they were happier for not knowing just how.

Nellie Lucas was small and slim, with brown eyes and a soft voice. In Blue Ridge they called her extravagant, because while Tom had his salary and credit she bought pretty things for herself to wear and dressed her boy ridiculously well and went back to Ohio at least once a year. Now her father was gone as well as Tom, and she had the boy. Her fingers were deft and she was tasteful. She trimmed hats in Miss Davit's millinery store, and the county clerk, a Blue Ridge man, gave her some copying to do now and then.

Walter was nine years old, not very tall for his age, but plump, with reddish hair and blue eyes like his father. He and his mother were chums. They took their treats together when there was a spare dollar, and talked over ways and means soberly. "There will be very little money now, dear—only what mamma can earn; so you must make the old jacket do even if it is patched," she had said to him, and he had understood at once. He wished to quit school and go to work, but she would not hear of that.

They got along — but there was the operation on the boy's throat which Doctor Howell had warned her must not be put off longer.

The Railroad Hospital at Warrensville stood on the shabby street that faced the switch-yards. The hospital itself was a square, neat, two-story affair of pressed brick with a clean cement walk in front; but on one side were two shanty saloons and on the other, a shanty "delicatessen store," with links of sausage and moons of cheese behind the fly-specked window-panes. With the early melting of the light snow which had fallen the day before, the unpaved street was muddy this bright Sunday morning.

Leaving the caboose of the early freight from Blue Ridge, Mrs. Lucas picked her way across the cinder switch-yard and along the broken plank-walk toward the hospital, the boy at her side. She was aware of the wide, bright, Sunday stillness that lay over the small city, of the edge of spring in the high blue sky and clear, chilly air. But her heart trembled in its rapid beating and she kept repeating to herself mechanically, "I must tell them his heart isn't very strong."

She knew it was best not to talk to him about it; but at the door of the hospital she stopped, stooping a little to look into his rosy face. "You won't be afraid, will you, dear?" her sweet voice said.

"Why, no, I won't be afraid," he replied securely.

Doctor Parker had not yet arrived, and Mrs. Lucas went to the office. The old gentleman at the desk treated her crustily, but she did not mind that. She apologized patiently when she answered his questions amiss as he made out the record, and she was strangely absorbed in regarding the fringe of gray hair around his pink head. She took the fee, fifty dollars, from the knotted handkerchief in the breast of her dress. That left her six dollars. When she returned to the chilly little parlor Walter was walking about, cap in hand, examining the prints on the wall. She sat down, furtively watching the boy, and she kept whispering in her mind, "No, I'll not have it done now; I'll put it off; the surgeon will examine him and say it is not necessary."

Doctor Parker came in briskly, half an hour late, a tall, alert man with a red beard and a friendly eye.

"I thought you'd be waiting," he said with a laugh. "You've been to the office? You told them you were here? And this is—Walter, is that the name? How do you do, Walter? I'll go upstairs and see if the room is ready. You come up in a minute. They'll show you where."

And before she could find her voice he was gone. She felt her heart leaving her body and hurrying after him. She wished to say, "I have decided to put it off a while. You see, I have not loved him enough yet."

After a bewildered moment she arose, half dazed. The boy came to her at once and slipped his plump hand in hers. They walked down the hall and up the stairs. She knew that she must not talk to him about it, nor do anything that would alarm him, and as she went upstairs she felt herself clutched fast in the ordeal, without possibility of escape. They came out in the upper hall. Walter walked along beside her as readily as though he were going to play. Yet he seemed such a little fellow.

"You feel ready, do you, dear?" she asked, although she knew she should not.

He slipped his arm about her waist and quickly withdrew it. "Yes, I'm ready, mother," he said. "I know it must be done, so the sooner I go through with it the better."

A stout nurse, hurrying along with a tray of empty dishes, directed them; but the room was not quite ready and they sat on a bench in the hall. She felt the boy's soft body against her side. If she could hide him from them now!

The opposite door opened and Doctor Parker looked out. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and put on a long white apron which a nurse was tying behind. His shirtsleeves were rolled up to the elbows and he was rubbing his hands with soap.

"You're here?" he called out cheerfully. "We'll be ready now as soon as you are. You can step in there."

They entered an empty room, where Walter undressed and put on a nightgown, his mother helping him as when he had been a tiny child. Lingering over the buttons she hungered to close him in her arms and kiss him.

When they stepped into the operating-room Doctor Parker was still scrubbing his hands. His assistant was laying out various instruments of speckless steel that glistened cruelly. He and the surgeon were talking of another case in a casual, chatty way. One nurse was preparing bandages while the other arranged the curtains over the skylight. The operating table, a thick slab of glass, with apparatus for raising and lowering it, stood in the centre of the floor.

In his nightgown the boy looked even younger and rosier. His bare, plump feet showed under the edge of the gown. He smiled in a self-conscious way, embarrassed at standing before strangers in that garb.

A nurse stepped beside the glass slab. "All right, Walter; here's where we'll have you," she said cheerfully.

The boy's hand moved a little toward his mother's. He wished to whisper to her, "They're not going to hurt me, are they, mamma?" But he knew what her white face meant, and without speaking he went forward confidently and climbed on the table. The nurse threw a sheet over him and began arranging cloths about his head and neck. He looked over at his mother and smiled. "Pretty rocky bed, ma," he called.

Mrs. Lucas caught the surgeon's eye and beckoned. He came over to her and she whispered, "You'll be careful, doctor—about the chloroform—his heart isn't very strong."

He nodded. "Oh, yes, I remember. Doctor Howell told me. We talked it over," he said cheerfully under his breath.

He knew that her nerves were shaking and her heart swooned. He looked into the pretty, helpless little woman's straining eyes and took in their wordless message—"To you I give my darling to be led through the shadows of death; if your hand fails he will never come back to me."

This busy surgeon had received many such messages and had replied in his heart, as now, "God is great. I will do what a man's skill can do."

His words to her were, "This operation is not so serious; but it's not pleasant to see. When we are ready you must step out."

She had supposed that she would be permitted to remain. But she understood that she must submit to the doctor. He looked at her and nodded toward the door. She stepped into the hall, shutting the door behind her, closing in the still little figure and those who were to work at the springs of his life.

She sat on the bench in the hall, facing the closed door . . . how long! A formless thought kept drifting back and bruising her helpless mind—she was alone, all alone—she sat there all alone . . . how long! Her heart stopped beating. Surely something had gone wrong. Suddenly she saw them vainly trying to restore him. Yet she could not go to the door. She was bound and could only wait. She remembered with a kind of inconsequential torture that she had only six dollars left after paying the fee in advance. He must be dead. . . . The widow and the fatherless. She remembered something vaguely; then, strangely, it flashed upon her: there was a God. The thought startled her. It was sweet, yet she trembled over it. Something vast encompassed her and her weak misery.

The door stood open. Doctor Parker was smiling at her.

She sprang up and the roots of her hair stirred. Did He give the boy back to her? The doctor was holding the door open for her, smiling. One of the nurses was smiling out at her. She knew from their faces that the operation had been a success. But it was not that just now. Had He——

Suddenly she drooped against the door-casing and put her hands to her face.

"There, there! This is no time to cry. It's all over. Everything's tiptop." Doctor Parker encouraged her, patting her shoulder in a fatherly way.

The boy, quite white, was looking about blankly. In a moment he made her out, smiled a little under his bandages, and sung out, "Hello, ma!"

II

THEY left the hospital after the third day. Mrs. Lucas then had four dollars in her purse. For six months the ordeal of this operation had been her sole focal point, beyond which she had scarcely tried to look. She had sold the last of her trinkets for the fee, and she had supposed, indefinitely, that she should go back to Blue Ridge and try to support herself and keep Walter in school. But the last two days she had been thinking that over, and it seemed to her that she might get something to do in Warrensville, which was a much better town than Blue Ridge, quite a little city, in fact. She wrote a neat hand, slowly, and she thought she might get copying to do, or trim hats, or clerk in a store. As to ways of earning money her imagination was as vague and simple as Walter's. She was anxiously aware of the slimness of her means, but the dreadful ordeal was passed. The boy skipped along beside her abounding in health, full of zest for the fresh air.

Compared with poor little Blue Ridge, Warrensville was metropolitan, with brick paving on the two principal streets, and stone flaggings and brave shop windows.

Mother and son walked down Warren Avenue, stopping to look into the show windows. She had the daring thought to enter at once a dry-goods store that they passed and ask for a place as a clerk; but she put it off because she had not yet spoken to the boy about the possibility of not returning to Blue Ridge. At the window of the millinery store they debated whether the hat with pink or the one with blue was the prettiest, and before the window of the hardware store he explained why the hammerless shotgun was the best. She noted a small restaurant on a side street, and thought they could come back there and get dinner. Probably it would not cost over forty or fifty cents for both of them. There were many more people on the street than at home. The stir of a larger life amused them.

They were looking at the boys' suits, displayed on wax dummies in the window of the most pretentious of the stores, when a brisk little woman tripped out of the store door, glanced at them, halted, then ran forward.

"Why, Mrs. Terhune!" said Mrs. Lucas.

"Why, Mrs. Lucas!" said Janet Terhune.

There was a touch of embarrassment, for Mrs. Terhune had been Janet Hynes and was a daughter of the junior partner in the Blue Ridge Bank where Lucas had been employed, and they had scarcely seen each other since Lucas' death. But in the slightly embarrassed shock of this encounter the hearts of the two women beat up together. A moment, and Mrs. Lucas was telling about the operation.

"And are you going back to Blue Ridge?" Mrs. Terhune asked.

"Well — I hardly know," said Mrs. Lucas. "You see, I must find something to do and I thought perhaps here——" Already, with an indefinable relief, she felt the other woman's greater capability, her firmer hand.

"You must come up to dinner with me now," said Janet decisively. "I'm sure something can be found here — better than in Blue Ridge. We'll talk it over with Bob."

And in this way mother and son came under the wing of the Terhunes. Bob and Janet were at once fond of them. "They're both dear children," said Terhune. He found copying for Mrs. Lucas to do in his office, and with slow, infinite patience she finally learned stenography.

Mother and son were still chums. Every one liked the lad. Janet loved him next to his mother and next to her own daughter who was born the year after the Lucases came to Warrensville.

The Terhunes soon discovered that he had a good mind. At eighteen he finished his course in the public high-school and it was decided that he should go to the State University at Lincoln. His head then came just above Terhune's shoulder, but to the two fond women he was still the same bright, clean, lovable boy that he had been any time the last ten years. His cheeks were as ruddy, his blue eyes as direct, his laugh as ready.

Mrs. Lucas was full of misgivings about his going to Lincoln. He had scarcely been away from home overnight in his life. He couldn't take care of his clothes; was careless about letting things lie around. If he slept in a draft he would take cold. There had been some typhoid at Lincoln the year before, and she was anxious on that score. She did not fear the temptations and dissipations that other mothers might have feared. She supposed in time he might take to smoking. Most boys did that, and Mr. Terhune had prepared her for it. But as for the real vices — why, as well fear that little Janet who still sat on Walter's knee would take to whisky and disreputable friends.

Terhune got Walter a pass over the railroad, so he came home every second or third Sunday. Besides, he was at home Thanksgiving and over the holidays, while Mrs. Lucas twice went to Lincoln to see him. When he came home for the long vacation at the end of the year it seemed that, after all, she had hardly been separated from him at all.

His second and third year passed in the same way. Never more than three weeks went by without her seeing him. She still looked after his clothes, darned his stockings, mended and sorted his linen, bought his underwear and neckties for him as when he had been a little child. She had to look up now, but she saw the same rosy cheeks, bright, direct blue eyes and ready laugh.

And what she especially took comfort and pride in, next to his proficiency in his studies, was his way with the girls. He was popular. All the nicest girls were his friends, and he was a friend to all of them, without any particular preference. It had been that way since he was a little fellow — the nice girls had been his friends.

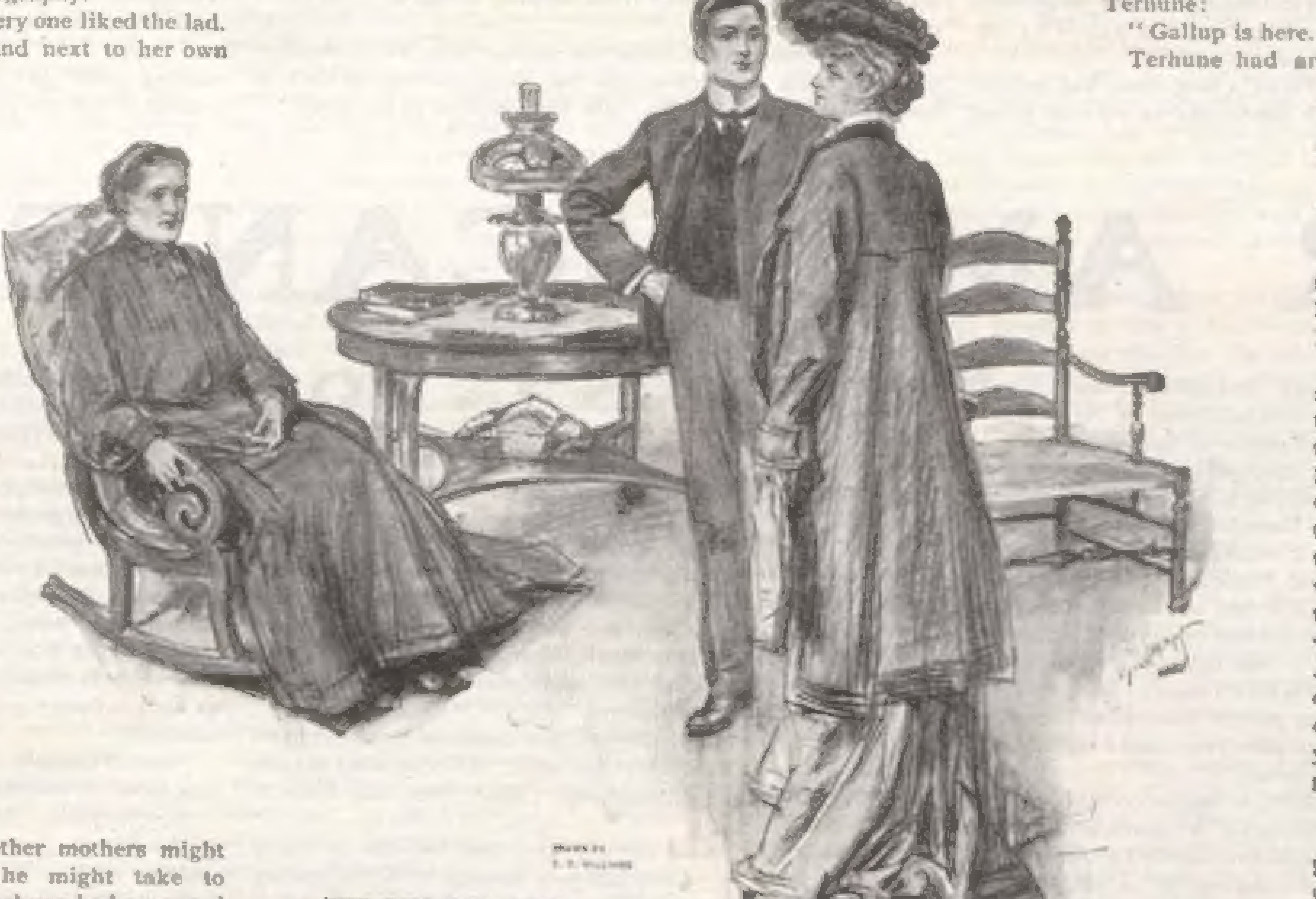
The mother thought: "Some day, when he gets of that age, he will fall in love with the nicest and best and most popular girl of them all; and by and by they will be married." She remembered that she had been married three years younger; but that was different. Meantime it was fine that these nice girls liked him so frankly and that he liked them in kind.

III

IT WAS in December of Walter's fourth year at Lincoln that May Dixon, daughter of Warrensville's mayor, left the university abruptly and came home. The gossips had a rumor that she had been expelled or had fallen into some sort of scandal. The rumor found quick ground because of the sensation of four years before in which she had been the chief figure.

Major Dixon, the mayor, had a swelling chest, a black mustache and imperial, a military air. His slouch hat was always worn a little on one side. Whisky had not improved a naturally bad temper.

Four years before, May, then seventeen, had gone to the baseball game at Hurley with young Gallup, who called himself city editor of the Democrat and was not known in good society. Other young people in groups and couples had gone to the ball game; but May Dixon and Gallup kept apart. An hour after the train left Major Dixon learned that they had gone together. He drove the seventeen miles to Hurley in an hour and a half, and looked over the ball grounds without finding the two he sought. A little later he did find them eating ice cream in a shabby restaurant. He horsewhipped Gallup on the spot, breaking the young man's arm and a good deal of china, and took the young lady home. He also announced that he would shoot Gallup on sight if he returned to Warrensville. The young man did not return. Gossip is busy in a place like Warrensville. The girl was different thereafter. She held herself aloof, with a high head. Her sudden departure from the university brought the old affair to life, for it was remembered that Gallup was in Lincoln, connected with a weekly sheet that called itself a society journal, but which every one knew for a mere blackmailing agency. It was insisted that he had something to do with May's coming home.



—THE GIRL SAID LOW: "I'VE BEEN TELLING YOUR MOTHER, WALTER"

Mrs. Lucas on her way back to Terhune's office after lunch saw the girl driving a span of fine bays to a new victoria. A negro boy in livery, the first to be seen in Warrensville, sat beside her. The display and extravagance and debts of Major Dixon someway lent probability to gossip about his daughter. The girl herself was tall, slim, with large dark eyes, black hair and a clear, colorless skin. She was certainly handsome; but it was the way she held herself that kept Mrs. Lucas' startled attention. There was something royal in the pride of the slender, erect figure, and the dark eyes that looked calmly forth without seeing any one. She swung the mettlesome horses up to the curb in front of the post-office, and waited while the boy skipped inside. Everybody on the street was aware of her. Men and women looked up at her as she sat motionless. Those who knew her attempted to catch her eye and bow. But she neither saw them nor appeared to avoid seeing them. The calm eyes simply looked afar. There was no motion of her lips or eyelids. The boy appeared and skipped into the victoria. She spoke to the horses and they dashed away.

Little, gentle Mrs. Lucas, loitering in the doorway, drew a long breath. It was superb; but to the widow's modest imagination it was an awful kind of superbness. She went upstairs to the office with the sense that she was a very humble person, for which she was most thankful.

The next day some one showed Mrs. Terhune this item in the blackmailing paper at Lincoln:

> The fair daughter of the mayor of one of the fairest cities in Nebraska left the university suddenly last week. It is whispered that the young lady's tender effusions to an old flame have something to do with the case. More anon.

The day after Walter came home unannounced. He explained that the holidays were at hand, and there was nothing in the courses for the intervening week that interested him. He arrived in the evening, and in the morning went off with Terhune. They spent the forenoon together. The boy came in at noon and went to the midday dinner with his mother; but directly afterward went away. Terhune took Mrs. Lucas home with him to supper. He said Walter had told him that he was going to take supper with a friend and that he would come to the Terhunes' for his mother in the evening. Mrs. Lucas rather wondered at this, but she supposed Walter was so big a boy now that she could not expect him to account to her for all his time.

They were in the sitting-room after supper. Terhune had looked once or twice at the clock. He had an appointment for half-past seven, he said.

It was nearly that when the doorbell rang. The heavy-footed maid went to open the door, and in a moment May Dixon swept in.

She wore a long black cloth cloak and was neatly gloved. As she came swiftly to the arched doorway and halted, one foot a little advanced, the black plume on her hat swayed forward and trembled upright. Without any greeting she spoke at once to Terhune:

"Gallup is here."

Terhune had arisen and stepped toward her.

"Yes. I know that," he said. He paused a moment, looking at her, and added calmly, "Walter is here, too, and has gone out to find him."

The girl's face contracted with pain. "No! Not Walter!" she cried. "You agreed to have Walter keep away from him!" she accused.

"If I could," Terhune corrected gently. He cleared his throat. "It was necessary to take care of your father; to keep him from running across Gallup or knowing he was in town, so I put in the afternoon talking business with him and we have an engagement for this evening, while Walter — it was what Walter insisted upon. And finally, I didn't see that any one had any right to take the case out of his hands — since you had given him the right to go."

"No!" she declared.

"When I talked against it — proposed to have Gallup arrested or to send somebody else to run him out of town — Walter only smiled. He said: 'Her father cannot help her in this. If Aunt Janet had stood in her place before you were married would you have let anybody else take it up?'" The plain, middle-aged lawyer concluded gravely: "After that I had nothing more to say, for no one has any business to deny a man's right to protect the woman he loves — not even the woman herself."

The girl's lip trembled and the lawyer's face suddenly blurred before her straining eyes. "I am very unfortunate, Mr. Terhune," she murmured.

"Not at all! Not at all!" he encouraged. "This is coming out all right. You stay right here, now. Don't mix things up. You stay right here and Gallup will be quietly out of town in an hour. Janet will take care of you."

The girl turned with a flowing motion and bowed. "I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Terhune," she said humbly; and then for the first time she was aware of Mrs. Lucas. She started a little and turned red, looking at the widow with parted lips.

"I must keep my engagement now," said Terhune. "You stay right here until you're sent for."

As he went out the girl crossed the room and took the chair beside Walter's mother, bending toward her.

"Will you let me tell you, Mrs. Lucas?" she pleaded.

The mother sat stunned. Her whole world, which consisted of her son whom she still imagined as half a child under her wing, had been overturned at a stroke. As it glimmered upon her that this beautiful and imperious creature stood in such a relation to Walter, it seemed as impossible as though her son had abruptly presented her with a Valkyrie for a daughter-in-law. And behind all that lay the shadow of something dubious, scandalous, and Major Dixon with his strut and extravagance.

Now the girl stooped toward her with a woman's plea, suddenly humble and sweet. The elder woman felt the younger's compelling beauty. No one could deny her royalty.

"I didn't know," Mrs. Lucas murmured confusedly.

"No," said the girl. "It came about almost of a sudden. Perhaps Walter himself was—surprised." Her beautiful lips parted in a small smile; the pink flushed over her face again. "I think I had been unfortunate, Mrs. Lucas. Going to the ball game with Gallup was a foolish, headstrong, schoolgirl's scrape. And what happened afterward——" She paused and shook her head mournfully. "I think no one has any right, not even a father, to make a girl's name the subject of talk. It was his honor that he was zealous about, not mine. That affair and the gossip made a great difference with me. It was a sort of horror—all the more, I suppose, because I found the man a poor specimen. Gallup has been in Lincoln lately. He's a thing of the gutter now. He has three or four schoolgirl letters of mine and he began to annoy me. Of course, he has a grudge on account of what my father did, and he's the sort to take it out of me. Besides, he wanted money. I lived in terror of him because anything that would make talk was a nightmare to me. Twice I gave him money for the letters—what little I had. I suppose I lost my head to do that, for I never got the letters. But I had no one to go to—least of all my father, for his way would have been to use a horsewhip again, or a pistol, and that would have been the worst of all. What terrorized me was the idea of scandal—the letters being printed in that awful paper, perhaps with the dates changed, or Gallup's attacking my father. I was quite desperate, and without any one to turn to." She stopped in the rapid, nervous narrative, looking into the widow's eyes. Her voice dropped to a softer tone.

"Of course, I had known Walter a long time, but only in a casual way. One evening six weeks ago we were all going to the Wednesday evening concert. I was walking alone. Gallup appeared, stepped up and spoke to me, stopping me on the street before the others as though we were friends. I knew it was done to frighten me and let the others see; but I was frightened. As it happened, Walter and two or three other young men were coming along behind me. He told me afterward that he knew something was wrong; so he stepped up at once and spoke to me as though we had not seen each other for some time. In that way, without any disturbance, I was able to turn away and walk off with him, leaving Gallup. Then, after the concert, he fell in with me as by accident and walked home with me. Gallup was not mentioned, but I knew that Walter knew, and it seemed to me the first time any one had helped me. After that Walter called on me and we went to several places together. One evening I told him about Gallup."

Her voice dropped still lower, as though she could whisper it to the mother. "You—you know that every one must trust him. He is so sure and sweet. He went to Gallup then. I don't know what happened; but I know there was a collision between them. Walter came back to me with his hand bound in a handkerchief, and told me he thought Gallup would never trouble me any more. I loved him very much. He was very popular. Everything about him had been clear and sweet like himself; but it seems to me that it must always have been me, the lonely, troubled girl, whom he would love at last."

Mrs. Lucas looked at her with dim eyes—at this girl whose beauty and bearing made an atmosphere; and she already felt, too, that this had been inevitable, instead of the "nice," popular girl of her fancy.

Together they heard his step on the porch. May sprang up; but restrained herself from running forward. She stood erect, eager, waiting.

When he entered the room his mother saw, as for the first time, his bulk and thews, and the closely-shaven growth of blond beard on his cheeks. He went at once to the girl.

"Uncle Bob told me you were here," he said. Standing beside her looking down, smiling a little, he added: "There's no trouble. Gallup has taken the way-freight out of town. It's all right."

"Aa-h!" She made the exclamation a low, happy, singing sound. The mother saw the two, each looking at the other, making a world of their own, in which even she was a stranger. Still looking at him, the girl said low, with a trembling smile, "I've been telling your mother, Walter."

He looked over at the mother with love, but did not leave the girl. "Well, mother," he said—then dropped his hand on May's shoulder with a smiling glance at his mother and back at his sweetheart, as though he offered the mother the girl's loveliness—"I suppose there's nothing more to say."

Mrs. Lucas thought something like this: "When he was a babe and lay in my arm, and when he came out of the operation at the hospital, and when I worked and saved for him, it seemed to me that he was all my own. But all the time I was only bringing him to her."

When the young ones had gone, Walter taking May home, the two women, left alone, were silent for a moment.

"She is very beautiful and sweet," said Mrs. Lucas absently.

"She seems much in love with him," Mrs. Terhune admitted.

Mrs. Lucas looked around at her friend. "We don't keep them long."

The younger mother said nothing, but she felt a sudden hunger to get her own child in her arms and hold her tight.

"I suppose our mothers felt that way, too, and our husbands' mothers," said Mrs. Lucas. She mused a moment. The power of the girl's beauty came back to her. She looked around at her friend again. "Well—if they are married and happy——" She did not try to say any more, but sat musing while her aroused heart dreamed forward to the picture of her son's home and rosy grandchildren.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By James L. Ford

THE RELATION OF YELLOW JOURNALISM TO ITS OWN CREATION, THE FOUR HUNDRED

STUDENTS of contemporary journalism trace the enormous circulation and influence of the Planet and the wealth and power of the house of Barshfield to an important discovery made by Simon, the second in the royal line and the father of David, the present ruler. Therefore I shall not disdain to give credit to whom it is due, even though I no longer have a seat at David Barshfield's council table; and I hereby acknowledge that if it had not been for the light shed upon the subject of modern society by my still venerated chief, these pages would not have been illumined by the great, shining light of the knowledge which I owe to him, and the true story of the relation which yellow journalism bears to the Four Hundred would perhaps have remained a sealed book to all mankind for centuries to come.

I was reminded of these facts by a discussion which raged at the Sunday morning breakfast-table in regard to the exact social position of Mrs. John Smith, into which I foolishly permitted myself to be drawn; wondering, the while, how the name of a woman as well bred and well born and charming as Mrs. Smith ever happened to stray into the conversation at Mrs. Catnip's table. The boarders paid but scant heed to my well chosen and entirely truthful summing up of Mrs. Smith's social position, and a moment later the subject was disposed of by Mrs. Taffeta, who said: "I don't say but what Mrs. Smith's a nice enough woman in her way, but there hain't no style to her; you never hear of her goin' nowhere nor hevin' parties to the theatre. The fact on it is, she's not with the Four Hundred folks because she ain't in their class."

And these words having been uttered, the jaws of our oracle closed with a sharp snap and we knew that to reopen the subject at that session would be to question the authority which has always found its fullest recognition at Rebecca Catnip's table.

It was with this conversation fresh in my mind that I seated myself in my easy-chair that evening and permitted my memory to carry me back to the day when that greatest of yellow journalists, the third of the great Park Row dynasty of Barshfield, remarked to me in careless confidence as he lit a gold-tipped cigarette: "I suppose you know that it was to my father (meaning Simon, the second owner of the Planet) that we owe that most valuable of Park Row institutions, the Four Hundred. Most people believe that the honor belongs to Mr. Ward McAllister, the leader of the rather bizarre society of his generation; but he only let fall a chance remark, while my father, seeing at once the commercial value that lay behind his words, did not rest until the idea had taken permanent and practical shape. He had been educated abroad and had always felt that a generally recognized aristocracy was one of the greatest needs of the newspaper business. I remember also that about this time the growing importance of wood pulp had taken a strong hold on his mind, so that the moment his eye fell upon the McAllister interview he rose excitedly from his chair and almost shouted: 'Wood pulp and the Four Hundred! The problem of the cheap newspaper is solved at last, and your future, my boy, is assured from this very moment.'

"Then he sent for Allerton, his business manager, and showed him what McAllister had said. Allerton read it from beginning to end and blurted out: 'Well, what the deuce is there in that?'

"'Circulation!' said the old man; and the very next day he called a meeting of the business managers of the leading newspapers and convinced them that if they would consent to work together they could create an aristocracy which would appeal to the practical American mind as well as to the snobbery which exists, often a mere undeveloped kernel, in almost every human breast. It was lucky for us that McAllister put the number at four hundred, as four thousand would have been too many for exclusiveness, and forty too few for the press to juggle with. People could keep tab on forty aristocrats so closely that it would have been as difficult for a newspaper to add a new one to the list as for a yellow French paper to create a forty-first immortal for the Academy. With four hundred, however, we can slip in a new aristocrat whenever we need a new feature for the Sunday supplement or desire to bestow some graceful reward for services rendered."

"But can you create an American aristocrat?" I gasped, for at that time I was new to Park Row and the simplest things seemed wonderful to me.

"And why not?" rejoined Barshfield with his French shoulder-shrug. "The proportion of newspaper-made aristocrats in the Four Hundred is about that of modern peers, meaning those whose titles do not antedate the Georges, in the House of Lords, and of Napoleonic counts and barons in the nobility of France. It is only because of the incredible swiftness of the pace with which we live here compared with that of the older countries that a dozen years of newspaper work equals in result about a century of growth in Europe. When a grateful political party in England raises any one to the peerage, it is customary to explain that it is as a reward for 'eminent services rendered to his country,' but, as no man is ever thus honored unless he be the possessor of a large fortune, the phrase ought to read 'for eminent services rendered to himself.' Essentially a commercial and hard-headed people, the English have a rooted antipathy to a ragged and barefooted peerage such as would easily pass muster in the sunnier climes. We of this country are also practical and hard-headed, but we are a more imaginative people than the English, and so it happens that our Four Hundred, although founded on the visible rock of prodigious wealth and carried on with tremendous splurge and *réclame*, nevertheless consists largely of people who are actually in a state of destitution. As children of our own, we of the press keep up their popular reputation by representing them as wealthy and luxurious. Therefore it behooves the press to recognize these poverty-stricken Park Row aristocrats as its own legitimate offspring and support them, in print at least, in a manner calculated to sustain their reputation as persons of wealth and luxurious habits."

"But I thought they were wealthy and luxurious—these people of the society column!" I exclaimed.

"So they are—in the newspapers," replied the proprietor of the Planet, "and some of them have money in their own right as well. The rule of the office is, however, that their lives, their belongings, their amusements shall always be painted in glowing colors. You may have noticed in our Sunday paper not long ago an article called Swaddling Clothes of Millionaire Children, which told how infants belonging to the wealthiest families were decked out in the most costly apparel and never went into the street without real lace caps worth hundreds of dollars apiece? I've no doubt that thousands of the people to whom I owe my fortune and income read that article with distended eyes, although, as a matter of fact, it is a lie from beginning to end. Everybody who knows New York will tell you that the infant members of such families as the Vanastorbilts are done up in red flannel when they go out to take the air, and that the further down you get in the social scale the more style is put on by the baby. Watch the eviction of some poor family from a tenement house and you'll find out what I mean. First you'll see the family and a few neighbors bringing out a wretched collection of broken tables, three-legged chairs and battered pots and pans; then, at the tail-end of the procession, will come the mother wheeling a perambulator with a canopy top-lined with red silk, and the baby sitting in it arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. That baby will be sure to have a lace cap, no matter whether the family have a real meal or not. If we wanted to put that baby in the Four Hundred (and there's no telling when it might be policy to do so) his photograph—lace cap, perambulator and all—would make a much better showing in the middle of a page than that of the average kid that you see on Fifth Avenue."

"How does the press put people in the Four Hundred?" I inquired.

"Some get in by being run as 'freak features' in the Sunday paper, others through the broad gateway marked 'among those present,' and a great many by being written up as 'new cotillion leaders.' Of course, this newspaper renown

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Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of papers by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early number.

will no more give one the *entrée* to the really good houses than a title bestowed by the Second French Empire carried with it admission to the exclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. However, it does as much for a man as Louis Napoleon did when he turned a contractor into a nobleman; he simply put him in 'among those present,' and let him shift for himself."

This conversation took place at a time when I knew but little of the real forces of the modern press, or "yellow journalism," as it is called, and I remember that when I withdrew from the Presence and went out from the audience chamber it was with the feeling that the words which I had been privileged to hear as they fell from the inspired lips of David, third of the royal Park Row dynasty of Barshfield, contained a kernel of wisdom which might, under my fostering care, grow into a mighty tree of philosophy and knowledge. A few days later a chance discovery of minor importance helped to confirm a great deal that my employer had said and started me on the train of serious thought that has culminated in this important contribution to contemporary sociology

Up to this time I had been innocent enough to believe that the loud talking which so often floats from opera and theatre boxes occupied by persons vaguely defined as "society people" and the explosions of vulgar laughter that cause so much craning of necks in the Nickel-Plush and other gaudy restaurants were due merely to heedlessness on the part of the noisemakers. The scales fell from my eyes, however, one night when I was seated in my aisle seat at a local theatre, brooding over the words of my employer, and was awakened from my reverie by the arrival of an organized band of social pushers who were at that time one of the minor nuisances of the town. Six of them marched into the row of seats behind me and as many more tramped noisily, and without a word of apology to the lady who was with me and who rose to let them pass, into the seats beyond ours. They had scarcely seated themselves when the leading climber, who sat directly behind me, began the work of advertising their presence to the rest of the audience by bawling out: "There's Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt in that upper box!"

"No," screamed the young woman next him, "that's not Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt!

"Yes," bellowed the pusher next to her, "it *is* Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt. And there's Petey Titcomb in the back of the box. That proves it! He, he, he!"

So the cry was taken up and carried along by each in turn until there was not a soul in the lower part of the house who had not been told that each and every one of this little band of climbers was on pleasantly familiar terms with the famous social leader, Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt

This was annoying enough, but there is a serious side to the matter which I did not realize until I happened to go into the lobby between the acts and there heard one woman say to another: "That's an awful swell crowd that's sitting right in front of me. I do wish I could find out who they are. They came in awful late — probably from the Nickel-Plush Hotel where they'd been dining — and they're all friends of Mrs Waddy Vanastorbilt, because they were talking about her the whole time."

"Oh, I noticed that party," said the other woman eagerly "They're just nothing but style, too. Why, they recognized Mrs. Vanastorbilt the minute they seen her in the box. I wonder if anybody here knows who they are? Let's ask at the box office."

I should be happy, indeed, were I able to convey to my readers an adequate idea of the tone of abject servility with which the women in the lobby spoke of the pushers whose vulgar effrontery had made such a profound impression on them. I watched them as they interrogated the man in the box-office, and was dumfounded — I knew but little of society in those days — when I saw that good-natured official hand them a bit of paper on which the names of the pushers were written, and which the parasite of the party — for even these vulgarians have parasites, just as the fleas on the dog are said to have fleas of their own — had left with him to be given to any society reporter who might happen along; and then — if I may be permitted to quote from the vernacular of the ungodly — I "dropped" to what the climbers were doing and realized with a sharp pang of mortification that a file of six of them had been climbing into society over my feet. The next morning I saw their names in the Planet society column characterized as "a group of well-known fashionables" — and behold a gateway to the kingdom of the Four Hundred that I had never even dreamed of stood open before me.

A week later I asked the same box-office official if he could give me the names of the ladies and gentlemen occupying a lower proscenium box. They were richly dressed and of distinguished appearance, and although I sat close to the box I could not hear a word that they said.

"I don't know who they are," replied the box-office man. "They didn't leave their names with me"

As for the women who had opened my eyes to this delightful form of what might be termed "social pushery," my exuberant fancy can easily paint their home-coming, profoundly impressed as they were with the exalted social station and "style" of this group of noisy climbers who "knew Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt." I can imagine them the next morning gathering their children about them and telling them how to behave in public places, and instructing them as to the quickest, cheapest and most admirable method of impressing an entire theatre audience with a sense of their own social importance. Annoying as it is to be compelled to sit in the very midst of such a crew as this, I cannot help feeling that my own sufferings and those of the other auditors are of but trifling consequence in comparison with the evil that may result from such an atrocious example of bad manners.

However, I have reason to be grateful to this noisy party for what I learned from them that night, and it was in recognition of their services to the cause of social science that I induced Mr. Barshfield, who was much interested in the account that I gave him of my observations, to instruct my excellent friend, William Swallowtail, the Planet's able society reporter, to mention their names as frequently as possible. And thus in the end it came to pass that they actually did climb into society over my feet.

Having now tasted of the fruit of the tree of society knowledge I pursued my investigations still further, and soon ascertained that noisy theatre-goers do not — as I had imagined in the days of my innocence — come late to the theatre because they are so intensely fashionable that they find it impossible to dine before eight. I soon discovered that it is their custom to dine late — even though they find themselves hungry at half-past six — because that enables them to attract some attention as they enter Delmonico's or the Nickel-Plush; and, if they find on arriving at the theatre that the curtain is still down, they tell the coachman to drive them around the block once or twice in order that they may have the benefit of what actors call "a good entrance." No matter how glum and silent they may be they all burst into a roar of laughter as soon as they enter the lobby, and stamp on the marble floor and beat it with their canes and umbrellas. In coming down the aisle they must keep up a merry giggling chatter, and in climbing over people into their seats be careful not to be guilty of a word or even a look of apology for the annoyance they are causing Before taking their seats the rules of the Climbers' Union compel them to look around and salute any acquaintances who may be within half a dozen rows of them, and if they can drag in the name of some person of social prominence they must do it in tones loud enough to be heard by the doorkeeper.

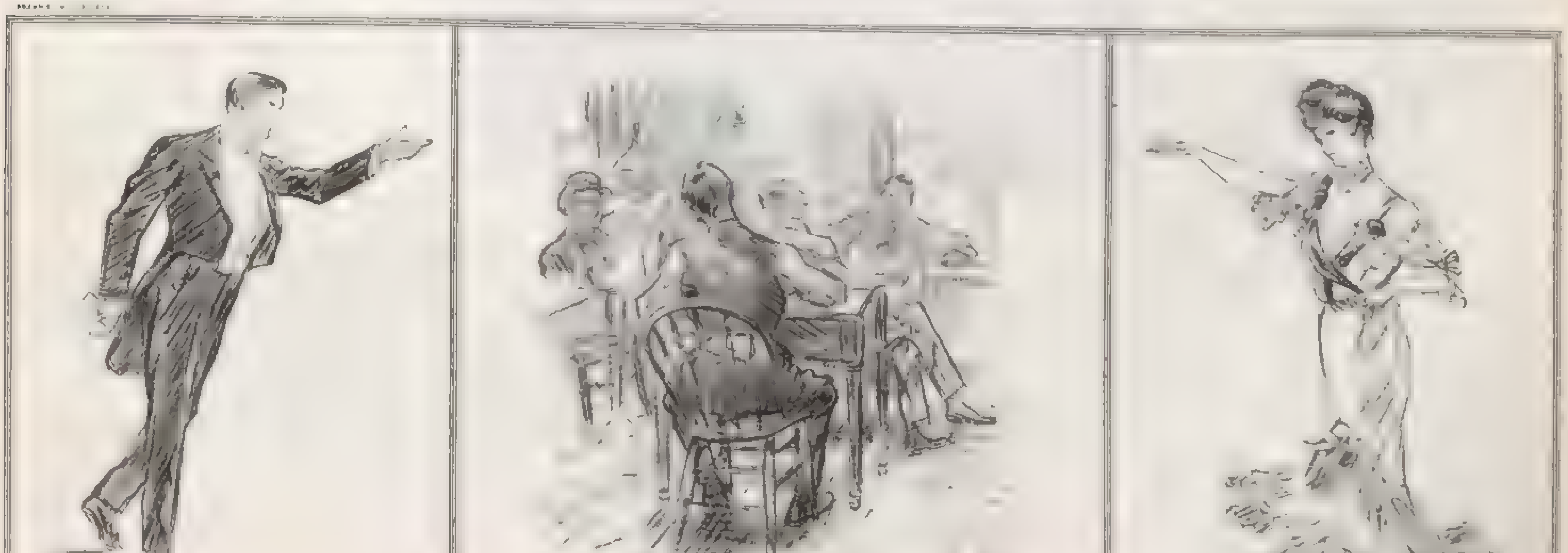
One thing there was that I failed to understand and I took an early opportunity to seek information at the hands of David Barshfield

"Was there no aristocracy here prior to the McAllister era?" I asked him one day when we were alone and he was in a reminiscent and talkative mood

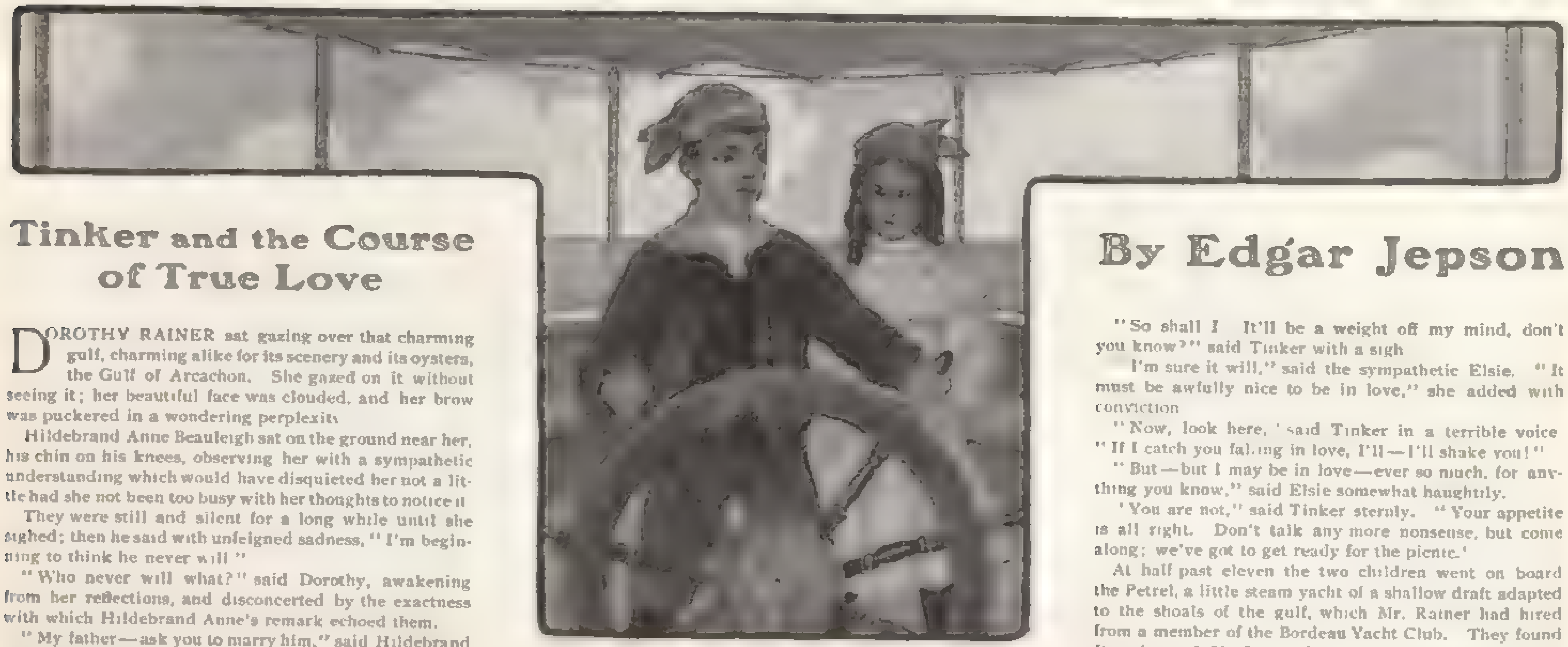
"Most assuredly there was," he replied without hesitation. "Look up the old files of my grandfather's time and of the earlier years of my father's reign and see how the Planet used to abuse it. You can see the spirit of envious hate in every one of the denunciations that made our editorial page both feared and famous in the old days. The Planet never abuses the Four Hundred now because we don't envy any man the sort of distinction that it confers (he used the proposition "we," meaning himself, as is the prerogative of Park Row royalty), in fact, the original Four Hundred consisted largely of persons who owed their position to birth, wealth and the qualities that stand for genuine social distinction. Of late years they have been gradually crowded out of sight by the various freak features, new cotillon leaders and other so-called 'smart' people that we in Park Row, have created from time to time for the purpose of keeping popular interest alive, for in this country unless there is 'something doing,' as they say in aristocratic circles, the whole institution is voted slow and behind the times. At present the real upper ten are so little in print in comparison with the nobles of our own creation that the general public knows very little about them. And it would be just as foolish for us to give them precedence over the Four Hundred that we have set up ourselves as it would be for a merchant to extol a competitor's goods at the expense of his own."

"The really fine society exists then now as it did before?" I said inquiringly

Barshfield looked at me for a moment as if he were wondering whether it would be advisable to give me as deep an insight into the affairs of the business as I desired. Then he made answer, speaking thoughtfully and with sincerity, which was something that he seldom did. "My dear boy, can't you see the absurdity of imagining that this progressive, powerful city, this metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, whose influence is helping to shape the destiny of the entire world, can offer nothing better socially than the raw products of our Sunday supplement page and society column? Do you think that the men whose fortunes are the talk of the world and whose power is felt in every money market in Europe — these men of tremendous practical achievement, of inventive genius, of far-reaching and judicious charities — do you think that they spend their leisure hours dining with monkeys or capering about in Japanese costume? Do you think that the wives of these men, who are generally their mental equals, even if their children are not, entertain one another with parlor vaudevilles in which Miss Kittie Socks charms all hearers by singing 'Oh, I'm a Little Onion in a Kidney Stew?' No, my dear boy, we ask the Planet readers to believe that, but the very moment we begin to believe it ourselves we are in imminent danger of losing half our Sunday circulation."



THE ADMIRABLE TINKER



Tinker and the Course of True Love

By Edgar Jepson

DOROTHY RAINER sat gazing over that charming gulf, charming alike for its scenery and its oysters, the Gulf of Arcachon. She gazed on it without seeing it; her beautiful face was clouded, and her brow was puckered in a wondering perplexity.

Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh sat on the ground near her, his chin on his knees, observing her with a sympathetic understanding which would have disquieted her not a little had she not been too busy with her thoughts to notice it.

They were still and silent for a long while until she sighed; then he said with unfeigned sadness, "I'm beginning to think he never will."

"Who never will what?" said Dorothy, awakening from her reflections, and disconcerted by the exactness with which Hildebrand Anne's remark echoed them.

"My father—ask you to marry him," said Hildebrand Anne succinctly.

"Tinker!" cried Dorothy faintly, and she flushed a very fine red.

"It's all very well to say 'Tinker!' like that," he said, shaking his head very wisely. "But it's much better to look at things straight, don't you know? You often get a little forrarder that way."

"You are a dreadful little boy," said Dorothy with conviction.

"Yes, yes; I'm not blind," said Tinker patiently. "But the point is that my father is ever so much in love with you, and he'll never ask you to marry him because you're too rich. I'm sure I've given him every chance," he added with a sigh.

"*You* have?" said Dorothy, gasping.

"Yes; I'm always seeing that no one makes a third when you and he are together—on moonlit nights and picnics, and so on, don't you know?"

Dorothy laughed in spite of her discomfort at this frank discussion of her secret. "But this is inveterate matchmaking," she said. "Why do you do it?"

"Oh, I think it would be a good thing. You both want it badly, and you'd get on awfully well together. Besides, you're neither of you as cheerful as you used to be, and I don't like it: it bothers me."

"It's very good of you to let it," said Dorothy.

"Not at all. And Elsie and I should have a settled home, too. It's very funny; but sometimes I get tired of living in [illegible]."

"I'm sure you do," said Dorothy with sympathy.

"Well, have you got any idea how it can be worked?"

"No!" cried Dorothy, shocked, and flushing again. "I haven't! I wouldn't have."

"That's silly, when it would be such a good thing," said Tinker with a disapproving air. "However, I suppose I can work it myself. I generally have to, if I want anything done."

"What are you going to do?" cried Dorothy in great alarm. "Oh, I do wish I hadn't said anything, or listened to you!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. These affairs of the heart are always difficult," said Tinker with the air of a sage who had observed many generations of unfortunate lovers.

"I won't have you do anything! I forbid it!" cried Dorothy.

"You shouldn't order your employer about," said Tinker with a smile which on any face less angelic would have been a grin. "Besides, I'm responsible, and I must do what's good for you. And after all, I sha'n't give you away, don't you know?"

"Oh, do be careful!" said Dorothy plaintively.

"I will," said Tinker; and he rose and sauntered off along the promenade.

Dorothy looked after him with mingled feelings, dread of what he might do, vexation, and a little shame that he should have so easily surprised her secret, though indeed she preferred that it should be Tinker who had discovered it to any one else in the world. Then her sure knowledge of his discretion eased her anxiety, and the consideration of his able imagination and versatile ingenuity set a new and strong hope springing up in her.

Tinker strolled along to the Café du Printemps and found his father sitting before it on the usual uncomfortable little chair before the usual white-topped table. He saw that his father's face wore very much the same expression as Dorothy's had worn before he had insisted on coming to her aid. Then he saw with something of a shock that a glass of absinthe stood on the table: things must indeed be in a bad way if his father drank absinthe at half-past ten in the morning.

However, he hid his disapproval, and sitting down on another uncomfortable chair he said gently, "What does it mean when a lady is compromised, sir?"

"It means that some accident or other has given malignant fools a chance of gossiping about her," said Sir Tancred in an unamiable tone.

"And the man has to marry her?"

"Of course he has!" snapped Sir Tancred.

"Ah," said Tinker with supreme thoughtful satisfaction.

His father looked at him for a good minute with considerable suspicion, wondering what new mischief he was hatching. But Tinker looked like a guileless seraph pondering the innocent joys of the Islands of the Blessed, to a degree which made such a suspicion a very shameful thing indeed. Partly reassured, Sir Tancred returned to his brooding: he was angry with himself because he felt helpless in an *impasse*. On the one hand, he could not bring himself to fly from Dorothy; on the other hand, he could not bring himself to abate his pride and ask her to marry him. She was so rich: Rainer had talked of settling five million dollars on her. He looked again at the pondering Tinker; and his helpless irritation found the natural English vent in grumbling.

"Look here," he said half querulously, half whimsically, "I told you that if you went on adding to our household I should be traveling about Europe with a caravan. You began by adopting Elsie as a sister, and I said nothing. Then you added Miss Rainer as her governess, and I warned you. Miss Rainer added her father, a millionaire; and he added a maid, a valet, two secretaries, a courier, and a private detective. All these people—I know them well—will marry; and I shall be a patriarch, traveling with my tribe. It must stop."

Tinker sighed: "We are a large household—eleven of us," he said thoughtfully. "But you might make it more compact, sir."

"More compact? How?"

"You might marry Dorothy; and then you and she could count as one."

A sudden light of exasperation brightened Sir Tancred's eyes, and he made a grab at Tinker's arm. His hand closed on empty air; Tinker was flying like the wind.

"Tinker!" roared Sir Tancred; but Tinker went round a corner at the moment at which only the T of his name could fairly be expected to have reached him. Sir Tancred ground his teeth, and then he laughed.

Tinker made a circuit, and came down to the sea where he found Elsie playing with two little English girls staying at Arcachon with their mother. At once she deserted them for him; and when he had withdrawn her to a distance he said, "I've hit on a way of getting them married."

"No! Have you? You *are* clever," she cried with the ungrudging admiration she always accorded him.

"Clever? It only wants a little common-sense," said Tinker with some disdain.

"I shall be glad."

"So shall I. It'll be a weight off my mind, don't you know?" said Tinker with a sigh.

"I'm sure it will," said the sympathetic Elsie. "It must be awfully nice to be in love," she added with conviction.

"Now, look here," said Tinker in a terrible voice. "If I catch you falling in love, I'll—I'll shake you!"

"But—but I may be in love—ever so much, for anything you know," said Elsie somewhat haughtily.

"You are not," said Tinker sternly. "Your appetite is all right. Don't talk any more nonsense, but come along; we've got to get ready for the picnic."

At half past eleven the two children went on board the Petrel, a little steam yacht of a shallow draft adapted to the shoals of the gulf, which Mr. Rainer had hired from a member of the Bordeau Yacht Club. They found Dorothy and Sir Tancred already on board, and were told that a cablegram from New York had given Mr. Rainer, his secretaries and the telegraph office of Arcachon a day's work, and prevented him from coming with them. Tinker had known this fact all the morning, but he did not say so. His manner to his father showed a serene unconsciousness of any cloud upon their relations.

The Petrel was soon crossing the gulf, in an immensely important way, at her full speed of eight knots an hour. In pursuance of his policy Tinker took Elsie forward, and left Dorothy and his father to entertain one another on the quarter-deck. The two children amused themselves very well, talking to Alphonse, the steersman, and Adolphe, the engineer, thick set, thick-witted men who combined the picturesqueness of organ-grinders with the stolidity of agriculturists; Nature had plainly intended them for the plough, and Circumstance had pitchforked them into seafaring.

An hour's steaming brought them across the gulf; they landed and made their *déjeuner* at a little *auberge*, or rather *cabaret*, affected by fishermen and the folk of the Landes, off gray mullet, fresh from the Bay of Biscay, grilled over a fire of pine-cones, with a second course of ring-doves roasted before it.

After their coffee Tinker suggested that they should cross over to the strip of sand which at that point separates the gulf from the bay; and the others fell in with his humor. They steamed across and landed in the yacht's dingey. Tinker insisted on taking two rugs, though both Dorothy and his father objected that the sand was quite dry enough to sit on. However, when they came to the beach of the bay Sir Tancred spread them out, and he and Dorothy sat down. The two children wandered away, and presently Elsie found herself holding Tinker's hand and running hard through the pines toward the landing-place.

In answer to Tinker's hail Alphonse fetched them aboard in the dingey; and the honest, unsuspecting mariners accepted Tinker's instructions to take them for a cruise and come back later for his father and the lady without a murmur. But no sooner was the Petrel under way than he strode to the middle of the quarter-deck, folded his arms, scowled darkly in the direction of his father and Dorothy, so heedless of their plight, and growled in his hoarsest, most piratical voice:

"Marooned! Marooned!"

Slowly he paced the deck, with arms still folded, casting the piercing glances of a bird of prey across the waters; then of a sudden he roared, once more with the true piratical hoarseness, "All hands on deck to splice the main-brace!"

Alphonse and Adolphe did not understand his nautical English; but when Elsie came from the cabin with a bottle of cognac and two glasses their slow, wide grins showed a perfect comprehension. Tinker gave them the cognac and took the wheel. Then he became absorbed in steering and sternly rejected all further consideration of his gift; he would have neither hand nor part in hocussing French agriculturists posing as mariners.

But for all his absorption in his steering and his care to look past them as they sat in more than fraternal affection on the deck with the bottle between them, it was somehow forced on him, probably by the noise they made, that they proceeded from a gentle cheerfulness through a wild and songful hilarity, broken by interludes in which each described to the other with eloquent enthusiasm the charms of the lass who loved him best, to a tearful melancholy, from which they were rapt away into a sodden and stertorous slumber.

At the third snore he turned to Elsie, who sat near him looking rather scared by the changing humors of the agricultural mariners, and said with a sardonic and ferocious smile, "The ship is ours."

Forthwith they divested themselves of the hats of civilization, and tied the professional red handkerchief round their heads; then he gave her the wheel, and going to the cabin, came back with a black flag neatly embroidered in white with a skull and cross-bones, Dorothy's work, and sternly bade an imaginary quartermaster run up the Jolly Roger. Then as quartermaster he ran up that emblem of his dreadful trade himself; became captain once more, and with folded arms and corrugated brow surveyed it gloomily. Then he went down to the engine-room, put the yacht on half-speed and as well as he could stoked the fires

For the next three hours the Petrel forgot all the innocent traditions of her youth as a pleasure-boat, and traversed the Gulf of Arcachon a shameless, ravening pirate, while Captain Hildebrand, the Scourge of the Spanish Main, issued curt, sanguinary orders to an imaginary but as blood-dyed a gang of scoundrels as ever scuttled an Indiaman. The Jolly Roger and three or four blank shots from the little signal gun drove three panic-stricken fishing-boats from their fishing-ground as fast as oars and sails could carry them, to spread abroad a legend of piracy in the gulf which would last a generation.

It was nearly sunset before Captain Hildebrand returned to the serious consideration of his business as Cupid's ally. Then he set the Petrel going dead slow, ran her gently on to a sand-bank, and let fall the anchor which was hanging from her bows. This done, again a pirate, he looked at the recumbent and still stertorous Alphonse and Adolphe with cold, cruel eyes, and said, "It's time these lubbers walked the plank."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Elsie cheerfully; and then she added in a doubtful voice, "but won't the poor men get drowned?"

"Not in four feet of water," said Captain Hildebrand; and he set briskly about the preparations for the fell deed. With Elsie's help he brought a plank to the gangway; and then, each taking him by an arm, they dragged the grunting Adolphe slowly down the deck, and arranged him on the plank With a capstan-bar and many a hearty "Yo! heave oh!" they levered the plank out over the side till Adolphe's weight tilted it up, and he soused into the water

For a moment he disappeared, then he rose spluttering and choking, sank again, found his footing, and stood up roaring like a flabbergasted bull. Captain Hildebrand lay quietly down on the deck and writhed and kicked in spasms of racking mirth; but his trusty lieutenant, after laughing a while, looked grave and said, "The poor man will catch cold."

"I have no sympathy with drunkards," said Captain Hildebrand with cold severity; but he rose, and going forward, by kicking Alphonse hard and freely in the ribs, roused him from his dream of the lass who loved a sailor, and said, "Adolphe has fallen overboard"

It took some time for the information to penetrate Alphonse's skull. When it did, he was all vivid alertness, staggered swiftly aft to the gangway, and in rather less than five seconds, with no conspicuous agility, had precipitated himself into Adolphe's arms. They rose clinging to one another, and both roared like bulls, while the shrieking Tinker danced lightly round the deck.

Presently he recovered enough to throw them a rope, and they climbed aboard: no difficult feat, seeing that the deck was not two feet above their heads. Before they thought of the yacht they went to the forecastle and changed their wet clothes, while the dusk deepened. Tinker went to the galley and made tea. He had brought it to the cabin, and he and Elsie were making a well-earned and hearty meal, and discoursing with gusto of their blood-dyed career during the afternoon, when Alphonse, very sad and glum, came and told them that the yacht was aground, and Adolphe was getting up full steam to get her off.

In half an hour he heard the rattle of the propeller, and coming on deck said that he would go to the bows while Alphonse took the wheel and Adolphe worked the engines.

He went right forward and peered over into the darkness. Adolphe set the engines going full speed, reversed, and Tinker cried, "She's moving!"

He saw the anchor chain slowly tauten, then the Petrel moved no more. The propeller thrashed away, but to no purpose, and to his great joy he was sure that the anchor held her. However, he cheered on the crew to persevere, and for nearly half an hour the propeller thrashed away. Then they gave it up, sat down gloomily on the hatch of the engine-room and lighted their pipes. Tinker and Elsie went back to the cabin, rolled themselves in rugs, and were soon enjoying the innocent sleep of childhood

It was twelve o'clock when Tinker awoke, and at once he went on deck and found that Alphonse, by way of keeping watch, had gone comfortably to sleep in the bows, while Adolphe snored from the forecastle. He kicked Alphonse awake, and said, "Don't you think you could get her off if you hauled up the anchor?"

For a minute or two Alphonse turned the idea hazily over in some rustic arbor in his skull; then with a hasty exclamation he ran to the side and saw dimly the taut anchor chain. He blundered below, lugged Adolphe out of his berth and on deck, and for five excited minutes they explained to each other that the anchor was embedded in the sand-bank, and that it was that held the Petrel. Then soberly and slowly they got to work on the capstan and hauled it up. A dozen turns of the propeller drew the Petrel off the bank into deep water. In three minutes they had her about and steaming off toward the marooned, while Tinker in the galley was heating water for coffee and making soup

In the meanwhile Dorothy and Sir Tancred, ignorant of their plight, had spent a delightful afternoon, exploring with a never-tiring interest one another's souls. For a long while she chided him gently for his aimless manner of living, and he defended himself with a half-mocking sadness. At about sunset they rose reluctantly, sighed with one accord that the pleasant hours were over, looked at one another with sudden questioning eyes at the sound of the sighs, and looked quickly away. They walked slowly, on feet reluctant to leave pleasant places, through the pines, silent save that twice Sir Tancred sent his voice ringing among the trees in a call to Tinker. They came to the landing-place to find an empty sea, and looked at one another blankly

"The children must have persuaded the men to take them for a cruise," said Sir Tancred

"But they're late coming back," said Dorothy

For a while their eyes explored the corners and recesses of the gulf within sight, but found no Petrel; then Sir Tancred said, "Well, we must wait;" and spread a rug for her at the foot of a tree. He paced up and down before her, keeping an eye over the water and talking to her.

The dusk deepened and deepened, and at last it was quite dark.

"We're in a fix," said Sir Tancred uneasily. "Of course, if we stay here they will come for us sooner or later, but goodness knows when. If we set out to walk to civilization we shall doubtless in time strike it somewhere, but goodness knows where."

"If we went along this strip and turned eastward at the end of it, shouldn't we come to the railway?" said Dorothy.

"I don't know that we should. We should get into the Landes, and they're by way of being trackless. Anyhow, it would mean walking for hours; and it is less exhausting for you to sit here. The Petrel must turn up sooner or later."

Remembering her talk with Tinker in the morning Dorothy believed that it would be later, much later; but as she could hardly unfold her reasons for the belief she said nothing.

For a long while they were silent. Listening to the faint thunder of the bay behind them, the lapping of the water at their feet, and the stirring of the pines, she filled slowly with a sense of their aloofness from the world and a perfect content in being out of it, alone with him. For his part, Sir Tancred was ill at ease: he foresaw that unless the Petrel came soon a lot of annoying gossip might spring from their accident, and he was distressed on her account. On the other hand, he, too, found himself enjoying being alone with her, out of the world.

At last she said softly: "I feel as though we were on a desolate, far-away island."

"I wish to goodness we were!" he cried with a fervor which thrilled her

"You'd find it very dull," she said with a faint, uncertain laugh

"Not with you," he said quietly. She was silent; and he took another turn up and down before he said, half to himself, "It would simplify things so; we should be equal."

"Equal?"

"Oh, not from the personal point of view!" he said quickly. "You'd always be worth a hundred of me. But on a desolate island money wouldn't count."

"Oh, money!" she said with a faint disdain. "What has money to do with anything?"

He sighed and continued his pacing.

"Money is always an obstacle," he said presently, "either there's too little of it, and that's an obstacle; or there's too much of it, and that's an obstacle."

"I don't think Papa would agree with you about too much money," said Dorothy.

"I'm wondering what he'll say if we don't turn up before morning," said Sir Tancred gloomily

"I suppose he'll say that it was an unfortunate accident

"Yes; but then I ought to have protected you against unfortunate accidents. I'm afraid there'll be a lot of gossip."

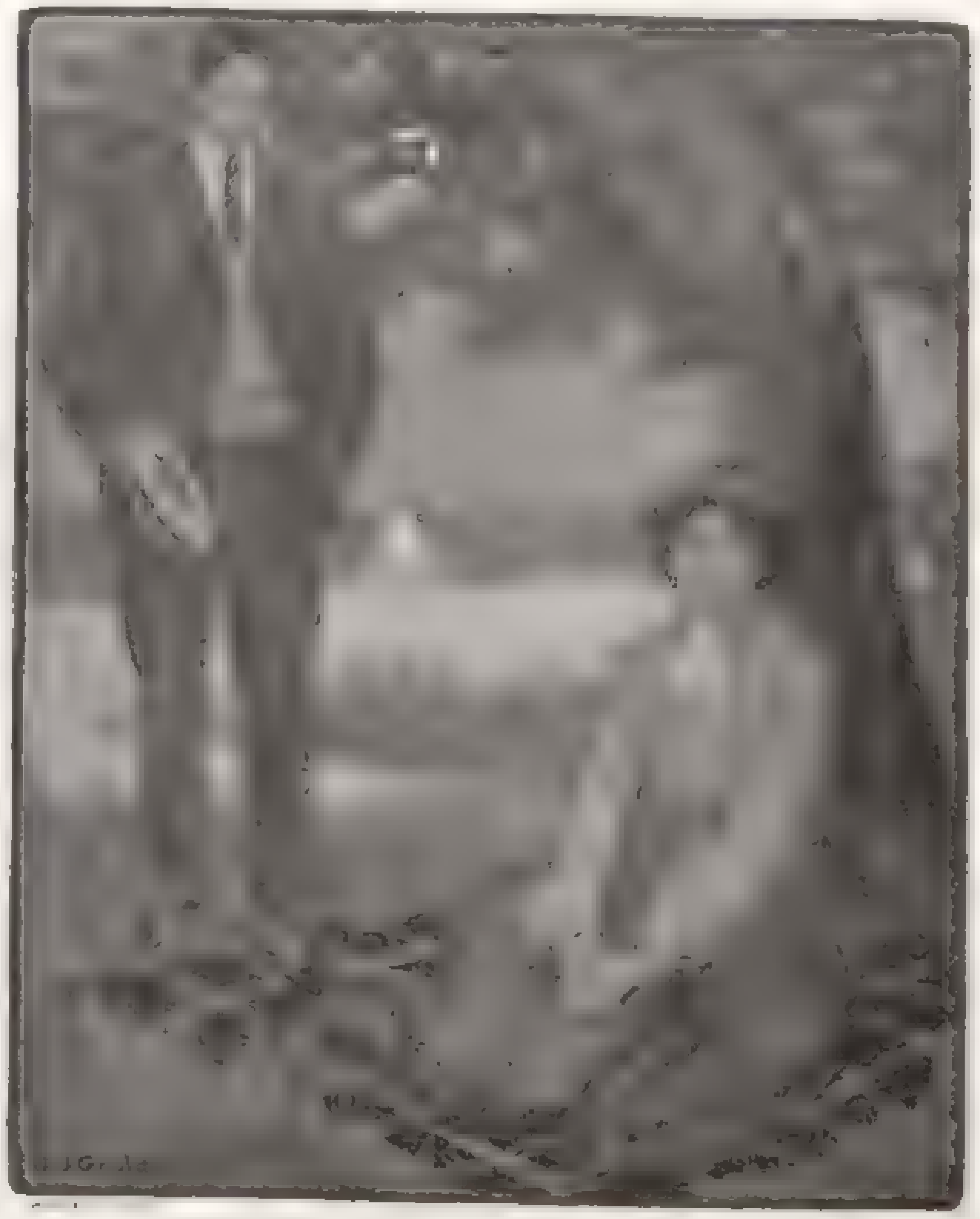
"Well, it wasn't your fault," said Dorothy carelessly

Sir Tancred grew more and more unhappy. His watch told him that it was nearly ten o'clock, and there was no sign of the Petrel. Moreover, the sense of their aloofness from the world had taken a firmer hold on him, and it drew him and Dorothy nearer and nearer together. The feeling that the world, of which her money had grown the symbol, would again come between them grew more and more intolerable

At last it grew too strong for him, and he stopped before her and said in a voice he could not keep firm, "About that wasted life of mine, Dorothy? Do you think you could do anything with it?"

Dorothy gasped. "I might—I might try," she said in a whisper.

He stooped down, picked her up, and kissed her. Then with a profound sigh of relief and content he sat down beside her, drew her to him, and leaned back against the tree. Dorothy was crying softly



"ABOUT THAT WASTED LIFE OF MINE, DOROTHY?"

They were far away from the world; and for them time stood still. They did not see the approaching lights of the Petrel or hear the throb of her screw, only the roaring hail of Alphonse awoke them from their dream.

When they came on board the observant Tinker saw the flush which came and went in Dorothy's cheeks, and the new light in his father's eyes; he saw her genuine surprise at finding herself so hungry; he observed that his father was quite careless in his inquiries about the cause of the Petrel's long absence; and his angel face was wreathed with the contented smile of the truly meritorious.

After supper his father went on deck to watch the steering of the yacht; Elsie fell asleep, and Dorothy sat lost in a dream.

"Is it all right?" said Tinker softly.

"I don't know what you mean. You're a horrid, scheming little boy," said Dorothy with shameless ingratitude.

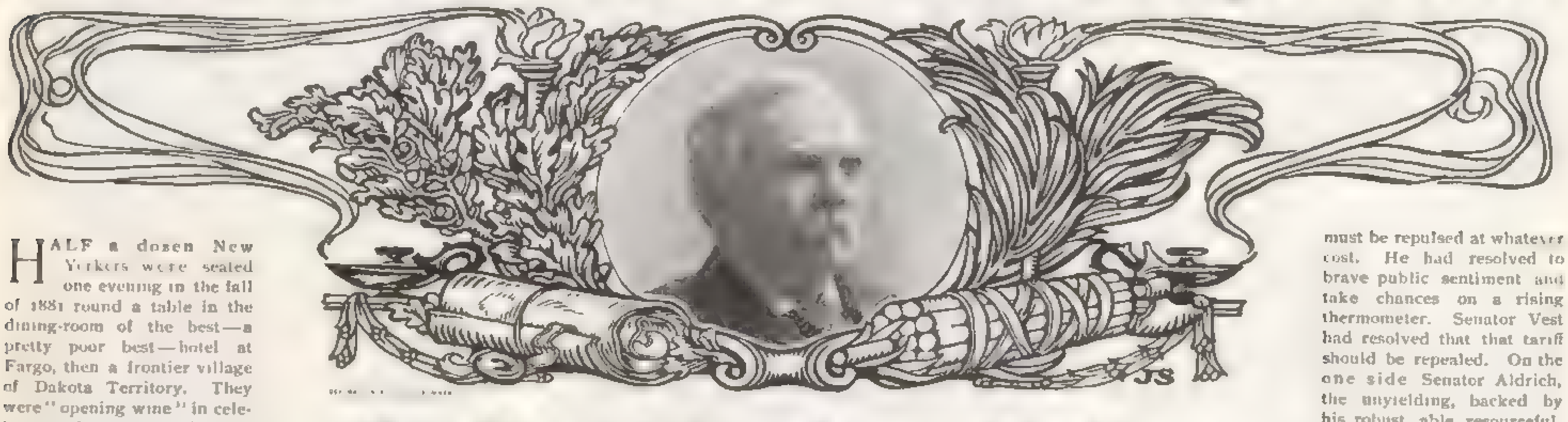
"Yes; but *is* it all right?" said Tinker.

"I sha'n't let you scheme like that when—when I'm your mother," said Dorothy with virtuous severity, and she blushed

"So it is all right," said Tinker; and he chuckled

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Jepson's tales of The Admirable Tinker

A Senator of the Old Republic



By David Graham Phillips

A MAN WHOSE ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE WAS WORTHY OF HIS EXIT

HALF a dozen New Yorkers were seated one evening in the fall of 1881 round a table in the dining-room of the best—a pretty poor best—hotel at Fargo, then a frontier village of Dakota Territory. They were "opening wine" in celebration of something of which they talked loudly, jubilantly—and with careless tongues. The rest of the dining-room soon gathered that the gayety was the result of an inspection tour from which they had just returned. They had been promised the lease of a vast and rich part of the public domain. Before they saw it they knew it was a "good thing." Now they knew that it was a prize enormously greater than any one had dreamed, the potentiality of a huge fortune for each of them.

At a table in the corner sat a small, stern-looking man with iron-gray hair and military mustache—forehead and eyes and jaw a notable exhibit of strength of intellect and character The noisy New Yorkers did not observe him, and he was evidently trying not to observe them. He strove to shut his ears against their vulgar boasting, until——

One of them spoke two words. The stern man, as small of stature as a boy—or a Napoleon—started and stared at the unobserving group in amazement. From that time forth his show of inattention was pretense

Two Words that Enriched a Nation

THE small, stern man was George Graham Vest, a new Senator in Congress from Missouri. The two words that had set him to listening were "Yellowstone Park!"

Taking advantage of the ignorance in the settled parts of the United States as to the far West, this ring of New Yorkers had persuaded a complaisant official of the Department of the Interior to help them obtain quietly from the Government a practically perpetual lease of the nation's magnificent park—five thousand five hundred square miles of invaluable property. For a nominal sum the Yellowstone Park was to be turned over to these few private persons and they were to have a free hand in exploiting it for their private benefit.

Senator Vest had come to Fargo to say the last good-by to a dying friend. It was by mere chance that he was in the dining-room—but the whole incident was a chapter of accidents

As soon as Congress assembled Mr. Vest rose to make his first important appearance in the national arena, to render his first important service to the nation. And as every year adds to the value of the Yellowstone Park, so every year adds to the value of that initial public service

He demanded the documents in relation to "the proposed lease of Yellowstone Park." Those Senators who knew were in consternation; those who did not know were astounded, incredulous. But the resolution was passed and it drew the documents from their hiding-place in the Interior Department, and there followed a stormy outburst of public indignation. The ringsters wondered how the thing had leaked out. One of them, watching the Senatorial storm from the Senate galleries, saw the small, stern figure, recognized it, and hastened to tell his fellows what mischief a few bottles of champagne and a little premature crowing in an out-of-the-way corner of the wilderness had done them and their schemes and their fortunes.

Senator Vest's victory was easy, but none the less splendid. It showed the country the character which has ever since been conspicuous—alert, keen, courageous, skillful, incorruptible. By going *to* the ringsters he would have made a fortune. By going *for* the ringsters he made another kind of fortune. And he has been industriously adding to it ever since.

Such was his first appearance and first service. Now for his last—the two admirably and completely express a national career of nearly a quarter of a century.

One bitterly cold day in the present winter—it was in January—the Senate was in animated, in almost hysterical session. The leaderless and planless and helpless Democratic minority lounged listless and feeble at the desks to the right—all except one man. But some tremendous force was agitating, was terrorizing the Republican majority. It is an overwhelming, a united majority. Yet dread, dismay, panic looked from the eyes of its leaders

What had dismayed, what was dismaying, these habitually calm and self-poised leaders of an immovable majority? What had unnerved and affrighted this assembly of lions?

A mouse, apparently.

Among the minority, facing the unnerved lions, stood, or rather was propped, a mere mite of a human being. His body was so small and so shrunk that his head was scarce a foot and a half above the level of his desk. His black clothes hung in bags upon his wasted body and it seemed to be able to stand only because it was wedged between chair and desk

A splendid brow adorned with scant, white hair; a skin of waxen pallor; eyes deep-hid in dark sockets and beneath lids that seemed to have risen for the last time; a snow-white mustache shading a mouth that seemed set in the rigor of death. And a few feet behind the propped figure stood a watchful attendant, ready to catch it should it become loosened from its proppings.

Such was the astounding spectacle which the galleries watched with amazement. The lions were gazing as if fascinated, and their looks concentrated upon this strange and corpselike apparition of insignificance.

The Right Man for the Right Moment

THE figure was speaking—a thin, clear, high voice. There was power in that voice, there was something relentless and supremely dangerous in its ominous calmness and evenness And each word it sent with the deliberation of the trained marksman into the ranks of the majority caused a quiver or a flush. How was it possible for this one man, standing in the grave itself, to produce such an effect upon these men of might? Why were they shrinking in terror before this incarnation of helplessness ?

The power of simple truth, enforced in just the right way, at just the right moment by a master mind

Coal was twenty, twenty-five, thirty dollars a ton—and scarce, and two-thirds waste even at that appalling price. Coal, the necessity of all, had become an extravagant luxury for the rich. The Coal Trust and the Union had been forced to an armistice; coal was mining again, and should have been cheap. But the controllers of coal, banded in a monopoly and secure behind a tariff wall which made importation impossible, were holding up the helpless consumers and were robbing them pitilessly. And it was winter.

Senator Vest had spent a month in arming himself for this, his last fight. He had waited until precisely the right moment should arrive—the moment when one plus justice would be an overwhelming majority. The Republican leaders faced an impossible dilemma. From the people rose ever higher and fiercer the demand, "Take the duty off coal! Wrench the fingers of the strangler from our throats!" But to take off that duty would be to confess that the tariff did foster monopoly, did cause extortionate prices; and that confession would mean the all-powerful political agents of "the interests" giving themselves the lie direct; would make it impossible consistently to refuse to revise all tariff schedules on trust-controlled articles.

Senator Aldrich had decided that it would be fatal for "the interests" to permit the door to be opened so much as a crack for tariff revision. He had issued orders that the coal tariff must not be touched, that any and every attack upon it must be repulsed at whatever cost. He had resolved to brave public sentiment and take chances on a rising thermometer. Senator Vest had resolved that that tariff should be repealed. On the one side Senator Aldrich, the unyielding, backed by his robust, able, resourceful, oratorical paladins and his majority. On the other side the one man—no, not a man. Just an intellect—for from the chin down there was death. Just an intellect—and a voice. A fiercer battle was never fought in legislative hall. A stranger, a more thrilling exhibition of power, sheer intellectual power, was never given—not even when Richelieu, cast down and dying, confounded the courtiers by wrenching from his king the reins of power which the king had fancied he could recover because Richelieu's hands were chilling in death

The Fight for Free Coal

SENATOR VEST demanded the repeal of the duty on coal. His speech was calm and simple, a passionless arraying of unanswerable facts—the monopoly, the tariff, licensed extortion, the suffering of the people. Aldrich replied—a nervous, agitated evasion. The weird figure he was addressing seemed to cast a spell over him, taking the glibness from his tongue, the plausibility from his protestations

Senator Vest renewed his demand with more merciless facts and arguments. Hoar replied—a quavering plea that the Senate hadn't the Constitutional right to originate such a measure. The weird figure of life-in-death which he faced as he talked affected him as it had affected Senator Aldrich

The voice from the propped-up figure demolished the plea of technicality and renewed the demand—tranquil, logical, with rapier steadfastly aimed at the craven and quaking heart of "the interests." Hale replied—an impassioned eulogy of the departed Dingley—but somehow its passion sounded hollow, sounded like bluster. And then in rapid succession the other paladins strove, but strove in vain. Their tongues tripped, their sentences became entangled, their rhetoric faltered, fizzled, spluttered, expired

The galleries leaned breathless. Aldrich and his lieutenants sat in frowning, angry circle, eying their conqueror. They had counted on the lack of skill in the minority. They had supposed that Vest was too ill to make the fight. And until he made that fight, arraigned them at the bar of public opinion, calmly showed them that if they persisted they would not save "the interests" but would destroy them and imperil the whole protection system, they had not realized the danger of their own position. Indeed, it was not dangerous until Senator Vest made it so. For there never is a real issue until some man, some leader with the heart to feel an issue and the mind to plan it and the eloquence to state it, rises and points it out and draws the lines of battle

Aldrich thought it over. He chose the wiser course—to sacrifice the one "interest" for the salvation of the many, to remove at least the sting of fury from the growing popular demand for cutting "the interests" out of the tariff. The duty was taken off coal; the coal crowd, seeing what would be the effect of the object-lesson of their prices forced down by foreign coal actually in the market, made haste to put down the price before importation could begin. But they deceived no one but themselves. The country knew why the price of coal suddenly went tumbling down until it had become comparatively cheap.

It was the most impressive possible object lesson in the power of one man, no matter who or what or how many or how much opposes, when that man is armed cap-à-pie in justice, and knows when and where and how to strike. If Vest in the very clutches of death could thus snatch victory from such organized and seemingly impregnable might, who that is right need ever despair?

The real measure of that victory has not yet been taken. It was, in fact, a victory in which Vest sheathed his sword in the very heart of his ancient foe, tariff extortion. For never before had he or any other opponent of "the interests" wrenched from them—from Aldrich himself—the admission that a tariff schedule can foster a monopoly, and that the way to strike at monopoly is to repeal its protecting duty

Senator Vest will never be heard in the Senate again When he had completed that victory he let his attendant bear him away to the bed from which he had risen to make one more fight, his last.

He belongs in that diminishing group of what may be called the Senators of the old Republic. It may come again, but it is not now. There are only a few of these Senators, less than a dozen. The amazing growth of finance and commerce and manufacture, the development of those lusty beggars, "the interests," the rise of bosses and machines, have changed the character of the Senate. They have filled it with keen-eyed, nimble-witted persons, who are tolerant of and in sympathy with what we may for the moment permit them to call "modern methods." They define compromise with corruption and crime as "statesmanship." They deplore all evil, but they beg tolerance for it lest onslaught upon it shake the foundations of prosperity or party

Among these "twentieth-century statesmen" sit a few that are in quaint contrast. The most of them are old-fashioned, old time Southerners. They wear a countrified air. They dress in a style of the long ago and most of them have "back-number beards" of one kind and another. Also they have "back-number" convictions. Regardless of the grins of the smart fellows tricked out in the newest styles of moral tailoring, they dauntlessly profess such antiquities of principle as individualism, no privilege, Government favors to none, economy in public expenditures, principle before pocketbook. They venture to persist in believing that there are matters more important, ambitions more lofty, than getting rich quick — or any other way. With their ancient dress and ancient faces, their lack of private fortunes, their modest way of living and their contempt of gain, they suggest Cato and his little band that rose like bare, forbidding rocks in and against the swollen, splendid tide of the decaying Roman republic's prodigality. They *suggest* this — but historical parallels are dangerous

Among these Vest was, take him all round, one of the first, if not the first

The bald facts of his biography tell an interesting story to those who will use their imaginations.

He comes from Sweet Springs, Missouri. And he has spent most of his leisure there, and not in the neighborhood of stock exchanges or boards of trade or corporation offices. He was born in Frankfort, Kentucky — that was seventy years ago, when Frankfort was a village. He was graduated from Centre College, also Kentucky — a very small, simple, sincere institution. He was graduated from the law department of Transylvania University, also Kentucky, and also uncitified and uncontrolled by the principles of "interests." He went straightway to rural Missouri, sat in the State Legislature, in the Confederate Senate, at forty-nine in the United States Senate. He was three times reelected, and the last time he said: "Boys, my health is almost gone. This term must be the end. You'll have to get a younger and stronger man to serve you." And he persisted in that resolution. He has never cared for money, and he has little of it. But that does not disturb him. Between the lines of that biography one reads the story of a life of the old-fashioned type. Nowadays a brain like his would not be permitted to grow and bear fruit in surroundings of such simplicity and quietness. And now he has passed from the public stage forever. His record in the Senate is: A great public service at the outset. Peaks of public service throughout, each peak rising not from a dark valley but from the open, level plain. The highest peak at the last

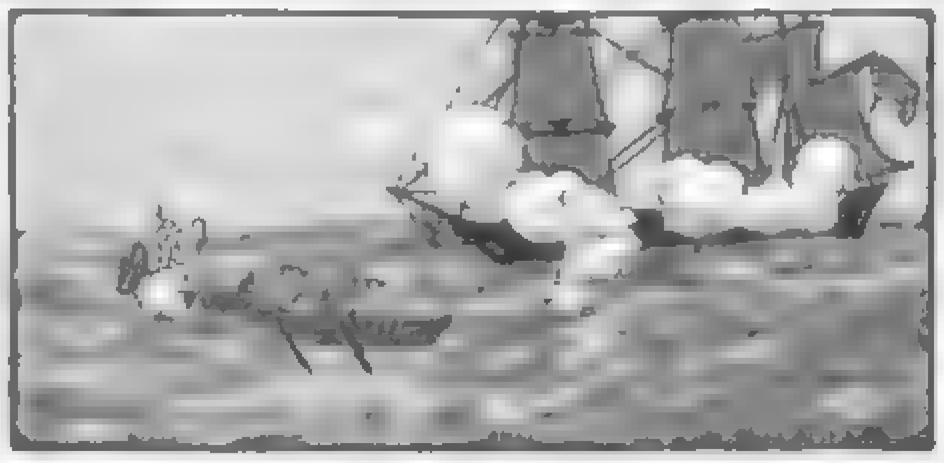
* * *

A Pinch of Attic Salt—By George Horton

IN NEW YORK, Chicago, Boston, in fact wherever a Greek community of any size exists in this country, there you will be sure to find a Greek restaurant and café, if you take the trouble to look for it. A subject of King George is always the proprietor, and you will be informed that he was at one time the most famous cook in Athens — that he would be again, in fact, if he took the trouble to return. In these cafés not only Greeks collect, but Turks of humble origin, for whoever has trained his palate to the savor of Oriental food can never again endure the tasteless and dyspepsia generating output of the Yankee frying-pan. And there are no better boon companions than your peasant Greek and your yeoman Turk; they cut each others' throats only as a religious duty. There is no personal feeling in the matter and no disrespect.

As these people sit about their Turkish coffee — the only coffee under the sun — and pull tremendously at their narghiles, they tell each other over and over again the "chestnuts" of the far East. I understand their lingo and I have heard their stories with much delight in many cities and in divers cafés, by the whispering Mediterranean and the roaring American street

One joke that is always perpetrated when jokes are in order tells of the man who asked the Turkish word for bread



The Rhyme of the Chivalrous Shark

By Wallace Irwin

Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child

He dines upon seamen and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage,
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,
He'll gobble one any fine day,
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way

I can readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and floundered in the water,
And signaled in vain for her bark,
And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

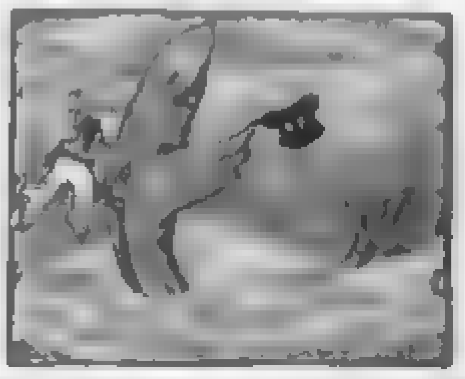
He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;
"Don't be frightened," he said, "I've been properly bred,
And will touch neither woman nor child"

Then he proffered his fin and she took it —
Such a gallantry none can dispute —
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,
When a life-saving dingey was lowered
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

So they took her aboard in a jiffy,
And the shark stood attention the while,
Then he raised on his flipper and ate up the skipper
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.



"*Sedjak ekmet*," was the reply

"But that means 'hot bread,'" volunteers some one.

"Yes, yes, 'hot bread,'" is the reply; "there is no expression for cold bread in Turkish They never let it get cold!"

Here is a story that gives us a glance into a little Greek village. A poor priest has killed a goose and he invites a friend. This friend on the way to the parsonage encounters another friend. "Where are you going?" asks Number Two.

"The priest has killed a goose, and I am invited to help him eat it."

"Good!" cries Number Two; "I will come with you." And he locks arms with Number One.

A little farther they meet a friend of Number Two and the same question is asked, with the same result. Thus the company grows, until when the priest's house is at last reached the guests number a dozen or more. Introductions are then in order and Number One presents the company to the astonished Father thus

"This is my friend; this is my friend's friend, this is my friend's friend's friend."

The good Father expresses the liveliest delight and asks the company to wait a little till he can get things ready. At last all are seated at the table and the servant brings in a number of bowls of very thin, tasteless soup. They eat it and wait for the next course, which proves to be still thinner soup. This is repeated four times, until at last one of the guests, becoming impatient, asks, "But, Father, where is the goose? This is nothing but warm water and salt!"

"Gentlemen," explains the priest, "you cannot imagine with what joy I am overwhelmed at seeing you all here! But you are so many that the goose would not have sufficed. I have therefore had it made into soup. The first course was the soup of the goose; the second, the goose's soup's soup, the third, the goose's soup's soup's soup; shall I have the next brought in? No? I cannot bear the idea of your leaving my house unsatisfied!"

A story that is especially relished by the illiterate tells of the fate of a college professor who visited his native town, usually Smyrna, after long absence in erudite Athens. Of course he had made himself quite obnoxious to the Smyrniotes by his display of superior learning. As he was putting off from shore in a little boat bound for the ship which should take him back to Athens he asked the boatman

"Boy, do you know astronomy?"

"Astronomy? What's astronomy? I never heard of it."

"What!" cried the professor. "Not know astronomy? There's one quarter of your life gone! You are not more than three-quarters of a man if you do not understand the movements of the heavenly bodies, if you are not acquainted with their names and their distances. Do you know geometry?"

"Geometry? What's geometry?"

"So you don't know geometry!" sighed the professor. "There's another quarter of your life gone. You'll be telling me next that you don't even know trigonometry!

"No, I never heard of that, either," replied the man

"There," shouted the professor, "is another quarter of your life gone."

But the man, whose attention had been distracted by this conversation, accidentally upset the boat.

"Do you know how to swim?" he yelled as he struck out for shore.

"No," gurgled the professor.

"Then your whole life is gone, and may the fiend take you!"

The Turks have a story of a retired army officer who was too poor to keep a servant. I do not know its source; I heard it the other evening from the lips of my friend Bethenius, who receives letters in the Turkish language, written with Greek characters.

This old officer had not even the ready money to justify him in sending out his laundry. He therefore concluded to do his own washing. He accordingly asked a neighbor for the loan of a *kazani*, which is Turkish for cauldron, or boiler. This was obligingly sent to him and the officer washed his linen in the seclusion of his garden. But now, how should he get the *kazani* home again? For his dignity forbade that he should himself carry so huge an implement through the streets; neither could he ask his neighbor to send for it. At last he hit upon a plan. Wrapping a copper stew-pan in a piece of paper he presented himself at his neighbor's house, saying, "I cannot yet bring home your *kazani*. Behold, it has become the mother of a stew-pan, which is yours by right. Therefore I bring it to you."

The neighbor, regarding this as a joke, accepted the stew-pan with a laugh. After a few days the officer again appeared, this time with a copper wash-basin.

"Behold," he explained, "your *kazani* has now become the mother of a wash-basin."

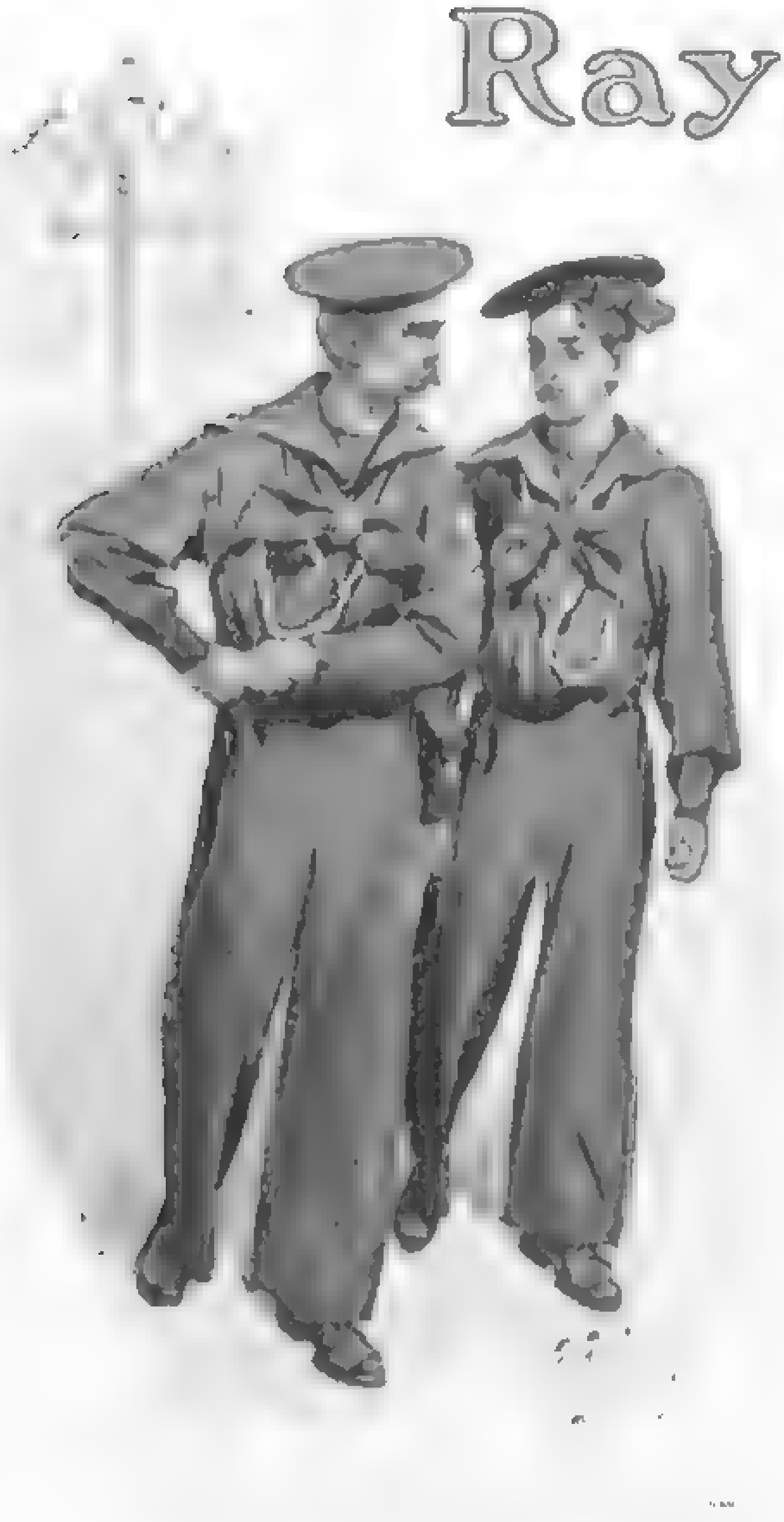
After the officer had departed the neighbor thought deeply.

"I will humor this insanity of his," he said. "May my *kazani* have a numerous progeny!" But he waited for several weeks in vain. No more copper children appeared and he at last sent for his *kazani*.

"Tell your master," said the officer, "that I have sorrowful news for him. His *kazani* is dead!"

The Awakening of George Raymond—By Lloyd Osbourne

THE STORY OF A MIDDLE-AGED YOUNG MAN AND OF HOW A YEAR IN THE NAVY DURING THE SPANISH WAR TAUGHT HIM HIS OWN POSSIBILITIES



"THE FOLKS WANT TO KNOW YOU," HE SAID

CHAPTER I

GEORGE RAYMOND'S father had been a rich man, rich in those days before the word millionaire had been invented, and when a modest hundred thousand, lent out at interest varying from ten to fifteen per cent, brought in an income that placed its possessor on the lower steps of affluence. He was the banker of a small New Jersey town, a man of portentous respectability, who proffered two fingers to his poorer clients and spoke about the weather as though it belonged to him. When the school children read of Crœsus in their mythology book, it was Jacob Raymond they saw in their mind's eye; such expressions as "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" suggested him as inevitably as pumpkin did pie; they wondered doubtfully about him in church when that unfortunate matter of the camel was brought up, with its attendant difficulties for the wealthy. Even Captain Kidd's treasure, in those times so actively sought for along the whole stretch of the New England coast, conjured up a small brick building with "Jacob Raymond, Banker" in gilt letters above the lintel of the door

But there came a day when that door stayed locked and a hundred pale faces gathered about it, blocking the village street and talking in whispers though the noonday sun was shining. Raymond's bank was insolvent, and the banker himself, a fugitive in tarry sea-clothes, was hauling ropes on a vessel outward bound for Callao. He might have stayed in Middleborough and braved it out, for he had robbed no man and his personal honor was untarnished, having succumbed without dishonesty to primitive methods and lack of capital. But he chose instead the meaner course of flight. Of all the reproachful faces he left behind him his wife's was the one he felt himself the least able to confront; and thus abandoning everything, with hardly a dozen dollars in his pocket, he slipped away to sea, never to be seen or heard of again.

Mrs. Raymond was a woman of forty-five, a New Englander to her finger-tips, proud, arrogant and fiercely honest; a woman who never forgot, never forgave, and who practiced her narrow Christianity with the unrelentingness of an Indian She lived up to an austere standard herself and woe betide those who fell one whit behind her. She was one of those just persons who would have cast the first stone at the dictates of conscience and with a sort of holy joy in her own fitness to do so. For years she had been the richest woman in Middleborough, the head of everything charitable and religious, the mainstay of ministers, the court of final appeal in the case of sinners and backsliders. Now in a moment, through no fault of her own, the whole fabric of her life had crumbled. Again had the mighty fallen

She had not a spark of pity for her husband. To owe what you could not pay was to her the height of dishonor. It was theft; and she had no compunction in giving it the name, however it might be disguised or palliated She could see no mitigating circumstances in Raymond's disgrace, and the fact that she was innocently involved in his downfall filled her with exasperation. The big old corner house was her own. She had been born in it. It had been her marriage portion from her father. She put it straightway under the hammer; her canal stock with it; her furniture and linen; a row of five little cottages on the outskirts of the town where five poor families had found not only that their bodies, but the welfare of their souls, had been confided to her grim keeping. She stripped herself of everything, and when all had been made over to the creditors there still remained a deficit of seventeen hundred dollars. This debt which was not a debt, for she was under no legal compulsion to pay a penny of it, would willingly have been condoned by men already grateful for her generosity; but she would hear of no such compromise, not even that her notes be free of interest, and she gave them at five per cent resolute that in time she would redeem them to the uttermost farthing.

Under these sudden changes of fortune it is seldom that the sufferer remains amid the ruins of past prosperity. The human instinct is to fly and hide. The wound heals more readily amongst strangers. The material evils of life are never so intolerable as the public loss of caste. It may be said that it is people, not things, which cause most of the world's unhappiness. Mrs. Raymond came to New York, where she had not a friend except the son she brought with her, there to set herself with an undaunted heart to earn the seventeen hundred dollars she had voluntarily taken on her shoulders to repay

George Raymond, her son, was then a boy of fifteen. High-strung, high-spirited, with all the seriousness of a youngster who had prematurely learned to think for himself, he had arrived at the age when ineffaceable impressions are made and the tendencies of a lifetime decided. Passionately attached to his father, he had lost him in a way that would have made death seem preferable. He saw his mother, so shortly before the great lady of a little town, working out like a servant in other people's houses. The tragedy of it all ate into his soul and overcame him with a sense of hopelessness and despair. It would not have been so hard could he have helped, even in a small way, toward the recovery of their fortunes; but his mother, faithful even in direst poverty to her New England blood, sent him to school, determined that at any sacrifice he should finish his education. But by degrees Mrs Raymond drifted into another class of work. She became a nurse, and in a situation where her conscientiousness was invaluable slowly established a connection that in time kept her constantly busy. She won the regard of an important physician, and not only won it but kept it, and thus little by little found her way into good houses where she was highly paid and treated with consideration

Had it not been for the seventeen hundred dollars and the five per cent. interest upon it she could have earned enough to keep herself and her son very comfortably in the three rooms they occupied on Seventh Street. But this debt, ever present in the minds of both mother and son, hung over them like a cloud and took every penny there was to spare. Those two years from fifteen to seventeen were the most terrible in Raymond's life. At an age when he possessed neither philosophy nor knowledge, and yet the fullest capacity to suffer, he had to bear, with what courage he could muster, the cruelest buffets of an adverse Fate.

Raymond drudged at his books, passed from class to class and returned at night to the empty rooms he called home, where he cooked his own meals and sat solitary beside the candle until it was the hour for bed. His mother was seldom there to greet him As a nurse she was kept prisoner for weeks at a time in the houses where she was engaged. It meant much to the boy to find a note from her lying on the table when he returned at night; more still to wait at street corners in his shabby overcoat for those appointments she often made with him. When she took infectious cases and dared neither write nor speak to him, they had an hour planned beforehand when she would smile at him from an open window and wave a handkerchief

But she was not invariably busy. There were intervals between her engagements when she remained at home; when those rooms, ordinarily so lonely and still, took on a wonderful brightness with her presence; when Raymond, coming back from school late in the afternoon, ran along the streets singing as he thought of his mother awaiting him. This stern woman, the harsh daughter of a harsh race, had but a single streak of tenderness in her withered heart. To her son she gave a transcendent love, and the whole of her starved nature went out to him in immeasurable devotion. Their poverty, the absence of all friends, the burden of debt, the unacknowledged disgrace, and (harder still to bear) the long and enforced separations from each other, all served to draw the pair into the closest intimacy. Raymond grew toward manhood without ever having met a girl of his own age; without ever having had a chum; without knowing the least thing of youth save much of its green-sickness and longing.

When the great debt had been paid off and the last of the notes canceled there came no corresponding alleviation of their straightened circumstances. Raymond had graduated from the high-school and was taking the medical course at Columbia University. Every penny that could be wrung was put by for the unavoidable expenses of his tuition. The mother, shrewd, ambitious and far seeing, was staking everything against the future, and was wise enough to sacrifice the present in order to launch her son into a profession. In those days fresh air had not been discovered. Athletics, then in their infancy, were regarded much as we now do prize-fighting. The ideal student was a pale individual who wore out the night with cold towels around his head, and who had a bigger appetite for books than for meat. Docile, unquestioning, knowing no law but his mother's wish; eager to earn her commendation and to repay with usury the immense sacrifices she had made for him, Raymond worked himself to a shadow with study, and at nineteen was a tall, thin, narrow-shouldered young man with sunken cheeks and a preternatural whiteness of complexion

He was far from being a bad-looking fellow, however. He had beautiful blue eyes, more like a girl's than a man's, and

—AND RACE HER SEAWARD AGAINST THE MIMIC FLEET there was something earnest and winning in his face that often got him a shy glance on the street from passing women. His acquaintance in this direction went no further. Many times when a college acquaintance would have included him in some little party, his mother had peremptorily refused to let him go. Her face would darken with jealousy and anger, nor was she backward with a string of reasons for her refusal. It would unsettle him; he had no money to waste on girls; he would be shamed by his shabby clothes and ungloved hands; they would laugh at him behind his back, was he tired, then, of his old mother who had worked so hard to bring him up decently? And so on and so on until, without knowing exactly why, Raymond would feel himself terribly in the wrong, and was glad enough at last to be forgiven on the understanding that he should never propose such a reprehensible thing again.

In any other young man, brought up in the ordinary way, with the ordinary advantages, such submission would have seemed mean-spirited; but the bond between these two was riven with memories of penury and privation; any appeal to those black days brought Raymond on his knees; it was intolerable to him that he should ever cause a pang in his dear mother's breast. Thus, at the age when the heart is hungriest for companionship; when for the first time a young man seems to discover the existence of a hitherto unknown and unimportant sex; when an inner voice urges him to take his place in the ranks and keep step with the mighty army of his generation, Raymond was doomed to walk alone, a wistful outcast, regarding his enviable companions from afar.

He was in his second year at college when his studies were broken off by his mother's illness. He was suddenly called home to find her delirious in bed, struck down in the full tide of strength by the disease she had taken from a patient. It was scarlet fever and when it had run its course the doctor took him to one side and told him that his mother's nursing days were over. During her tedious convalescence, as Raymond would sit beside her bed and read aloud to her, their eyes were constantly meeting in unspoken apprehension. They saw the ground, so solid a month before, now crumbling beneath their feet; their struggles, their makeshifts, their starved and meagre life had all been in vain. Their little savings were gone; the breadwinner, tempting fate once too often, had received what was to her worse than a mortal wound, for the means of livelihood had been taken from her.

"Could I have but died!" she repeated to herself. "Oh, could I have but died!"

Raymond laid his head against the coverlet and sobbed. He needed no words to tell him what was in her mind; that her illness had used up the little money there was to spare; that she, so long the support of both, was now a helpless burden on his hands. Pity for her outweighed every other consideration. His own loss seemed but little in comparison to hers. It was the concluding tragedy of those five tragic years. The battle, through no fault of theirs, had gone against them. The dream of a professional career was over.

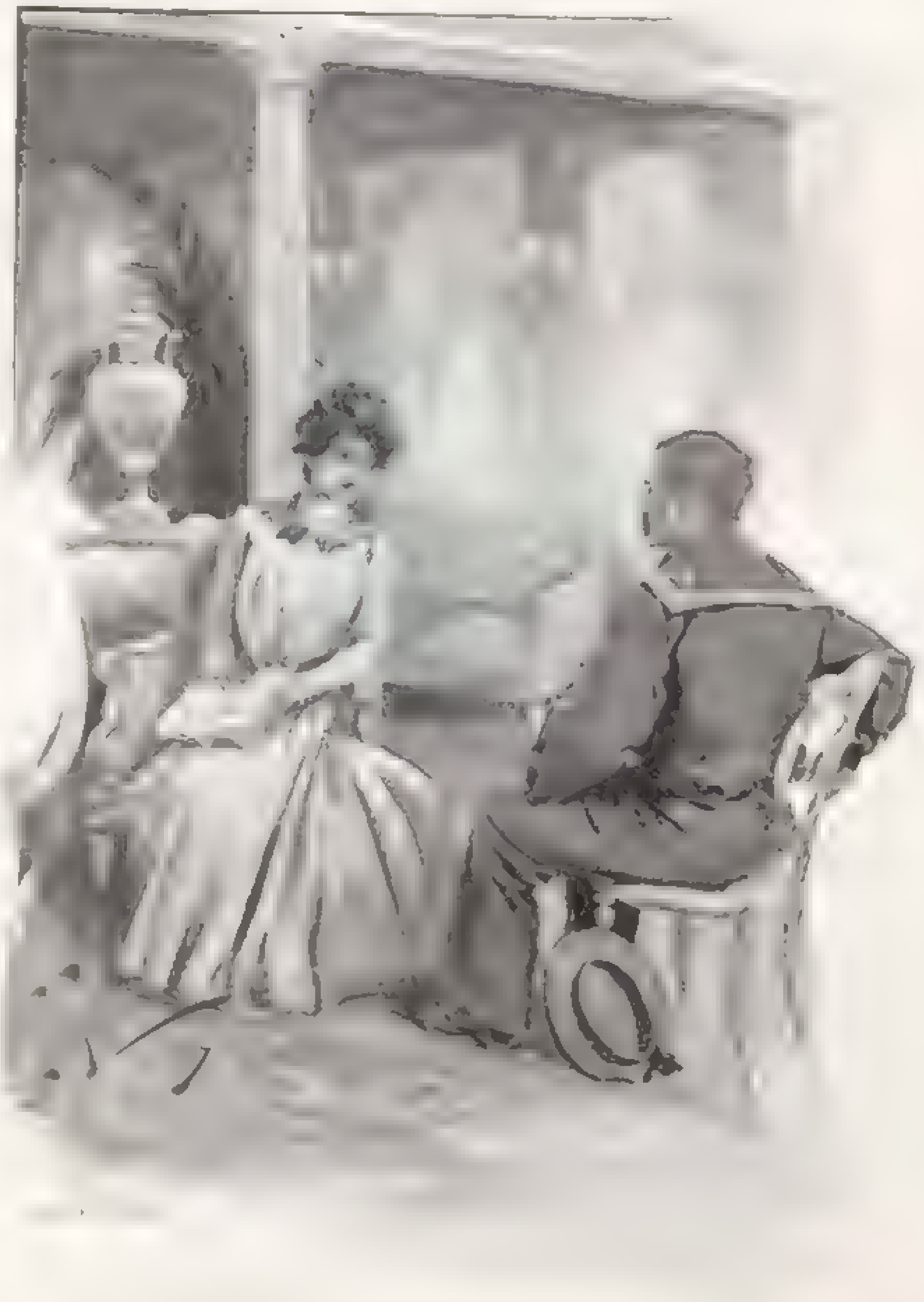
His mother grew better. The doctor ceased his visits. She was able to get on her feet again. She took over their pinched housekeeping. But her step was heavy; the gaunt, grim, straight-backed woman, with her thin gray hair and set mouth, was no more than a spectre of her former self. The doctor was right. In the words of the Psalmist her strength was laid waste.

Raymond found work; a place in the auditing department of a railroad with a salary to begin with of sixty dollars a month. In ten years he might hope to get a hundred. But he was one of those whose back bent easily to misfortune. Heaven knew, he had been schooled long enough to take its blows with fortitude. His mother and he could manage comfortably on sixty dollars a month; and when he laid his first earnings in her hand he even smiled with satisfaction. She took the money in silence, her heart too full to ask him whence it came. She had hoped against hope until that moment; and the bills, as she looked at them, seemed to sting her shriveled hand.

One day as she was cleaning her son's room she opened a box that stood in the corner, and was surprised to find it contain a package done up in wrapping-paper. She opened it with curiosity and the tears sprang to her eyes as she saw the second-hand medical books George had used at college. Here they were, in neat wrappers, laid by forever. Too precious to throw away, too articulate of unfulfilled ambitions to stand exposed on shelves, they had been laid away in the grave of her son's hopes. She did them up again with trembling fingers, and that night when George returned to supper he found his mother in the dark, crying.

CHAPTER II

IN THE years from nineteen to forty-two most men have fulfilled their destiny: those who have had within them the ability to rise have risen; the weak, the wastrels, the mediocrities, have shaken down into their appointed places. Even the bummer has his own particular bit of wall in front of the saloon and his own particular chair within. Those who have something to do are busy doing it, whether it be burglary or tea-tasting, selling pianos on the installment plan or making pop hats for opera-goers. In the human comedy every one in time finds his rôle and must play it to the end, happy indeed if he be cast in a part that at all suits him.



"I AM SPEAKING TO YOU AS THOUGH I HAD KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE"

George Raymond at forty-two was still in the auditor's department. Time had wrinkled his cheek, had turned his brown hair to a crisp gray, had bowed his shoulders to the desk he had used for twenty-two years. His eyes alone retained their boyish brightness, and a sort of appealing look as of one who his whole life long had been a dependent on other people. As an automaton, a mere cog in a vast machine, he had won the praise of his superiors by his complete self-effacement. He was never ill, never absent, never had trouble with his subordinates, never talked back, never made complaints, and, in the flattering language of the superintendent, "he knew what he knew!"

In the office, as in every other aggregation of human beings, there were coteries, cliques, friendships and hatreds, jealousies, heartburnings and vendettas. There was scarcely a man there without friends or foes. Raymond alone had neither. To the others he was a strange, silent, unknown creature whose very address was a matter of conjecture; a man who did not drink, did not smoke, did not talk; who ate four bananas for his luncheon and invariably carried a book in the pocket of his shabby coat. It was said of him that once, during a terrible blizzard, he had been the only clerk to reach the office; that he had worked there stark alone until one o'clock, when at the stroke of the hour he had taken out his four bananas and his book! There were other stories about him of the same kind, not all of them true to fact, but essentially true of the man's nature and of his rigid adherence to routine. He had risen, place by place, to a position that gave him a hundred and fifty dollars a month, and one so responsible that his death or absence would have dislocated the office for half a day.

"A first-class man and an authority on pro-ratas!"

Such might have been the inscription on George Raymond's tomb!

His mother was still alive. She had never entirely regained her health or her strength, and it took all the little she had of either to do the necessary housekeeping for herself and her boy. Thin to emaciation, sharp-tongued, a tyrant to her finger-tips, her indomitable spirit remained as uncowed as ever and she ruled her son with a rod of iron. To her, Georgie, as she always called him, was still a child. As far as she was concerned he had never grown up. She took his month's salary, told him when to buy new shirts, ordered his clothes herself, doled out warningly the few dollars for his necessaries, and saved, saved, continually saved. The old woman dreaded poverty with a horror not to be expressed in words. It had ruined her own life; it had crushed her son under its merciless wheels; in the words of the classic proverb she was the coward who died a thousand deaths in the agonies of apprehension. She was one of those not uncommon misers who hoard, not for love of money but through fear. She had managed, with penurious thrift and a self-denial almost sublime in its austerity, to set aside eight thousand dollars. Eight thousand dollars from an income that began at sixty and rose to a little under three times that amount! Eight thousand dollars, wrung from their lives at the price of every joy, every alleviation, everything that could make the world barely tolerable.

Every summer Raymond had a two weeks' holiday which he spent at Middleborough with some relatives of his father. He had the pronounced love of the sea that is usual with those born and bred in seaport towns. His earliest memories went back to great deep-water ships, their jib-booms poking into the second story windows of the city front, their decks hoarsely melodious with the yeo-heave-yeo of straining seamen. The smell of tar, the sight of enormous anchors impending above the narrow street, the lofty masts piercing the sky in a tangle of ropes and blocks, the exotic cargoes mountains high, all moved him like a poem. He knew no pleasure like that of sailing his cousin's sloop; he loved every plank of her dainty hull; it was to him a privilege to lay his hand to any task appertaining to her, however humble or hard. To caulk, to paint, to polish brass-work, to pump out bilge, to set up the rigging, to splice ropes, to sit cross-legged and patch sails, and, best of all, to put her lee rail under in a spanking breeze and race her seaward against the mimic fleet. Ah, how swiftly those bright days passed, how bitter was the parting and the return, all too soon, to the dingy offices of the railroad.

It never occurred to him to think his own lot hard, or to contrast himself with other men of his age, who at forty-two were mostly substantial members of society, with interests, obligations, responsibilities to which he himself was an utter stranger. Under the iron bondage of his mother he had remained a child. To displease her seemed the worst thing that could befall him; to win her praise filled him with content. But there were times, guiltily remembered and put by with shame, when he longed for something more from life; when the sight of a beautiful woman on the street reminded him of his own loneliness and isolation; when he was overcome with a sudden surging sense that he was an outsider in the midst of these teeming thousands, unloved and old, without friends or hope or future to look forward to. He would reproach himself for such lawless repining, for such disloyalty to his mother. Was not her case worse than his? Did she not lecture him on the duty of cheerfulness, she the invalid, racked with pains, with nerves, who practiced so pitifully what she preached? The tears would come to his eyes. No, he would not ask the impossible; he would go his way, brave and uncomplaining, and let the empty years roll over his head without a single murmur against fate.

But the years, apparently so void, were screening a strange and undreamed-of part for him to play. The Spaniards, a vague, almost legendary people, as remote from Raymond's life as the Assamese or the cliff-dwellers of New Mexico, began to take on a concrete character, and were suddenly discovered to be the enemies of the human race. Raymond grew accustomed to the sight of Cuban flags, at first so unfamiliar and then later so touching in their significance.

Newspaper pictures of Gomez and Garcia were tacked on the homely walls of barber-shops, in railroad shops, in grubby offices and cargo elevators, and with them savage caricatures of a person called Weyler and referring bitterly to other persons (who seemed in a bad way) called the reconcentrados. Raymond wondered what it was all about; bought books to elucidate the matter; took fire with indignation and resentment. Then came the Maine affair; the suspense of seventy million people eager to avenge their dead; the decision of the Court of Inquiry; the emergency vote; the preparation for war. Raymond watched it all with a curious detachment. He had never realised that it could have anything personally to do with him. The long days in the auditor's department went on undisturbed for all that the country was arming and the State Governors were calling out their quotas of men. Two of his associates quitted their desks and changed their black coats for army blue. Raymond admired them, envied them; but it never occurred to him to ask why they should go and he should stay. It was natural for him to stay; it was inevitable; he was as much a part of the office as the office floor.

One afternoon, going home on the Elevated, he overheard two men talking

"I don't know what we'll do," said one.

"Oh, there are lots of men," said the other

"Men, yes, but no sailors," said the first.

"That's right," said the other.

"We are at our wits' end to man the ships," said the first.

"What did you total up to-day?" said the other.

His companion shrugged his shoulders

"Eighty applicants and seven taken," he said.

"And those foreigners?"

"All but two!"

"There's danger in that kind of thing!"

"Yes, indeed; but what can you do?"

The words rang in Raymond's head. That night he hardly slept. He was in the throes of making a tremendous resolution; he who for forty years had been tied to his mother's apron-strings. Making it of his own volition, unprompted, at the behest of no one save perhaps the man in the car, asserting at last his manhood in defiance of the subjection that had never come home to him until that moment. He rose in the morning pale and determined. He felt a hypocrite through and through as his mother commented on his looks and grew anxious as he pushed away his untasted breakfast. It came over him afresh how good she was, how tender.

He got an extension of the noon hour and hurried down to the naval recruiting office. It was doing a brisk business in turning away applicants, and from the bottom of the line Raymond was not kept waiting long before he attained the top; and from thence, in his turn, was led into an inner office. He was briefly examined as to his sea experience. Could he box the compass? He could. Could he make a long splice? He could. What was meant by the monkey gaff of a full-rigged ship? He told them. What was his reason in wanting to join the Navy? Because he thought he'd like to do something for his country. "Very good; turn him over to the doctor; next!" Then the doctor weighed him, looked at his teeth, hit him in the chest, listened to his heart, thumped and questioned him and then passed him on to a third person to be enrolled.

When George Raymond emerged into the open air it was as a full A B in the service of the United States.

This announcement at the office made an extraordinary sensation. Men he hardly knew shook hands with him and clapped him on the back. He was taken upstairs to be impressively informed that his position would be held open for him. On every side he saw kindling faces, smiling glances of approbation, the quick passing of the news in whispers. He had suddenly risen from obscurity to become part of the war: the heir of a wonderful and possibly tragic future.

The scene at home was less enthusiastic. It was even mortifying, and Georgie, as his mother invariably called him, had to endure a storm of sarcasm and reproaches. The old woman's ardent patriotism stopped short at giving up her son. It was the duty of others to fight, Georgie's to stay at home with his mother. He let her talk herself out, saying little, but regarding her with a grave, kind obstinacy. Then she broke down, weeping and clinging to him. Somehow, though he could hardly explain it to himself, the relation between the two underwent a change. He left that house the unquestioned master of himself, the acknowledged head of that tiny household; he had won, and his victory, instead of abating by a hair's breadth his mother's love for him, had drawn the pair closer to each other than ever before

Her tenderness and devotion were redoubled. Never had there been such a son in the history of the world. She relaxed her economies in order to buy him little delicacies such as sardines and pickles, and when soon after his enlistment his uniform came home she spread it on her bed and cried, and then sank on her knees, passionately kissing the coarse serge. In the limitation of her horizon she could see but a single figure. It was Georgie's country, Georgie's President, Georgie's fleet, Georgie's righteous quarrel in the cause of stifled freedom. To her it was Georgie's war with Spain.

He was drafted aboard the Casco, where within a week of his joining he was promoted to be one of the four quartermasters. So much older than the majority of his comrades, quick, alert, obedient and responsible, he was naturally among the first chosen for what are called leading seamen. Never was a man more in his element than George Raymond. He shook down into naval life like one born to it. The sea was in his blood, and his translation from the auditor's department to the deck of a fighting ship seemed to him like one of those happy dreams when one pinches one's self to try and confirm the impossible. Metaphorically speaking, he was always pinching himself and contrasting the monotonous past with the glorious and animated present. The change told in his manner, in the tilt of his head, in his fearless eyes and straighter back.

Amongst Raymond's comrades on the Casco was a youngster of twenty-one named Howard Quintan. Something in the boy attracted him, and he went out of his way to make things smooth for him aboard. The liking was no less cordially returned and the two became fast friends. One day, when they were both given liberty together, Howard insisted on taking him to his own home.

"The folks want to know you," he said. "They naturally think a heap of you because I do, and I've told them how good you've been, and all that."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Raymond, though he was inwardly pleased. At the time they were walking up Fifth Avenue, both in uniform, with their caps on one side, sailor fashion, and their wide trousers flapping about their ankles. People looked at them kindly as they passed, for the shadow of the war lay on every one and all hearts went out to the men who were to uphold the flag. Raymond was flattered and yet somewhat overcome by the attention his companion and he excited

"Let's get out of this, Quint," he said. "I can't walk straight when people look at me like that. Don't you feel kind of givey-givey at the knees with all those pretty girls loving us in advance?"

"Oh, that's what I like," said Quintan. "I never got a glance when I used to sport a silk hat. Besides, here we are at the old stand!"

Raymond regarded him with blank surprise as they turned aside and up the steps of one of the houses.

"Land's sake!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you live in a place like this? Here?" he added with an intonation that caused Howard to burst out laughing

The young fellow pushed by the footman that admitted them and ran up the stairs three steps at a time. Raymond followed more slowly, dazed by the splendor he saw about him, and feeling horribly embarrassed and deserted. He halted on the stairs as he saw Quintan throw his arms about a tall, stately, magnificently dressed woman and kiss her boisterously; and he was in two minds whether or not to slink down again and disappear when his companion called out to him to hurry up.

"Mother, this is Mr. Raymond," he said. "He's the best friend I have on the Casco, and you're to be awfully good to him"

Mrs. Quintan graciously gave him her hand and said something about his kindness to her boy. Raymond was too stricken to speak and was thankful for the semi-darkness that hid his face. Mrs. Quintan continued softly, in the same sweet and overpowering manner, to purr her gratitude and try to put him at his ease. Raymond would have been a happy man could he have sunk through the parquetry floor. He trembled as he was led into the drawing-room, where another gracious and overpowering creature rose to receive them.

"My aunt, Miss Christine Latimer," said Howard.

She was younger than Mrs. Quintan; a tall, fair woman of middle age, with a fine figure, hair streaked with gray, and the remains of what had once been extreme beauty. Her voice was the sweetest Raymond had ever listened to, and his shyness and agitation wore off as she began to speak to him. He was left a long while alone with her, for Howard and his mother withdrew, excusing themselves on the score of private matters. Christine Latimer was touched by the forlorn quartermaster, who, in his nervousness, gripped his chair with clenched hands and started when he was asked a question. She soon got him past this stage of their acquaintance, and, leading him on by gentle gradations to talk about himself, even learned his whole story, and that in so unobtrusive a fashion that he was hardly aware of his having told it to her

"I am speaking to you as though I had known you all my life," he said in an artless compliment. "I hope it is not very forward of me. It is your fault for being so kind and good"

He was ecstatic when he left the house with Quintan

"I didn't know there were such women in the world," he said. "So noble, so winning and high-bred. It makes you understand history to meet people like that. Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette and all those, you know—they must have been like that. I—I could understand a man dying for Miss Latimer!"

"Oh, she's all right—my aunt," said Quintan. "She was a tremendous beauty once and even now she's what I'd call a devilish handsome woman. And the grand manner—it isn't everybody that likes it, but I do. It's a little old fashioned nowadays, but, by Jove, it still tells"

"I wonder that such a splendid woman should have remained unmarried," said Raymond. He stuck an instant on the word unmarried. It seemed almost common to apply to such a princess

"She had an early love affair that turned out badly," said Quintan. "I don't know what went wrong, but anyway it didn't work. Then when my father died she came to live with us and help bring us up—you see there are two more of us in the family—and I'm told she refused some good matches just on account of us kids. It makes me feel guilty sometimes to think of it."

"Why guilty?" asked Raymond.

"Because none of us were worth it, old chap," said Quintan

"I'm sure she never thought so," observed Raymond.

"My aunt's rather an unusual woman," said Quintan. "She has voluntarily played second fiddle all her life; and between you and me, you know, my mother's a bit of a tyrant and not always easy to get along with—so it wasn't so dead simple a game as it looks."

Raymond was shocked at this way of putting the matter.

"You mean she sacrificed the best years of her life for you," he said stiffly.

"Women are like that—good women," said Quintan. "Catch a man being such a fool—looking at it generally, you know—me apart. She has a tidy little fortune from her father and might have had a yard of her own to play in, but our little baby hands held her tight."

Raymond regarded his companion's hands. They were large and red and rough with the hard work on board the Casco; regarded them respectfully, almost with awe, for had they not restrained that glorious being in the full tide of her youth and beauty!

"Now it's too late" said Quintan

"What do you mean by too late?" asked the quartermaster.

"Well, she's passed forty," said Quintan. "The babies have grown up and the selfish beasts are striking out for themselves. Her occupation's gone and she's left *plantée là* Worse than that, my mother, who never bothered two cents about us then, now loves us to distraction. And when all's said, you know, it's natural to like your mother best!"

"Too bad!" ejaculated Raymond.

"I call it deuced hard luck," said Quintan. "My mother really neglected us shamefully, and it was Aunt Christine who brought us up and blew our noses and rubbed us with goose-grease when we had croup and all that kind of thing. Then when we grew up my mother suddenly discovered her long-lost children and began to think a heap of us—after having scamped the whole business for fifteen years—and my aunt, who was the real nigger in the hedge, got kind of let out, you see"

Raymond did not see, and he was indignant besides at the coarseness of his companion's expressions. So he walked along and said nothing.

"And as I said before, it's now too late," said Quintan.

"Too late for what?" demanded Raymond, who was deeply interested

"For her to take up with anybody else," said Quintan "To marry, you know. She sacrificed all her opportunities for us; and now, in the inevitable course of things, we are kind of abandoning her when she is old and faded and lonely."

"I consider your aunt one of the most beautiful women in the world," protested Raymond.

"But you can't put back the clock, old fellow," said Quintan. "What has the world to offer to an old maid of forty-two? There she is in the empty nest, and not her own nest at that, with all her little nestlings flying over the hills and far away, and the genuine mother-bird varying the monotony by occasionally pecking her eyes out."

Raymond did not know what to answer. He could not be so rude as to make any reflection on Mrs. Quintan, though he was stirred with resentment against her. This noble, angelic, saintly woman, who in every gesture reminded him of dead queens and historic personages! It went to his heart to think of her, bereft and lonely, in that splendid house he had so lately quitted. He recognized, in the unmistakable accord between him and her, the fellowship of a pair who in different ways and in different stations had yet fought and suffered and endured for what they judged their duty. Forty-two years old! Singular coincidence, in itself almost a bond between them, that he, too, was of an identical age.

"Why don't you say something?" said Quintan.

"I was just thinking how mistaken you were," returned Raymond. "There must be hundreds of men who would be proud to win her slightest regard; who instead of considering her faded or old would choose her out of thousands of younger women and would be happy forever if she would take——" He was going to say "them," but that sounded improper and he changed it, at the cost of grammar, to "him."

Quintan laughed at his companion's vehemence, and the subject passed and gave way to shrapnel. But he did not fail, later, to carry a humorous report of the conversation to his aunt.

"What have you been doing to my old quartermaster?" he said. "Hasn't the poor fellow enough troubles as it is without falling in love with you! He can't talk of anything else, and blushes like a girl when he mentions your name. He told me yesterday he was willing to die for a woman like you."

"I think he's a dear, nice fellow," said Miss Latimer, "and if he wants to love me he may. It will keep him out of mischief!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

TALKS WITH A KID BROTHER AT COLLEGE

Making the Team

By Jesse Lynch Williams

WHAT of it—what if you couldn't make the team? What's that got to do with it? That isn't the reason I wanted you to go in for athletics. Why didn't you fight it out! The chief benefit of athletics is to teach you to quit being a quitter. Last fall when you left off trying for the freshman eleven I felt sorry, but you put it on the ground of your studies and said you'd come out when the call for baseball candidates was issued in the early spring. But your name isn't in the list published in the paper. You haven't the face to blame it on your studies this time, Dick; I have seen your reports! You are afraid of being laughed at; that's what's the matter.

Did you ever hear about the case of big, fatty Simon? He was laughed at. They called him Simple Simon. He was here in the early days of football, before the Rugby game had spread all over the country. He weighed about two hundred and eighty pounds, mostly fat, and I don't suppose he had ever seen a canvas jacket until the day he entered college and waddled down to the field along with a lot of other green freshmen to look at the football practice. It interested him. He was so much interested that he paid no attention to the sophomores who were guying him about his fat and his simplicity. "I should think that game would be fun," he said in a high, squeaky voice. "I think I'll play," he announced to his classmates.

"That's right," said they, chuckling at Simple Simon; "just your game, old man."

"Yes. You see I can't play many games," smiled Simon simply, trying to peep at his boots.

"Tell the captain you are a candidate," said they, chuckling.

"Think I stand a chance?"

"A chance? It's a dead cinch."

"All right," said Simple. "I will." And he did.

The captain looked him over and smiled. "I don't believe we have any suit to fit you," he said kindly, "but you come down to-morrow. That's the right spirit."

The college along the side lines smiled audibly the next day when Simple Simon trotted out with the other men, or tried to, puffing and blowing, in a much-stretched sweater and a pair of breeches that had been opened in the rear to admit him. But he was accustomed to being a cause of amusement and did not mind. They laughed louder still when in the first scrimmage he was toppled over like a huge ninepin. "Did you feel the earth shake?" asked a humorist.

The businesslike captain yelled, "Line up, fellows!" The crowd roared; they saw Simon lying there on his back, flapping his arms and legs like an overturned turtle. He was not hurt—simply too fat. The next scrimmage the same thing happened. After that they reached over to pull him up as a matter of course. But with three or four more scrimmages Simple Simon had to retire, winded. A group of sophomores guyed him as he waddled past to the field house.

"It's a good game, though," he piped up to the trainer as soon as he got breath enough.

"Are you coming out to-morrow?" he was asked when he came out of the shower bath.

"You bet!" said he.

Simple Simon kept it up. After the trainer had taken about thirty pounds off him he could last a full half, and could keep his feet for several minutes at a time. By and by he learned to get up alone. That was a proud day. The laughing crowds along the side lines cheered him.

"You're a perfect corker, Simple," his chaffing classmates told him.

"A regular Hector Cowan," said another. "You'll make the team yet."

"Aw! come off—you're trying to guy me, I believe," said Simple. He thought himself quite sophisticated by this time. But he grinned and kept on trying. "It's good sport, anyway," he said as he wiped the blood away from his torn ear.

The coaches smiled at his cheerfulness. "That big, fat freshman can give some of you fellows points in the way of spirit," they said to the 'Varsity eleven. Besides, it was good practice for the guards, wielding such a great weight—like a medicine-ball.

After two years of this, most of Simon's fat was worn off by the trampling, shoving and butting the 'Varsity gave him; the rest was turned into solid muscle by the trampling, shoving and butting he gave the 'Varsity. Also, he was studying the game. The crowd had stopped laughing at him. "That's all right," they said, wagging their heads, "he's got the right spirit, even if he hasn't got the right shape for making the team." In his junior year he was taken to New York on Thanksgiving Day as a substitute—with a huge sweater pulled down over his hips. And in his senior year he was on the team, the champion football team of America. The fearless way he used to charge down the field like a fighting elephant and smash those old-fashioned flying wedges—by flopping down in front of them—is now a matter of football history.

He is the stout gentleman I pointed out to you one day at the club with the two gold football emblems on his watch-chain. No, they don't laugh at him now, and his voice isn't high and squeaky. But it wasn't because he had the *honor*, merely, of being a member of the team that he became a man of force and self-reliance, but because he was willing to accept the bumps and thumps and discouragement that seem the incidental parts but are really the most important features of the game—and of all athletic sports, so far as concerns the actual benefit to those who are playing. But if he had let the jeers and gibes, which, after all, were good-natured gibes, drive him off the football field he might have remained something of a big, fat booby to this day.

Hearing a little laughter won't hurt you a bit, but fearing it will harm you greatly. To so many people laughter in this sense suggests an attitude of superiority over the one laughed at. As a matter of fact, jeers and sneers are more frequently prompted by a jealous sense of inferiority.

I take no stock in this driveling cant about "daring to do right, despite the laughter and ridicule of the world," and all that long-faced tommyrot, promulgated mostly by emasculated individuals who know very little about the world and don't dare do *wrong*. The world is not so bad—in its admirations, I mean, whatever may be said of its practices.

It so happens that I have had to run up against a good many different kinds of people since I landed on this much-maligned and very interesting world, but I have yet to find any of them setting a higher value on a man for selling himself out cheap. I have yet to meet the Sunday-school-book kind who like a man better for not "daring to say no." The difficulty is not in saying no, but in doing it. Nobody will object to your saying it unless you whine it with a timid, shame-faced bleat, or else bray it out with blatant self-righteousness. In either of these cases you will deserve to be laughed at because you will be funny.

When I said "nobody" just now I meant no man. This does not apply to downy kids and nincompoops—"paper sports" I believe you call them. In my day there was a little Southerner named Reddy Armstrong, and he was the real thing—whew! you would have called him a "paper sport!" For two years he kept up a thrilling pace. He marked out a vivid red career. He was the sort who can stay up all night doing things he was not sent to college for—"extra-curriculum work"; and then after a cold plunge in the morning he'd seem as fresh and cool and clear-eyed as an athlete in training. Some of the fellows used to call him the Deacon, not only on account of the aforementioned reasons, but because, fond as he was of poker, when twelve o'clock struck on Saturday night he always threw down his hand, no matter how promising it looked, and said in his broad, delightful manner: "Gentlemen, it is Sunday morning. I bid you good-night."

In Junior-year vacation Reddy became very well acquainted with his roommate's sister and—he came back to college a new man. He felt benignantly sorry for all the others who were not also new men—but did not tell them so unless he knew them well enough. One night at a house-party in the Christmas holidays a very young New Yorker, of the would-be-wicked variety—yes, *he* was a "paper sport"—tried to get the Deacon to join with him in a game in the smoking-room with some of the older men of the party. The Deacon thanked them for the honor, bowed politely and begged to be excused.

"What, and you a Kentuckian!" exclaimed one of the older men, who was shocked.

"It certainly does sound very incongruous," said the Deacon, smiling urbanely, "but you'll have to manage without me, I reckon."

"Oh, come on, old man," said the paper sport.

"If I *were* playing," thought Reddy, "you would be an easy mark." But he only said, "Thank you, no." The older men had, of course, stopped urging him.

The paper sport exhaled a lungful of cigarette smoke cynically. "'Fraid, are you?" he said.

Reddy looked up. "Exactly," he replied quickly. "I'm afraid to get in, and you're afraid to keep out." Somehow the laugh was on the paper sport, and he wondered why it was, throughout the rest of the visit, that they treated him like an infant and little Reddy like a man they respected.

Long legged Frank Berkhart, the famous old catcher, was the most respected man on the team, not because he was the best player—as a matter of fact, he wasn't—but because he seemed absolutely independent of popular opinion, and hence got the best of it. The manager of the team that year was one of the most profane young men I ever knew. But he adored Frank. On the Easter trip one night, after one of the games, the team were frolicking and making a great racket in Frank's room in the hotel. Presently they heard some one hammer a table with a baseball bat; then the authoritative voice of the manager growled out in the sudden silence:

"You fellows have got to stop your d——d swearing; Frank is saying his prayers."

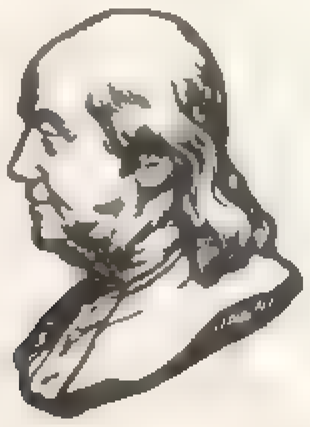
So he was. It was bedtime for men in training, and he had undressed. The hint was followed.

Frank never neglected to read the Bible either. On a similar occasion when a couple of the fellows were playing horse—they are always behaving like infants on these trips—one of them let fly a sofa-cushion which accidentally landed in Frank's lap. He clapped the cushion under his arm before any one else could grab it, then muttered earnestly: "Wait till I finish this chapter and I'll hammer your face with it." And he did.

You understand, of course, that I'm not preaching at you. I'm only telling you kid stories, for you are still a good deal of a kid, though a pseudo-college man. You can draw morals from them or not as best meets your requirements. You know your requirements better than I do. You aren't so bad—in fact, you have behaved yourself pretty well—for a freshman—better than I anticipated in some respects. But you still have a lot to learn about being a college man. So I am just telling you about college men and college kids I have known. I wouldn't preach at you for the world! Go on and finish your translation. I'm going to call on a classmate of mine in the faculty.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Williams' "Talks." The next will appear in an early number.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A position in hand is worth a dozen in prospect.

¶ Love is a monopoly—but it is not always a trust.

¶ The egotist uses only one I—and that a capital.

¶ One pair of yellow shoes does not make a summer.

¶ A ventilator is a small closed window in an American street car

¶ Moving is almost as bad as getting married—and most people have to do it oftener.

¶ You cannot take your money beyond the grave, but it will pay for a large, nice epitaph.

¶ It is seldom that a man is as good as his wife tells others he is or as bad as she tells him he is.

¶ All cannot play golf, but the humblest may carry a few sticks in a canvas bag and look solemn

¶ That low, moaning sound from the far West is caused by William J. Bryan preparing to decline to allow his name to be considered next year.

What's the Use?

THERE is no discouragement to the good like the triumph of the wicked. It not only shakes their faith but it does worse by stopping their energy. When a man says "What's the use?" he reaches low-water mark

And yet we find many purposeful people using those hopeless words. They see bosses win in politics, men with doubtful methods get hold of millions, and persons of small merits gain social and official honors, and they settle back disconsolately and exclaim, "What's the use?"

There's a big lot of use. Let us illustrate it by a true story which has never been published. In the dark beginnings of Civil Service reform two young men sat in the office of the Commission at Washington and smiled grimly at the assaults and victories of the spoilsmen. They also dreamed a bit as young men sometimes do. "What a fine thing it would be if you could be Governor of New York!" said one, and the other laughed and replied, "Why not say President of the United States?" But the Impossibilities did not dismay them. They looked at the situation and the conditions and agreed to keep on because they were right. And in the course of time the young man did become Governor of New York and he is now President of the United States, and the other fills an important legal office of the Government—appointed by President McKinley and reappointed by his friend Roosevelt

These young men came in close contact with the bosses, but instead of becoming discouraged they saw the value of the persistence of their enemies and kept at it. Of late we have read much of three men, all "practical politicians," but differing in methods and in individual records and characteristics. No attempt is made here to point out how good or how bad each may be; the comment is on admitted facts.

Senator Quay has stood against some of the ablest, most earnest and most brilliant reform movements in the history of American politics. He was beaten, but he refused to stay beaten. He laid his plans and worked steadily to his ends—and this year he was found in his old seat in the Senate holding all of his old power. His famous and successful contest against a former tariff bill and his warding off of anti-trust legislation under the cover of the Statehood bill illustrated his method—careful planning far ahead and then persistence

In the case of Senator Gorman the reform forces of both parties got together and wrought one of the most complete overthrows ever known in this country. From one end of the land to the other the political death of Gorman was proclaimed. That was only six years ago. Mr. Gorman seemed to accept the verdict, but he prepared his campaign, worked steadily to his ends, and now we see him once more the leader of his party in the Senate where he once served as a page. It was plan and persistence that did it.

Many thousands of columns could have been printed about Mr. Addicks, of Delaware, and the condemnation of him has been well-nigh universal. There is no need of examining the verdict, but there is a bearing of his case that is not without usefulness. When he began to try to rule a State he met only ridicule—nobody thought he would ever do anything. But he had his plan and his persistence has been one of the most extraordinary exhibitions that any land ever knew. It seems incomprehensible. But it is easily understood—it's the result of keeping at one thing without let or hindrance, of industrious, unswerving indefatigability.

Politicians constantly teach reformers lessons—if the reformers would but learn them. Men of lesser standards who plan, persist and win teach the men of higher standards the value of planning and persisting. It is far easier to triumph in a good cause than in a bad one. The good man always has the better prospect, but if he waits for virtue to bring its own reward or falls comfortably back upon a satisfied conscience he is going to be disappointed. He must fight for results—plan for them, persist until they come.

It is a pretty practical old world and it is inclined to do better for the bad man who plans and persists than for the good man who asks "What's the use?" and quits.

The Man in the Iron Mask

ONE of the most valuable heirlooms belonging to the world in the way of a story is that of the Man in the Iron Mask. It is almost decided now that he was a twin brother of the great Louis, an heir too many of the French crown, and hence, for no fault of his own, sentenced in his cradle never to show his face to a living being, never to be any woman's lover nor any man's friend.

The idea in its unique horror ranks, in literary value, alongside of the stories of the Terror or of the murder of the Salem witches

But isn't it a fact that many of us commonplace, rational folk make an iron mask for ourselves, right now and here, and button it over our faces and wear it all through our dull, jog trot lives?

Of course, we all say theoretically that He who puts us and millions of our kinsfolk at one time into this little world means us to scramble up together and to help each other up, so that each man may end life a foot or two higher than he began it. This means a certain *esprit de corps* among all of us poor climbers—white, yellow and black—a "Yo-heave-ho! All together, boys!" temper, a showing of the best that is in us to the man next us—a grip of the hand to every man within reach.

But some of us have buttoned on these masks and no smile nor kindly shout can come through them.

A good many of us make them out of our Ancestry. I had a great grandfather who was a Signer, or a Militia Captain under Washington, or a Professor of Greek at Yale. Or he was the first settler in Pottsville, where I now reside. So I make of this mythical ancestor a covering for my real self which shuts me in from my fellow-men. They never know me, nor I them.

There are thousands of Pottsvilles in this country, and in each a foolish little clique, whose pride of birth debars them from the help and comradeship of their neighbors.

Some of us make a mask of our religious creed and stifle under it our lives long. We think that only to us and a few colleagues has been given Eternal Truth, and to the rest of mankind lies in this life and torture in the eternity to come. Nothing shuts a man's life down into such narrow bounds as that delusion. But the mask which most of us smother under is our own importance

Stop on Broadway or any other place where a great crowd tramps steadily past you and you will find on almost every face the same look.

"I am coming," it seems to say. "I am not like these others. It is I!"

One remembers how Theodore Hook twitched the gown of the pompous Oxford Don. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but are you anybody in particular?"

We laugh at the pompous folk. But we too, perhaps, wear the same look. We are conscious of our standing in Pottsville, or of the novel we have written, or of that militia captain under Washington.

This self-conceit, if we don't take warning, will grow denser as the years go by. It will blind and choke us as the mask of iron could not blind or choke the prisoner of Mont St. Michel.

Under it neither wife nor child nor friend will ever know us as we are. He—the prisoner—was buried in his mask. Shall we, too, wear ours—out yonder into the dark?

Are We "the People"?

"SOON to guide the human race"—"Speedily the financial centre of the world"—"Before long the centre of education in all branches of science and art"—these are a few specimens from one day's installment of foreign bouquets for your Uncle Sam. Nowadays you can scarce see his smiling face for the high-heaped floral tributes from far and near, all testifying to his power, wisdom, genius and bank account. Ambassador Choate, journeying in the land of the sources of the Nile, finds the natives eagerly buying handkerchiefs of German manufacture stamped with the Stars and Stripes and the portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland and McKinley

There isn't a doubt about it—but who are "we"? And why are "we" "the people"?

A calm, dispassionate answer to the first question may tend to restrain us from getting what the Germans call Katzenjammer, the French the grandiose mania, and the Americans the "swelled head." And a calm, dispassionate answer to the second question may prevent us from pointing our noses so high that our high-stepping feet will wander far from the path, far into the bogs and swamps.

"Triumphant America" certainly doesn't mean each and every one of our seventy-eight millions. For instance, it doesn't include the admitted idiots and lunatics, the registered paupers and parasites, the caged criminals, the six million illiterates. In a sense, it includes the twenty-five to thirty million children, for they exert a tremendous influence upon the grown people. But in no sense does it include the whittlers on dry-goods boxes, the barroom loafers, the fellows that listen all day long for the whistle to blow, those who are the first to be mentioned whenever there is talk of cutting down the force. It doesn't include those of our statesmen who spend their time in promoting corrupt jobs or in hunting places for lazy heelers. It doesn't include the doctors who reach their high-water mark for professional knowledge on the day they graduate, or the lawyers who lie and cheat and procure injustice for the sake of fees.

Most of these—even the idiots and criminals—do a little something toward progress. This world is so happily ordered that it is impossible for one man to do much harm or to avoid doing some good; and one of the greatest forces for good is the power of a bad example. Still, it isn't our bad examples that make us get on and earn us these smothers of flowery compliment. "We" doesn't cover any of them.

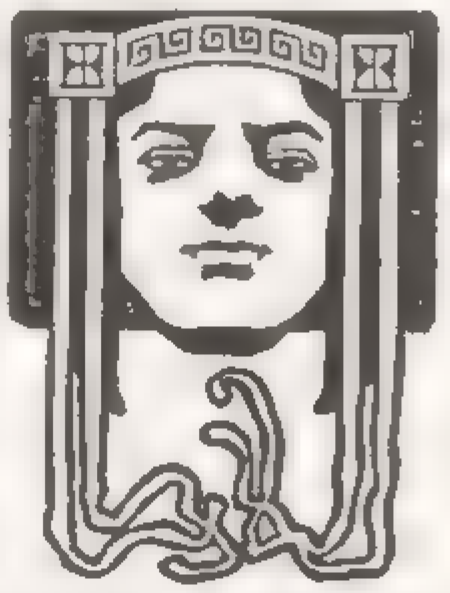
Thus it appears that when an American says "*We*" are "the people!" he may be taking wide, not to say wild, liberties with the word "we." It may be that he has made of himself such a spectacle as does the rooster crowing when the hen lays an egg. It is foolish enough for a political party to throw out its chest and say "we" over what the people have done without any appreciable assistance from it, perhaps in spite of it. But the folly becomes pitifully fantastic when indulged in by a man who is a mere mouthing sluggard, or is like that clown in the French circus who is always hindering everybody while making the most elaborate efforts to help.

As for the other question—Why are we at present so admirably ensconced?—the answer to that brings instantly before us what Europe would call our humble origin. We are working men and working women, the sons and daughters of working people. And just as soon as one of us becomes ashamed of his origin or of his own past, becomes infected with the cheap and silly vulgarisms that Europe is always thrusting upon us, just so soon does he or she begin to fall behind the procession.

Most of the alleged perils from our "foreign element" are fanciful, fantastic. One that has attracted little attention is genuine. There is danger lest this vast mass of foreigners, coming from lands where class distinctions were centuries old, should, before it is absorbed, impress upon America the class idea. And the class idea is our heel of Achilles.

Some of us are tall and others short, some straight and others crooked, some strong, others feeble; some of us run, others walk, others snail it. But all, all have their feet upon the same level of the common earth. And America's worst enemy is he—or she—who by word or look encourages another to think otherwise. Head as high as you please; but feet always upon the common ground, never upon anybody's shoulders or neck, even though he be weak or willing

LITTLE STORIES OF "STEVE" CRANE



By Corwin Knapp Linson

I WAS closely associated with Stephen Crane during the years just preceding his success, when we both had our feet in the same Slough of Despond. We parted—for a season, I thought—when he went to Athens at the time of the Greek War, after a last evening together in New York

My first meeting with him was in the winter of 1892-3. One Sunday afternoon, Mr. Louis C. Senger, a cousin who was one of his intimates, brought him to my studio in the old building on West Thirtieth Street and Broadway. It was a dreary day, and the gray light filtered in through the cobwebbly panes of the great sidelight, finding us in a kind of half-gloom. He talked little, sitting on a divan quietly smoking cigarettes. He impressed me as an unusual individuality, at first reserved, but soon expanding in the warmth of our comradeship

It was a good beginning. His long rain-ulster became a familiar object, for those were slushy, drizzly days, and the winter air was oftener sleety with cold rain than fluffy with feathery snow. One day a pocket contained a yellow-covered book—the Maggie, which was left with me. It was read with enthusiasm and immediately clamored for. His vigorous English and deep human sympathy fairly took me by storm. The book was resigned with a smile. "There are heaps of them left; the public isn't crazy about having them."

And then its history came out how no publisher would take it, so that he had had it printed at his own expense; how it had been turned down by the newsdealers, icily received by prominent clergymen who did not preach that way, and how two eminent literary men alone had stood by him with encouragement. Afterward I saw the yellow stacks of unsold books in his rooms

My place was a black den in those days, and my affairs harmonized, so that it was quite a congenial retreat for Crane It was his daily habit to come and compare notes When the news stands declared war, he became savagely caustic; when such men as Howells and Garland, who were to him the last word in American literature, called his book a great performance, he was seriously elate, happy beyond expression. I have often wondered if Mr. Howells knew the deep joy with which his good opinion filled Crane.

His facility used to astonish me. Sitting on my couch, rings of gray smoke circling about him, a pad on his knee, he would turn out a complete story in a half-hour. Sometimes it was a fragment that would be laid by for future use. Several sparkling sketches were invented and written in that atmosphere of melancholy, while I sat at my easel dabbling at a drawing and wondering how a new illustrator could get in his "wedge."

His Feverish Work and Keen Insight

A visit to his rooms one morning discovered him in undress with a wet towel turban-like about his head, feverishly writing He waved me to a seat, and soon handed me the first pages of a story. "Been at it most of the night, and it's nearly finished." It appeared long after in one of the papers. Its characters were taken from the class that furnishes cheap entertainment at the seaside resorts, and it was slight enough as a tale. But what amazed me was the vivid drawing of these people, his picturing of their life and environment, his insight into their motives and habits, months after he could have been in touch with them at all, revealing keenest observation and understanding. One might say that like qualities are the common equipment of the artist, but he had them in an uncommon way

Crane had many loyal friends then, but, unfortunately, they were as poorly situated as himself: young doctors working out their hospital apprenticeship, boyish reporters and artists for obvious reasons unspoiled by prosperity, my cousin, who was none of these but equally at home with all; a half-dozen as ardent souls as ever banded together, widely scattered as to domiciles but easily mobilized for whatever there was afoot, to whom economy was at once a bugbear and a necessity. There were joyous days, and when fortune once sent us oysters and a beefsteak the notable occasion was duly celebrated

It was about that time that he had a story of two men who went bathing on the Jersey coast, and, in toying with a derelict raft, were carried out to sea, picked up by a little coast schooner, and taken to New York He asked me to illustrate it "on spec.," and as I had no other work to do I went through it from title to tailpiece, and never had more fun with anything.

There was no editor hounding me for urgent haste, the author was delighted as things progressed, posed himself for the tall man—he was thin enough!—stuffed a pillow in the clothes of a friend for the fat man (it was funny to see that pillow swelling from beneath a tightly-fitting bathing-suit), and I grimaced in a glass for the bath-ticket seller in his box

When finished, the whole thing was sent to a magazine, which had already printed a sketch of his. Then I went camping up in Ramapo

When I returned, the package had also reappeared, having been "considered" for most of the summer. Crane had reported it accepted, and we were correspondingly happy, but somehow it lost its bearings.

The after fate of our effort was unknown, except that it disappeared in the mazy offices of one of the magazines, and never came to the surface.

Evolving the Red Badge of Courage

In the spring of '93 Crane used to spend hours in my place rummaging through old periodicals, poring over the Civil War articles. I did not then grasp his drift, nor did he explain his interest in them. But he was sounding, trying to fathom the inwardness of war through the impressions on record, as I afterward understood. He did express some impatience with the writers, I remember

"I wonder that some of those fellows don't tell how they *felt* in those scraps. They spout enough of what they *did*, but they're as emotionless as rocks."

He was evolving the Red Badge of Courage

He had, also, several short sketches in hand which he casually called the Baby Stories. I had three of them in camp that summer to study for pictures, but nothing came of them. For lucid analysis of the very young human heart I never saw their like. The winter following was a hard one for Crane. It was not honey for me, exactly, but it was growing kindlier, while for him it presented a face of stone. He was now in the old League building on Twenty-third Street, rooming with several young illustrators and newspaper artists

One morning early, after a blizzardy night, I found him in bed. He looked haggard. He was alone, the others being presumably in pursuit of the art editors.

Pulling a manuscript from mysterious seclusion, he tossed it to me. It was the sketch, The Men in the Storm, suggested by Mr. Garland. He had been all night at it, out in the storm in line with the hungry men, studying them; then inside, writing it

This was the period of his tramp studies, written for a press syndicate. He disappeared from view for days, and was suddenly dug up looking as if he had

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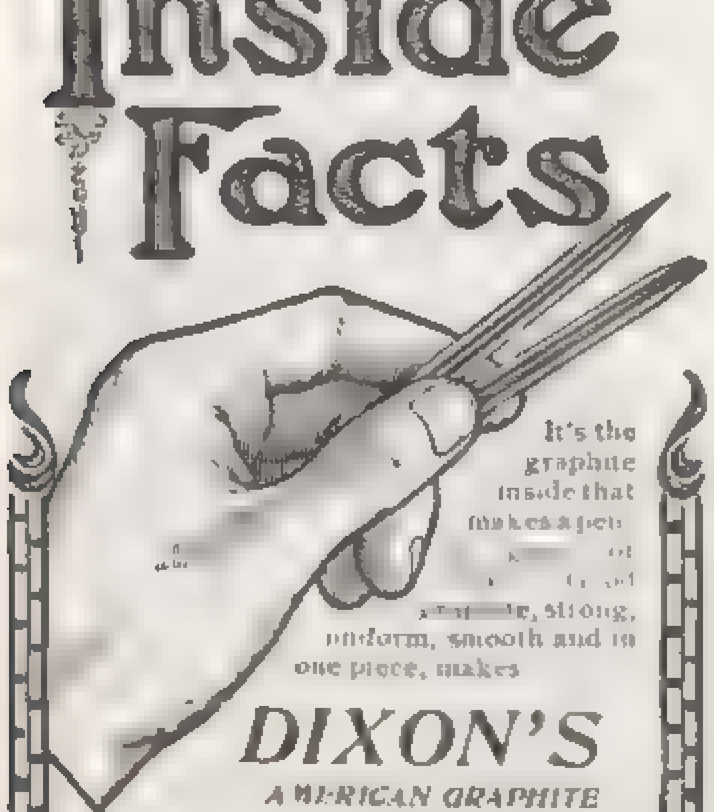

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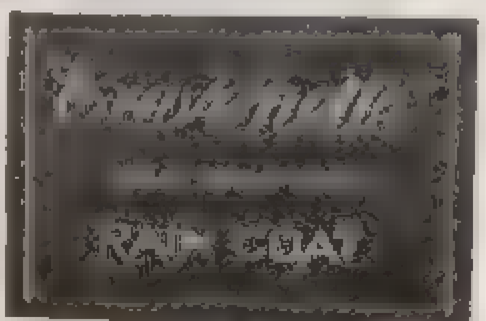
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lived in a grave. All this time he had inhabited the tramp lodging-houses nights, and camped on the down-town park benches days. With grim delight he related how an old acquaintance had passed him a foot away, as he sat with a genuine hobo in front of the City Hall, and how the police had eyed his borrowed rags askance, or indicated with official hand that another bench needed dusting

One evening he came to me, bringing several loose sheets of manuscript

"What do you think I have been doing?"

"I can imagine anything, Steve."

"I've been writing—poetry!"

"Great Scott! let me see

Well as I knew him, I was not prepared for what came. The sheets of legal-cap were handed over, and I read those marvelous short poems. I did not know how good they were. I confessed that they were something new to me, but that they made me see pictures, great pictures.

"Do they, honest?" delightedly.

I added that they moved me profoundly.

"Is that so?" seriously

"Indeed they do, Steve, they're immense! How did you ever think of them?"

"They came."

That seemed to be the way of it, they just "came." And that was my introduction to his new character I have two of those poems now

One, happening to be there, seeing some of them and handing them back with, "I don't know much about poetry," called forth an energetic protest after he left

"I know every one can't like them, but I hate to give a man a chance to hit me in the neck with an ax!"

It was not very long after that that an "Authors' Reading" was given, and my cousin Louis went with me, for some things from The Black Riders (still unpublished) were to be read. Far from reading his own work, at the idea of which he was aghast, Crane could not be induced even to go and hear—"would not be dragged by the neck"—so in dread was he of a misunderstanding of his work. He could stand up to adverse criticism like a catcher behind the bat, or retort to a gibe, giving better than he received—for his wit had a keen edge, and he was a master of repartee—but cold indifference was the "ax in the neck" The war of the newsdealers upon his Maggie was unjust, and he scorned them, but the slight put upon his book by the clergymen to whom he sent it chilled his blood

So he awaited our report in his room. We made it glowing, for the audience was enthusiastic and the "Lines" had been most effectively read by Mr. Barry.

Jeered at by Friendly Companions

As to Crane's environment at that time, his statement of it could hardly have been greatly exaggerated. The fellows with whom he lived used to receive his verses as good material for the comic papers, for they jeered at everything. It is the attitude of youth. Once, as we sat by ourselves amid the confusion of tables laden with all the litter of writing and drawing tools, unwashed coffee-cups, newspaper drawings, tobacco, bread, pipes, while about us were crazy chairs, unkept beds, disorderly trunks and shelves, and room-long reach of quaking stovepipe—everything at war with everything else—he said to me

"Confound their cheek they even parody my verse!" Then he laughed and pointed to a pinned-up squib on the wall, with a caricature of himself above it. It *was* a parody, and clever, so like his style that he might have been its author

"They make me ill—but they don't mean it, and I get my innings! They're a husky lot"

There were at least five of them, all on the war-path. More than once I was one of the roomful of "Indians" whose vision of things was distorted in the dim haze of smoke.

Something of this life of his is reflected in Third Violet

We knew all the Cheap-John restaurants together. There was one to which many congenial spirits flitted on Saturday nights; where absolute liberty of emotion was allowed, where a tableful could break out into song and wild gayety without annoying any one particularly, where there was much confusion of tongues, where bad wine took the place of "draw one," and where the waiters conjured the knives, forks and spoons from the depths of cavernous breeches' pockets and wiped them on their sleeves! There could be no etiquette in a place like that, except that of good humor. We Americanized its French name into the Buffalo Mode, and once each week we carried our troubles to its murky atmosphere and joyous company The life of our table—always the middle one of the room—was Crane, and the cheeriest sallies were from his lips

I had almost forgotten the "towel painting." During that camping summer in the Ramapo backwoods, I had my only two yards of painting canvas slung on a line over my hammock like a roof, to shed the rain, and the next best thing was to make more. The only form of linen up there was in the shape of coarse towels, which I used singly, or sewed together, painting over a coating of glue. They did very well until one of them got rained on, when my hardly secured [illegible] flaked off in great spots. But my picture of that year ('94) in the Society was painted on one of those towels!

That summer we were sent to do the mines at Scranton. It was Crane's first assignment from one of the magazines, but he had not enough money to pay his fare from New York. Luckily, I had enough just then to see us through, and we undertook it joyfully. We were expecting after that to do the sea-divers, going down in diving rigs—but it did not happen.

After this, I saw less and less of him, for in '95 he made an extended tour through the West for a press syndicate, going into Mexico, and not returning for some months. A note or two only, from the West and New Orleans, were the only signs I had of his existence.

His Vivid Brilliancy in Talking

But he grew rich in material on this trip He suddenly appeared one evening, and held me breathless and intent with tales of adventure. One of them I saw afterward in print, but his vivid telling was so much more effective than even his strenuous pen-picture, that the written story seemed to lose color as I contrasted the two in my memory. That his luminous phrasing was not a trick was never more evident than then. It was simply Crane.

His speech was free from the danger that his writing ran, of weakening with repetition. Each scintillation eclipsed the last, but left a complete impression of delight.

He brought back a half-dozen opals, some with the lambent flame of the sunset in their fiery depths. He freely gave me the choice of the lot. I took a little one that flashed at me with the gleam of a rainbow. Crane laughingly added a fine water opal to it The next morning he said:

"It's a good thing you came in for a deal yesterday, for the newspaper Indians gave me a dinner last night, and they got my pretty pebbles!"

I frankly regretted that I had made no better use of my opportunity!

And now—'96—our meetings grew less frequent. He spent much time away from New York, and I also was absent some months abroad. Finally he sent for a box of manuscript that had been some time in my care, and soon after unexpectedly showed himself at my door, just before his departure for Athens and the Græco-Turkish war. He was full of his prospective trip. It was a new phase of life, actual war, and the excitement of it was upon him. It was late when we parted, and it was my final "good-by" Almost his last words were references to his almost native Sullivan County (New York) which was also my own, provoked by some inane remarks of men at a nearby table at dinner

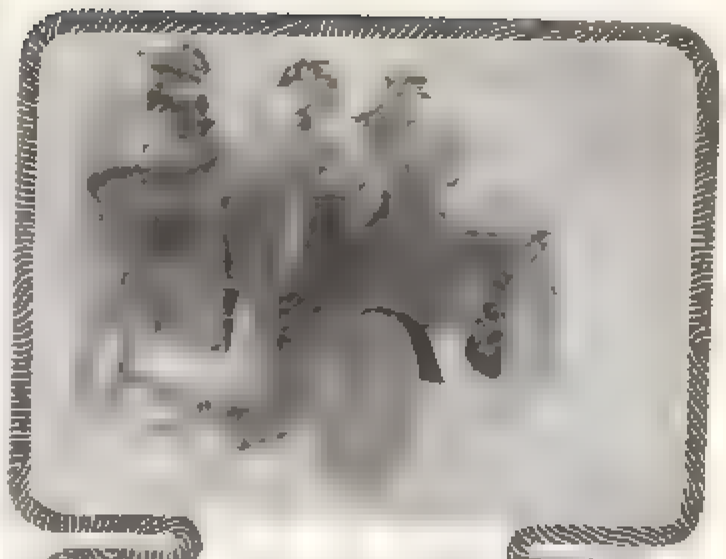
"If they only knew it as we do, eh," he said laconically, "they couldn't make such brilliant asses of themselves before old inhabitants"

After that, only occasional reports came, of his living in England, of his presence in Cuba. From a brother with the army at Santiago, I heard of him

"I met your friend Crane at Santiago. He's going to Manila, he says. He's a hustler, isn't he?"

And then a long blank, until, living in Paris, I heard of his illness in England, and before I could realize his condition the news of his death came.

It is inevitable that there must exist a nipping regret at the cutting off of a brilliant individuality in its early development. His was a cometlike career. And undeniably erratic and irresponsible in much as he was, he was lovable to a degree, daring and chivalrous, generous as the air, compelling a genuinely warm affection from those who best knew him; and for his genius I sometimes felt not a little awe, as for a power mysterious and unaccountable.



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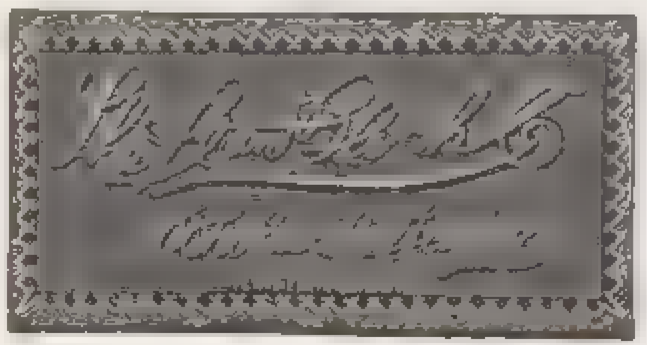

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The Speaker's Prompter

By
Linsley F. TerBush

An Inconspicuous Official Who Passes on All Questions of Parliamentary Procedure, and Really Directs the Conduct of the Business of the Nation.

THERE frequently appears in the printed reports of the proceedings of Congress the statement that "the Speaker ruled" this or that way on the parliamentary point under discussion. In order to be strictly correct these reports should read, "Mr. Hinds ruled," for very few of the parliamentary questions which rise in the course of debate in the National House of Representatives are decided by the Speaker. Asher C. Hinds settles the parliamentary point at issue and the Speaker merely repeats, parrotlike, what he has been prompted to say by the parliamentary authority of the House. Nine times out of ten, yes, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, the Speaker doesn't even try to improve upon the language used by Mr. Hinds, but with phonographic accuracy repeats to the House in a loud voice what Mr. Hinds has said to him [illegible].

Mr. Hinds appears in the Congressional Directory as the clerk at the Speaker's table. In truth he is the parliamentary helmsman of the House of Representatives, and the presiding officer of the House would no more think of taking up the consideration of a bill upon which there is liable to be debate without Mr. Hinds standing at the side of his desk than would the captain of a vessel attempt to enter a dangerous harbor without first taking aboard an experienced pilot. Hinds is asserted to be the foremost parliamentarian in this country, if not in the entire world. Not only is he familiar with the rules and usages of our domestic deliberative bodies but he has an intimate acquaintance with those of the leading foreign nations, and when a point comes up for which there has been no precedent in the National Congress he generally is able to find some ground upon which to base his action out of the parliamentary history of the foreign governments.

Mr. Hinds is not on exhibition as one of the wonders of Congress, and, although he directs the Speaker, he never puts himself within the circle of the limelight which is constantly kept upon the presiding officer of the House. In fact, he stands just outside of its glare where the shadow is thickest. At the rap of the Speaker's gavel that calls the House to order at noon every legislative day during a session of Congress, Mr. Hinds quietly takes his place at the right of the Speaker's desk. There he stands throughout the proceedings, keeping an alert watch on every movement made on the floor. Usually before the Speaker has grasped the meaning of a motion or a point of order, Hinds has comprehended it, decided the procedure to be followed and told the Speaker what to do. He makes no show with all this. To the uninitiated it would appear that he is merely a member of the House, or an employee who for the time has nothing to do and is amusing himself by watching the debate. It takes a close scrutiny to catch him prompting the Speaker because he scarcely moves his lips in enunciating in his low, distinct voice what the Speaker shall say.

A Friend and Pupil of Tom Reed

Asher C. Hinds is a product of the same State which gave Thomas B. Reed, another famous parliamentarian, to Congress. In fact, it was Mr. Reed who was responsible for Hinds being there at present. In 1890 Mr. Reed brought him to Washington as his clerk. Mr. Hinds served with Mr. Reed's committee during the Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and in the Fifty-fourth Congress was made clerk at the Speaker's desk. Mr. Reed, while Speaker, was very particular about the parliamentary proceedings of the House. It is said that there was not one Representative in the entire membership who could handle the gavel to his liking when he desired to leave the chair. Consequently it was a great relief to him to have at his right elbow the only man in

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Washington in whose parliamentary ability Mr. Reed had absolute confidence. Members who were called upon by the Speaker to preside over the House in his absence or over the committee of the whole House were instructed to accept Mr. Hinds' rulings on all parliamentary matters without question. The convenience of having a Speaker's prompter who was almost unerring was soon recognized by the leaders in Congress, and after Mr. Reed's resignation Mr. Henderson retained Mr Hinds in his important position and Mr. Cannon has already said that he will do likewise in the coming Congress over which he expects to preside.

Mr. Hinds is a natural parliamentarian. Just as some people have a knack for dealing with mathematics so he delights in parliamentary problems. It is as much pleasure for Mr. Hinds to unravel a complicated parliamentary situation as it is for the ordinary man to follow the plot of an interesting novel. He was born in the little town of Benton, Maine, February 6, 1863, and his first experience with a parliamentary body was twenty-one years later when he was sent to Augusta to report the proceedings of the Maine Legislature as a newspaper correspondent. He soon found that parliamentary situations that stumped the members of the Legislature were simple problems to him, so he began, at first for amusement, to devote his leisure time to following out whatever parliamentary tangles came up to their logical conclusions. Afterward he took up the subject seriously and all of his spare time was devoted to the study of parliamentary law and parliamentary history. Before he had finished his third, and last, session as a legislative correspondent he had acquired an enviable reputation as an authority on parliamentary law. Mr Reed was a specialist on the same question and one day he engaged in a controversy with a friend over a parliamentary point. The friend finally suggested that the decision be left to young Hinds

"Who's Hinds?" asked the man upon whom afterward devolved the duty of counting a quorum in the House of Representatives

"He's a newspaper man who has made himself the best parliamentarian in Maine," rejoined the friend

Mr. Reed sought out Hinds and soon after their meeting offered to take him to Washington as his clerk. Before their friendship ended Hinds had pursued his studies of parliamentary law so far that Mr. Reed frequently and frankly admitted himself to be outclassed by his clerk.

The True Importance of the Position

Mr. Hinds had been at his post at the Speaker's desk for nearly four years before the House became duly impressed with the importance of his position It was just before the war with Spain was declared that this came about. Speaker Reed's aversion to the mere mention of the possibility of war was well known to the members. Many of his own party were ruffled by his obstinacy and only waited the time to join with the Democrats and, figuratively speaking, toss their presiding officer in a blanket. One day there was a hot debate. Senator Bailey, of Texas, who was then the Democratic leader on the floor, had engaged the House in a parliamentary puzzle which became more and more involved as the debate proceeded. The time seemed auspicious for the tossing to begin. Speaker Reed unexpectedly made a ruling which, if maintained, would put a stop to the disorder. It was questioned by Republicans and Democrats alike, but he cited precedents in such profusion that the House was forced to accept his ruling as good parliamentary law. Later it was discovered that Hinds had led the Speaker out of the darkness and that by his thorough system of indexing his store of precedents he had been able to supply Mr. Reed, at a moment's notice, with the authority for his seemingly arbitrary action. Congress immediately became possessed of a desire to have Mr Hinds' precedents at its disposal, and a bill was passed appropriating $3500 as remuneration to Hinds for preparing them for publication. It was a short task for one so familiar with his subject and the same year Hinds' Precedents were placed on the desk of every Congressman. They are seldom used in debate, however, for the book treats the subject so completely that it would take the average Representative a lifetime to become sufficiently familiar with them to make use of them in the haste of debate. Consequently most of the members rely upon Mr. Hinds for their parliamentary pointers, and in this way he has become not only the Speaker's

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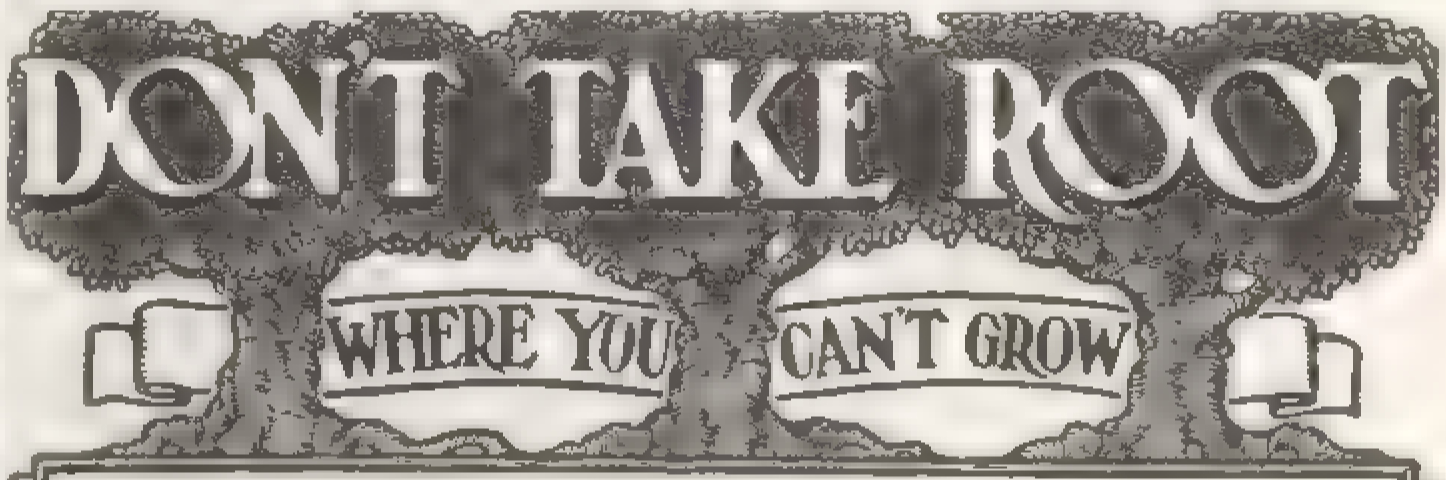

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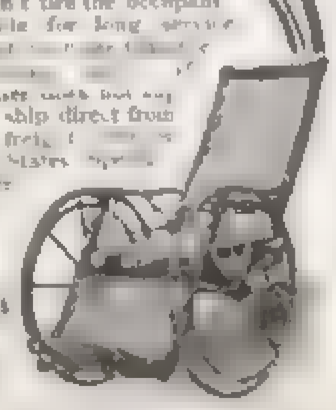

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prompter but the prompter of every member who takes part in debate

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, does not pretend to be a skilled parliamentarian. His is a mind which has an aptitude for figures rather than points of order, but Mr. Hinds is in good health, and as the House has just raised his salary is content to remain in his present position, so Mr. Cannon has no misgivings regarding his ability to successfully preside during debate. The increase in salary which Mr Hinds received this session was most deserved He formerly received $2200 and the recent raise granted him raises it to $3600. In addition, he is paid $1000 a year for preparing the digest and the manual of the House of Representatives. so that he earns $4600 a year, nearly the salary paid to a member of Congress

During the last years of the late Thomas B. Reed as Speaker the Maine statesman dearly loved to engage in a parliamentary dispute with his prompter. Mr. Reed would frequently go out of his way to question a ruling made by Mr. Hinds, and debate would be delayed while the two argued the point

According to the House employees whose duties keep them close to the Speaker's desk, where they could listen to these arguments, the controversy generally ended by Mr. Reed accepting Mr. Hinds' position and in so ruling to the House

* * *

In Lazy Man's Land

WHILE soil physicists sent out from Washington are studying the great possibilities of the hemp industry in the Philippines, an official in the office of the Supervisor of the Province of Albay has written to Professor F. Lamson-Scribner, at Manila, Chief of the Insular Bureau of Agriculture, calling his attention to an alleged agricultural phenomenon of a remarkable character.

When a plunger of Anislag wood is used to make holes for the planting of hemp, the quality produced is softer and of far more durable fibre than that obtained from plants grown in holes made by other instruments, particularly of iron

"It may be thought," added the official correspondent, "that this is nothing but an incredible superstition, but the most successful planters in the Philippines certify to its correctness."

This curious statement bears the indorsement of Ladislems Szily, Supervisor of the Province of Albay, and of a number of old hemp buyers and planters of the islands

The American soil experts in the Philippines are accepting nothing for granted, but are subjecting every detail of the hemp industry to scientific tests. Whatever virtues inhere in Anislag wood as a hole digger for hemp plants remain to be determined. In the mean time the soil physicists hold out encouragement to Americans to start hemp farms in the Philippines. Although over 111,000,000 kilos of hemp were exported during the last fiscal year, the value of which to Manila shippers was $14,453,110, the industry has only begun. At present the crudest methods are employed in cultivating the plant, and, through the primitive methods of harvesting, Government experts say, more than twenty-five per cent. of hemp is wasted.

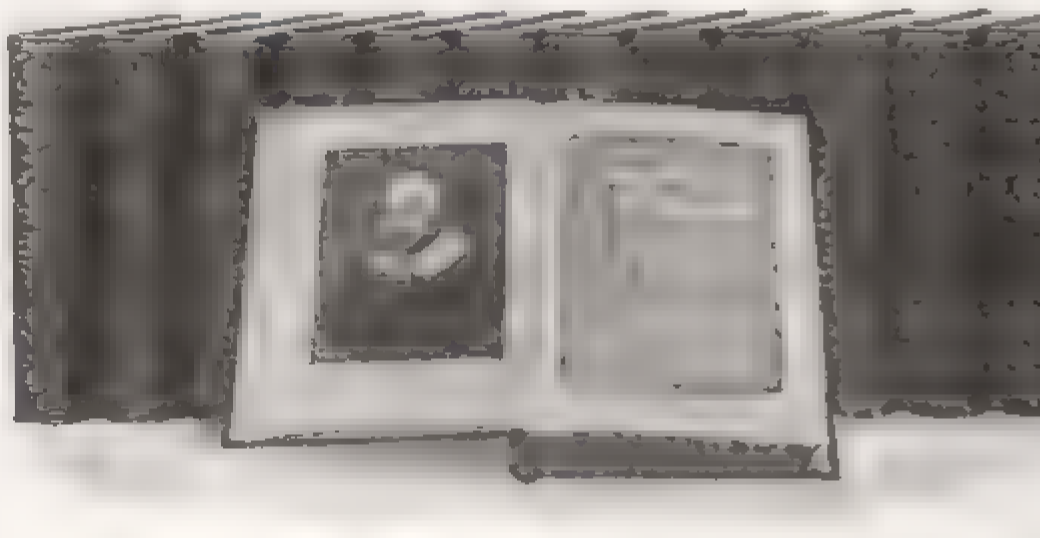
Notwithstanding that the sale of hemp constitutes the greatest source of wealth in many parts of the Archipelago, large tracts of hemp farms, particularly in Sorsogon and other provinces of Luzon, are left unharvested and, are fast reverting into jungles. Other sections where wild hemp grows could be readily converted into prosperous hemp farms, and in fact, vast areas not now under cultivation would afford fruitful fields for hemp culture.

Manila hemp, or abacá, as it is called almost exclusively in the Philippine trade, is not identical with the hemp grown in America and other parts of the world. The botanical name of the Manila hemp plant is *musa textilis* It is a species of the banana family. It thrives best on Philippine mountains near the seacoast. Many Philippine hemp farmers do not find it necessary to cultivate the ground. Plows, hoes and spades are not needed. A man starting a hemp farm merely clears away the underbrush and the largest trees, the rest being left for shade.

Three years from the date of planting the quantity of hemp harvested is only a question of how many natives the planters can secure to cut the plants and extract the fibre

50 Sets of the Best Shakespeare
For Saturday Evening Post Readers

Our Half-Price Club edition of the International Shakespeare is almost exhausted, owing to the large number of orders received from readers of Shakespeare who want the best and most satisfactory edition. SATURDAY EVENING POST readers have shown such an interest in the edition since the beginning of the sale that we have reserved fifty sets, which will be held and sold only to those who send us the coupon printed in this advertisement. This means that, if you are prompt, you can secure a set at less than half price and on easy terms of payment, but if you delay sending your order, the edition will be exhausted and we cannot supply you with a set except at the full retail prices. This edition is unique in the fullness and accuracy of its notes and explanatory matter. It represents more than two years' work on the part of a trained editorial corps, and it is destined to remain the best and most accurate edition.


Sets in 13 Illustrated Volumes—7,000 Pages—Size, 8 x 5½ inches

The International Edition

What This Edition Is

The International Edition is founded on the famous Cambridge text, which has been for forty years the standard text of Shakespeare. To this text have been added Prefaces; Critical Comments taken from the works of [illegible] Shakespearian scholars, Glossaries d[illegible] every difficult word; and Explanatory and Critical Notes. There are over 200 illustrations, many of them being full-page chromatic pages printed in ten to twelve colors. Included with the set is a complete Life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical [illegible] Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen [illegible] and Thomas Spencer Baynes. Shakespeare's works—everything he wrote—are given complete, including the Sonnets and Poems. The volumes are 8x5½ inches in size, and are elegantly bound in cloth or half-leather, stamped in gold

Why You Should Own It

No library, however large it may be, is complete **without** Shakespeare, though a library is sometimes complete **with** Shakespeare alone, for in his plays can be found all the great elemental truths that have moved the world and all the basic ideas that underlie civilization. Through his pages move two hundred and forty-six characters—embodying every form that virtue or vice, nobility or meanness, education or ignorance, can assume. He is the **most interesting story-teller** the human race has ever produced—and the greatest philosopher of all ages as well. His plays form a part of every scheme of liberal education. You are going to buy a good set of Shakespeare [illegible] Why [illegible] you can get it at half price and on easy terms of payment?

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We are so confident that this edition will please the most exacting buyer, that we are willing to send complete sets for examination. **But prompt action is necessary** if you wish to obtain one of the remaining sets reserved for readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. At the present prices a set of this edition is a rare book bargain. The prices **are $22.00 for a set in half-leather and $18.00 for a set in cloth**—about one half the regular subscription prices. You may pay in [illegible] payments of

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FREE **Each subscriber for this edition will receive, free, a complete Index of Shakespeare's works** by [illegible] student can readily find any passage in any of the Plays or [illegible] Concordance of Shakespeare can be bought for less than $6.00, and this volume is worth more to the [illegible] reader than a Concordance. None of the [illegible] advertised editions contains a Topical Index.

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue, New York

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The
University
Society
78 Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me on approval [illegible] a set of the New International Shakespeare in half-leather, with [illegible] of Study. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1 within 5 days and $1 per month thereafter for 21 months. [illegible] I agree to return the set within 5 days

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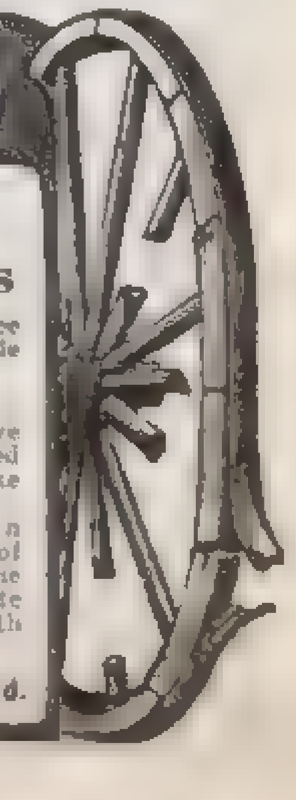
Street
City

In ordering cloth, change 21 months to 17 months

S. E. P. [illegible]

Old Buggies Made New



By Using a Set of Our New
Wheels With Rubber Tires

which we furnish painted any color desired and which we guarantee to fit your buggy or carriage perfectly; ready to put on the vehicle

Without Work or Without Expense

after you receive them. By following the instructions, which we will send you **FREE**, you can paint the vehicle any color desired without the services of a professional carriage painter and make [illegible] Buggy as good as new

[illegible] est wheel manufacturers in the world. We own the largest [illegible] forests in existence, and our wheels are made of the best quality, thoroughly seasoned hickory. We warrant the [illegible] and the spokes not to get loose in the hub. Write f[illegible] proposition and give the name of your blacksmith [illegible]

MUNCIE WHEEL & JOBBING CO., 105 Ohio Ave., Muncie, Ind.

Men Who Do Things

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."

This thought in an editorial of The Saturday Evening Post of February 28 is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice.

HERE is a true story that will interest every ambitious man and woman.

A man of thirty-two (we'll call him John Smith for the present) had lived all his life in a New England city without making any special stir in the community. He had been an office man, and a good one, too. But he had about reached the limit of that profession when he began to draw a salary of $18 a week. He might have been drawing that salary yet, but he was always looking for something better, and a couple of years ago he made a contract with a carriage company and began to sell carriages. He made more money than he had ever made before. But of course he wasn't satisfied. He could only see a limited number of people and consequently his business was limited.

He sold lots of carriages but he felt that if he could only talk to more people he could do more business and earn more money.

How was he to manage it? Why couldn't he state his case on paper and reach thousands of people instead of scores?

But that would be advertising; and he did not know anything about advertising.

One day he read the following advertisement:

> LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS
>
> IF YOU, TOO, WILL ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT [illegible] prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement-writing by mail thoroughly, practically, successfully. You will then know why successful business men throughout the country say "I want a Page-Davis man." You will know why our graduates are earning $25 to $100 per week. You will know why you should entrust your advertising education in the hands of the oldest, largest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instructions through the recommendations of friends who have previously taken the course. Write for our 64 page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE."

He wrote to the institution asking for particulars.

When the literature came he examined it. He arranged to begin the study by mail. Every lesson he applied to his own business.

He soon saw that he was taught how to put his arguments on paper so that other people would understand them as he did. That was what he was looking for. Now he could reach out into a broader field. He became enthusiastic.

He had sold a carriage to a New York business man who lived in his own town. The man was a heavy advertiser. One day Smith went down to the depot to take the train for New York. The business man was there, too. Smith managed to get in the same seat with him. Pretty soon the business man began to make up an advertisement. Smith became interested. The business man said he had to make up his own advertisements because he had no one in his concern who knew how.

"That is just my business," said Smith; "why don't you let me do it?" The business man was skeptical. Smith was persistent. Before they left the train Smith had some of the literature relating to the man's business and the leading facts to be presented in the next advertisement. Smith also had the business man's promise that if he ran the advertisement Smith was to write he would pay him $15.00 for it.

That night was a busy one for Smith. He studied the literature and the field to be reached by the man's business. The next day he mailed the advertisement which he had prepared. The next Sunday it appeared in the New York papers.

A day or two later the two again met at the depot. Without a word the business man drew two ten dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to Smith. He told him to keep it all; "The advertisement was worth it."

Then he wanted to hire Smith to write his advertisements.

What salary would he take?

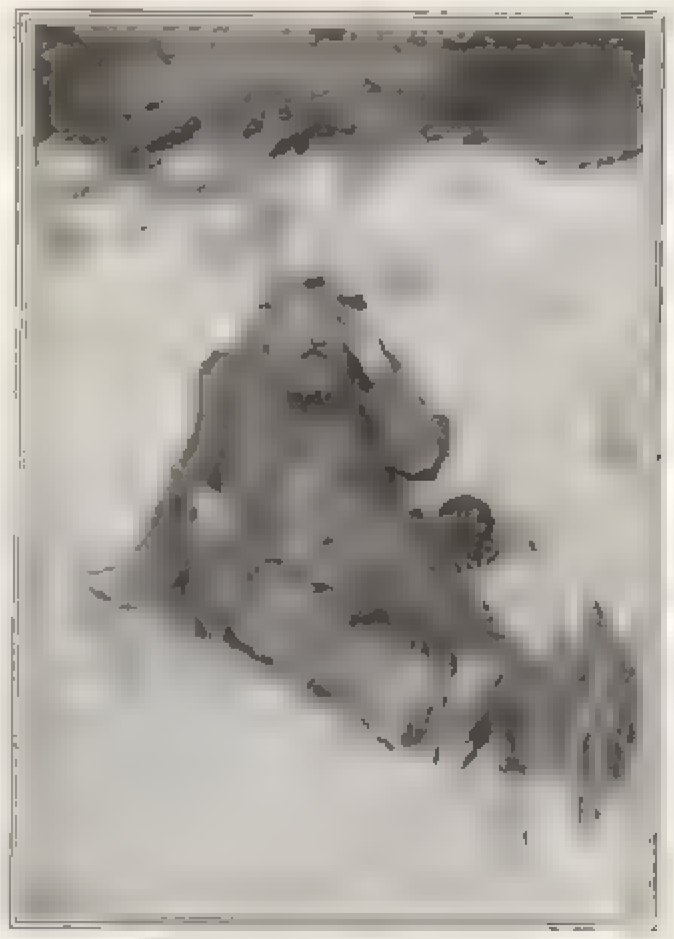
Fifty dollars a week.

All the way into the city they talked the matter over. Finally, it was arranged that Smith should take charge of writing his advertisements. He was to receive $50.00 a week. That was two years ago. Smith was soon advanced to the management of the New York office.

Smith's real name is Frank R. Fuller, manager for L. E. Pike & Co., of New York City, one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the world.

NOTE.—If the readers of The Saturday Evening Post write to the original school of advertising, PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 418 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive, free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

The Moving Wheels of Pulverhook



PERMANENTLY SETTLED

By Hayden Carruth

IT WAS one day reported about town that Mr. Milo Bush was ill. For two days he had not appeared at his accustomed haunts. Arriving at his domicile I was relieved by being met at the door by the worthy citizen himself, though the next moment I regretted to hear that he had been kept at home by sickness in the family. But even this new cause of concern was speedily mitigated, to a certain extent, by the further information that the member of his family who was indisposed was a pointer pup. I would then have taken my departure, but Mr. Bush refused to listen to the idea and dragged me in. I understood his object but too well. Without preface or apology he launched upon the following narrative:

There was old Pulverhook. *Colonel* Pulverhook we used to call him, 'cause he come from North Carolina, or thereabouts. *Said* he did, anyhow. Reckon he did, prob'bly. Too lazy to lie, old Pulverhook was. Remember the day well that he struck town. Walked over from the depot carrying a carpet sack big's a blacksmith's bellows.

"Reckon the strange party sleeps in his carpet-bag nights," says Abner Blackmark, a-sizing him up. "It's all right, I s'pose, if he likes it, but give me a snug *single* room."

Well, he come into the Headquarters House and sot his carpet-sack down in one corner and backed up to the stove and sort o' went to sleep standing up. Then pretty soon he dragged open one eye by main strength, h'isted his chin a little and says he: "The wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard, though deeply embedded in the yielding sands of conservertism"—just like that he says.

"Old man," says Abner, in a kind voice, "put the kyar in your grip and carry it acrost."

"Sah?" says the old party.

"Pry the kyar up with a rail and put snowshoes on the wheels," says Abner in a gentle tone; "don't take on so—you're amongst friends."

The old man settled down in our midst and made himself right to home. Lived here three years and never done a stroke of work. Used to mainly set on a dry-goods box in front of Shanks's and drum his heels on the side with a holler sound, and think and drawr pictures of flying machines and perpetual-motion dinguses on a shingle.

And all the time the old gent was living on tick, reg'lar. "Charge it!" was his word at all the stores.

And the storekeepers done it, though mostly they charged it to one of us good sure-pay customers. Bymeby we seen that his game was played out. We talked it over and decided that he was too expensive a luxury. So that evening we dropped round to where he was living, and says Jap Bingerford:

"Colonel Pulverhook, as Chairman of the Committee on Local Incumbrances, it is my onfortunate dooty to inform you that it is the

Dr. A. Reed's Cushion Shoe

The Easiest Shoe on Earth—Like Walking on Velvet

ABSOLUTE comfort for the feet, freedom from sore, aching, tired, perspiring feet and corns and bunions. Up-to-date and stylish as well as comfortable—a combination "devoutly to be wished." Sold in every large city, either at exclusive Dr. A. Reed shoe stores or at best shoe dealers. Illustrated catalogue sent free showing 50 correct styles of men's and women's shoes, also cross section of the sole showing materials and construction.

The well known leathers and materials of the following manufacturers are used in the construction of these shoes—the best obtainable:

"Rock Oak" Sole
Joteen and Nona Mat Calf—Carl E. Schmidt & Co.
Chrome Glazed Kid—McNeely & Co.
Winnebago Calf and Manitou Calf—Fred Rueping Leather Co.
Insole and Welting—Eagle Tanning Works
J. G. Phinney Counter Co.
Imperial Horse Hide Enamel—D. Wallerstein
"Cornelius Heyl" Patent Leather
"Corticelli" Silk
"Wear Proof" Lining

Some of the exclusive Dr. A. Reed cushion shoe stores:

DR. REED CUSHION SHOE CO
52 East Adams Street
61 State St., Masonic Temple, Chicago
G. H. BOEHMER SHOE CO., St. Louis, Mo.
WILSON & DAVIES
50 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
ARTHUR G. HOLLAND & CO.
79 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
JOHN MERZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CHISHOLM'S BOOT SHOP
Opposite City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio
DR. REED CUSHION SHOE CO
4 North 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
EBEN S. BAIRD & CO
173 North High St., Columbus, Ohio
W. H. GAY
417 & 419 Chamber of Commerce Bldg
Rochester, N. Y.

[illegible] fits the curves

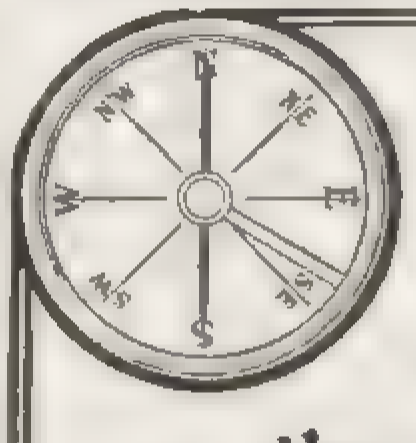
Cross section of sole and cushion. (Patented.)

Mail Orders Filled by Nearest Dealer

SEE ABOVE LIST

Can furnish testimonials from thousands of best people in the country noted in illustrated catalogue. Cross section and catalogue furnished by dealers mentioned or makers of the shoes.

J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., Makers of Men's Dr. A. Reed's Cushion Shoes, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN EBBERTS, Maker of Women's Dr. A. Reed's Cushion Shoes, Buffalo, N. Y.



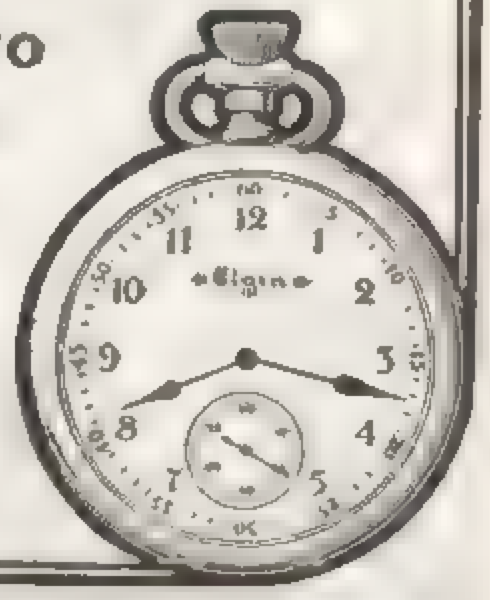
"True as the needle to the pole"

is the hand to the minute on an

ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.



The man that carefully explains things to his pupils in a personal letter with each lesson.

You Can't Fail

If There's Any "Go" in You

In a rut? Then get out of it. Learn advertising [illegible] It pays well; competent men and women are in de[illegible] has been successfully taught by mail for the past two years. The gr[illegible] a single exception, endorse it. They're all quite willing to do this, because they're all in good positions, obtained [illegible]

They Know the Business

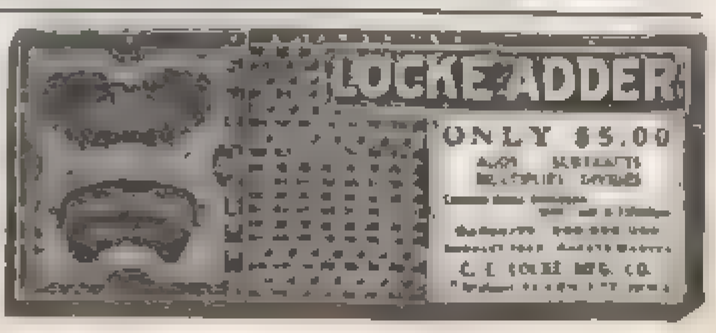
This course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and corrected by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by him. He has no assistants. Consequently, but two hundred pupils can be taught at one time. Only [illegible] ask questions about whatever features of the work are not clearly understood [illegible] wanted in this course [illegible] interested? Write at [illegible]

ELMER HELMS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

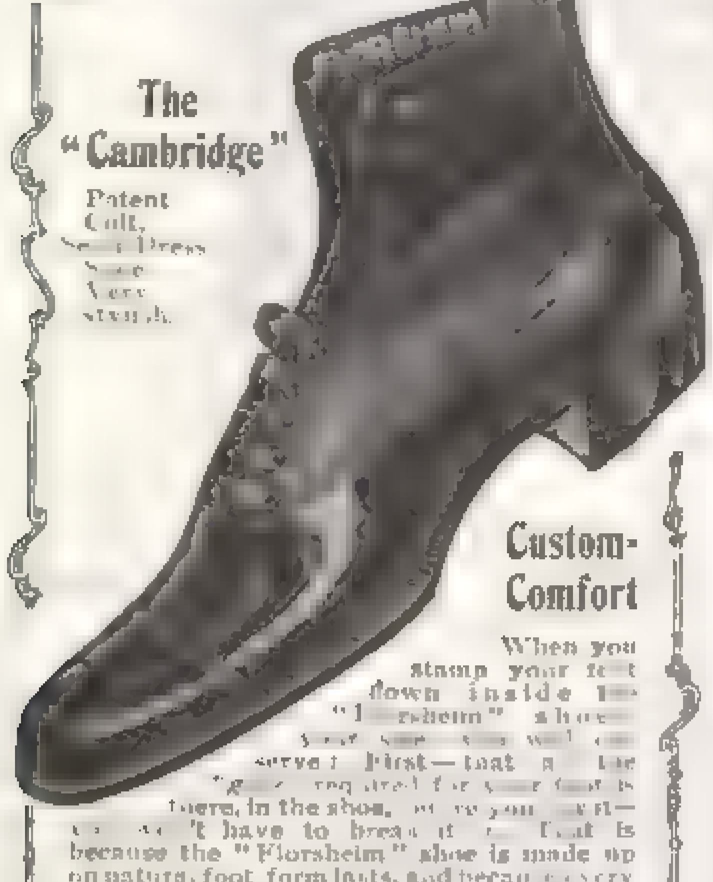
Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker

PATENT SECURED or Fees returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent [illegible] SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL. Largest Nursery. Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.



The Florsheim SHOE



The "Cambridge"
Patent Colt, Semi-Dress Shoe. Very stylish.

Custom-Comfort

When you stamp your foot down inside the "Florsheim" shoe your [illegible] will [illegible] serve! First—that [illegible] "give" required for your foot is there, in the shoe, [illegible] you [illegible] don't have to break it in. That is because the "Florsheim" shoe is made up on nature, foot form lasts, and because every "Florsheim" shoe allows for [illegible] foot anatomy.

$5.00 is not too much for the best shoe made.

Most styles sell for $5.00. The name "Florsheim" woven in the strap.

[illegible]

1903 Booklet Free
"The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting"

Florsheim & Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Men of luxurious and refined tastes are satisfied with nothing less than Williams' Shaving Stick. Its creamy, healing lather, convenience of form, and attractive style, make it simply perfect.

Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists

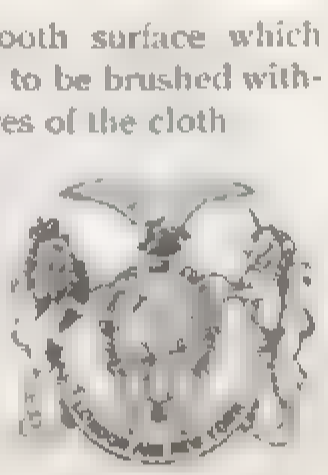
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

A New Idea in Cloth Brushes

Most Cloth Brushes are made with flag ends of bristles, very soft and flimsy, which have to be trimmed off flat with a machine cutter.

The result is a smooth surface which slides over the material to be brushed without penetrating the fibres of the cloth.

Our brushes are made with penetrating knots of bristle, stiff enough to clean dirt and dust from the deepest pile fabric.



Try it and see how it takes hold.

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, W. C., London, England
509 Kent Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

sense of this yer community that you go out from us."

"Alars, I am not going to be oscarcized am I?" says the old man.

"Fur from anything so crool," says Jap; "you must simply get out—that's all."

"But how?" goes on the old man.

"We have made it our pleasant priv'lege to provide the ve-hick-el," says Jap. "A oak rail, Colonel. Fetch on the rail, boys!"

"Alars, this is too much!" says the Colonel. "I thought to leave your hospiterable city in a flying machine for which I have drawred plans, and not on a rail relic of them dark ages. But the wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard though deeply embedded in the yielding sands of conservertism!"

Then we started acrost the prehayrie with him, we a-singing the pop'lar songs of the day. When we got out about two miles we sot him down and prepared to take our leave. The exercises were short and simple as befitted the occasion. We then returned to town. Some said he would be back the next morning, but he wasn't.

"He has took the hint," says Jap. "He seen there was a sentiment in this town ag'in him, and he moved on. Clumb on to the kyar of scientific progress, mebby. How glad I am that we did not oscarcize him! Gentle measures are always best."

But that afternoon a settler come into town and said the old boy was still out on the prehayrie, drawing plans for some sort of contraption on the ground with a splinter off the rail.

"This won't never do," says Jap. "The open prehayrie with no protection ag'in the elerments except a rail is no place for a party of his age. We must not be crool. Let us go out and see what his plans for the future are." So after supper we took some grub in a noospaper and went out.

"Colonel," says Jap, "do you consider yourself permernently settled here on this knoll?" The old man sot up and says he:

"I am a martyr to scientific progress. I am ahead of my age. It is the old story. Do you know wot they done to Goliar when he invented the telescope and showed that the world buzzes round on its poles? Rid him on a rail out on to the prehayrie even as you done me."

"I recollect now reading 'bout it at the time in the noospapers," says Jap.

"And Goliar sot there even as I have sot here," says the old man. "History repeats herself. But the wheels of the kyar——"

"Yes, yes," says Jap, "we know about them wheels." Then we talked it over and concluded to leave him another night. We kept going out every evening, but he still hung on. On the third evening we found him more cheerful. He hopped up chipper as a spring lamb and says he: "Eurekar! Eurekar! I have solved it at last. I have found the missing link in my great invention. The Pulverhook Self-Sustaining Motor can now be perfected. The wheels of the kyar——"

"They move steadily on'ard," says Jap. "Let 'em move! Tell us about this yer motor." Then the old man talked without taking breath for twenty minutes, and we knowed less when he got through than when he begun. "But how am I to live?" he said in winding up. "I will tell you, gentlemen. I will issue stock in a motor company and for every dollar I receive in supplies or money I will give ten dollars in stock. It will take me six months to finish my model. In another six months my motor will be on the market and steam engines will rust in their tracks. Let me come back to your midst for six months while I finish my model. The wheels of the kyar——"

"Colonel," says Jap, "we'll hitch one of your motors to that kyar and make the yielding sand fly like a tornador. Boys, let's give him another chance." We talked it over and agreed to do so. "Come on," says we.

Then the old man clapped his hand on his back and says he: "Sleeping here on the prehayrie has give me a sort of a crick in my spiral colyum—reckon I'll have to go back as I come out." So we lifted him on to the rail and started back.

"Gents," says Jap, "I s'pose in a year from now you'll see even rails operated by his motor."

Well, the next day the old gent begun to tear around like a house afire. Got his stock printed at the Expositor office and paid for it in stock. Got a soap box of groceries and paid for it in stock, and a ton of coal and paid in stock, and a lot of tools and lumber and iron and paid in stock, and a new soot of clothes and paid in stock, and borrowed fifty dollars and paid in stock, and then went

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE $20

High Class Tailoring

We have conclusively demonstrated that high-class individual tailoring service can be furnished at a saving of nearly fifty per cent. over the usual charge. We will make this natty four-button cutaway sack suit of goods here shown

To Your Measure for $20

Our cutters and designers are artists; our tailors and finishers are retained in our employ year after year simply because they possess the "know how." There is something distinctive about the garments we make. The good dresser is as likely to term it "snap" as anything else, and the fact that we can and do put this **snap** into Royal Tailoring partly explains its popularity.

Dealers everywhere take measures for Royal Tailoring

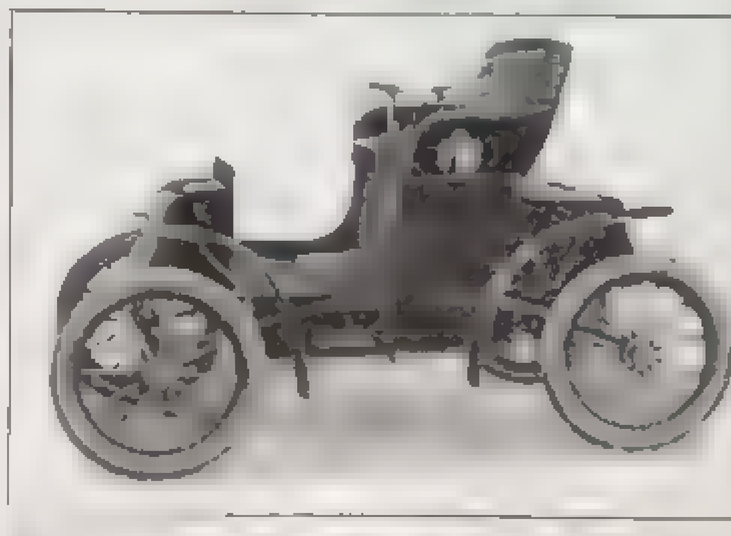
This sack suit is one of the season's favorites, and fabrics here shown are the newest worsted novelties, beautiful alike in texture, weave and coloring.

WRITE FOR THESE SAMPLES—FREE

If we have no dealer in your vicinity write us to-day for these samples, our booklet No. 18, "Royal Good Fun," and [illegible] for self measurement. These samples make $20 suits. If you prefer a $12 to $18 suit—also made to your measure—write for [illegible] assortment No. 1. We guarantee to make you a suit that shall be every way satisfactory to you. We sponge and shrink all goods before cutting, then we carefully shape garments to customer's measure and they hold their shape. Ladies' skirts man-tailored, strictly [illegible] and up. Uniforms to measure for brass bands. Our new catalogue of Uniforms and equipments for officers of the United States army just out. If interested in Liveries write for Style Book No. 80.

THE ROYAL TAILORS
Chicago, U. S. A.

Columbia
Light Electric Runabout
MARK XXXVII



Fastest, handsomest and most convenient Electric Runabout on the market. Three speeds up to 15 miles per hour. Underslung battery and motor, leaving body space entirely free for luggage.

Catalogue illustrating and describing 20 different Columbia models will be sent on request.

Electric Vehicle Company
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Salesroom: 134, 136, 138 West 39th Street
Boston: 43 Columbus Ave. Chicago: 1421 Michigan Ave.

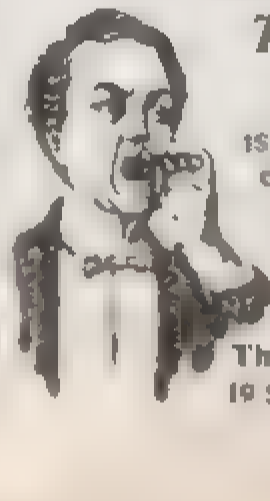
"DO NOT STAMMER
YOU CAN BE CURED."

Dr. Winston, Principal [illegible] Waynesboro, Va., was [illegible] after stammering fifty years. Have [illegible] 80 page book sent free. The [illegible] SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, 1033 and 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. E. S. Johnston, President and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years.

19th Year

STAMPS 100—all different—for the names of two Collectors and 2 cents Postage. [illegible] 40 different U. S. Stamps, 10 cents. [illegible] Revenues, ½ cent to [illegible] We buy stamps. Buying list, 5 cents. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. com. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

DEAFNESS



The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

We have no branch stores, no agents, no connection with concerns trading under similar or nearly similar names

LOFTUS
Custom Tailor
BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"Clothes to be smart MUST be made to order"
"Our clothes MUST FIT—or your money back"

We are doing the biggest custom tailoring business in the country—because we have *conclusively demonstrated*

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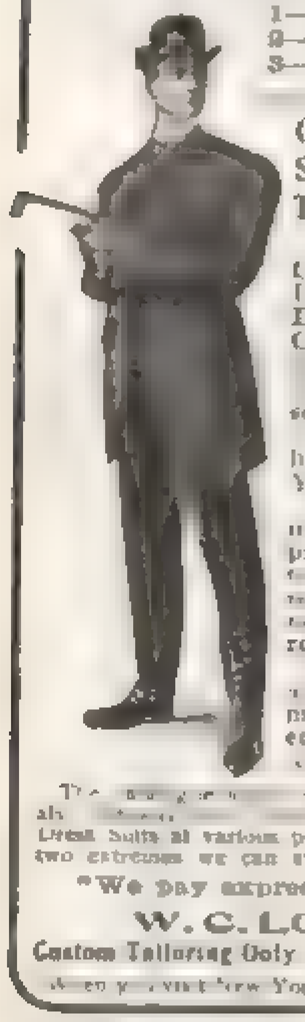

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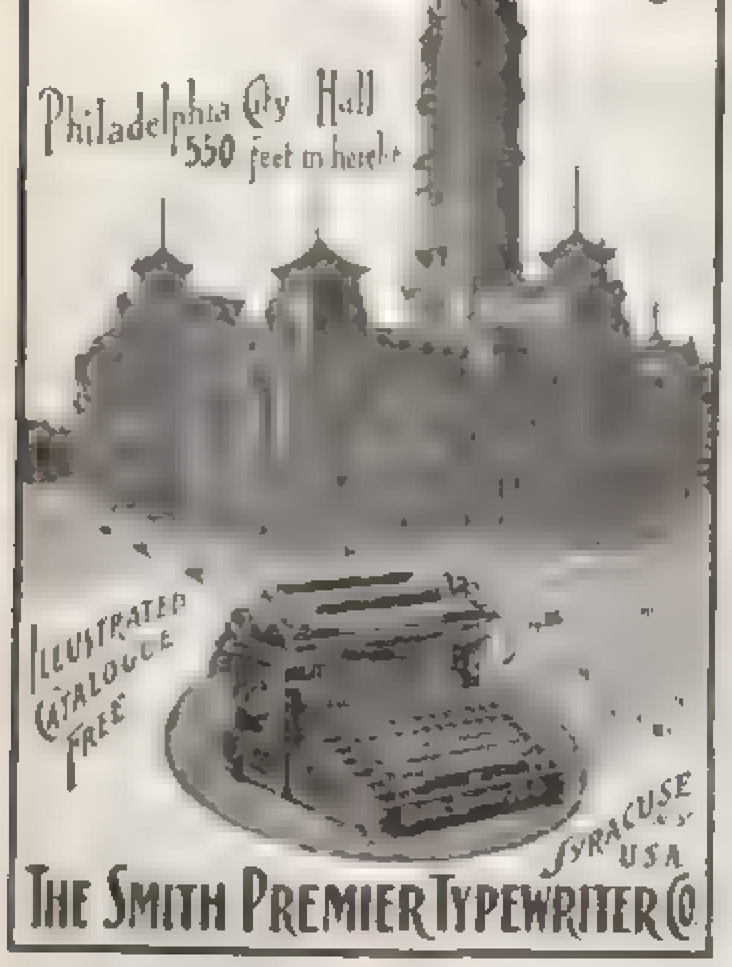

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235 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Enclosed please find $3.00 for which send me OUTING for one year and the OUTING course in Physical Training under the direction of Edwin Checkley, for a like period

back to the printing-office and ordered more stock printed and told the boy to keep out what he jedged was right for the job

Then he went to work, hammer and tongs, to make his motor. You could hear him hammering and bang-whacking and slam-banging away all day and half the night. He'd come tearing out every morning at half past nine, like a setting hen coming off the nest, and go clucking round town on the dead run for 'bout a nour, selling stock, and then he'd go back and begin to lamjam things ag'in. This kept up all winter.

When we asked him to let us see his contraption, "No, no," he would say, "the time is not ripe. My motor is not yet perfected. Soon it will be and then you'ns shall see it. It is sure to succeed. Momentum and equilibr'um are at last going to work together. The Pulverhook Self-Sustaining Motor is about to reverlutionize the world. If you could take one or two more shares of stock it would put me through the week."

Well, it went on and on, him all the time selling us more stock and tearing round like a lunertic, till finally he said his model was done, and he invited everybody over to see it one afternoon. The room was 'bout full of stuff, and in the middle stood the critter, with wheels, and spiral tracks, and levers, and pipes, and dufunnies, and gilderflukes and everything you ever heard tell of.

"Gentlemen," says he, "you are now about to witness one of the greatest events which ever took place on this mungdane sp'ere. Would that some great painter like Michael Angell-oh was here to transfer the scene to canvas. Nothing can compare with it 'less when Columbus sailed out of the harbor of Pecthoss with his little fleet of the Niner, the Pinter and the Santa Claus. Columbus had his Iserbeller—I have my faithful cit'zens of Sentinel Butte. Immejitly after the exhibition an opportunity will be give to all them who may wish to subscribe for a little more stock. Gentlemen, the wheels of the kyar—"

"Turn on the attraction of gravertation, old man, and let's see your contraption sagashiate," says Jap. Then the Colonel he pulled a lever, and says he:

"Behold, she moves! A new erar dawns! Out of darkness into light! The wheels of the kyar of ——"

"Three cheers for the new erar!" yells Jap, and we give 'em, and all the time the thing was a-clanking and a-rumbling, and a lot of iron balls was a-going up around the spiral track and dropping into a kind of water wheel, and going down and coming up again, and the old man was dancing first on one foot and then on the other, with a tear running off the end of his nose. Then at last he pushed back the lever and the thing stopped.

"That is one of its greatest beauties," says he; "it *can* be stopped. It would run on through the ages as long as the attraction of gravertation done its perfect work if we left it alone, but we *can* stop it if we wish, as you have seen. I propose to ship my model to Washington by express, and take the same train and there see about my patent. It is heavy to go by express, but time is money for all of us. This great invention must be got on to the market."

"Colonel Pulverhook," says Jap, "I think I voice the sentiments of this yer community when I say that we'd rather you'd ship on your model and then stay here yourself. We feel that we cannot part with you so sudden. Old man, you have twined yourself about our hearts, if I may so put it, and we cannot give you up. I think I speak for this yer little band of your loving friends," says Jap; which was the trooth, we having talked it over beforehand and decided that the old gent had got altogether too much of our money for us to afford to let him get out of our sight.

The Colonel bowed his head for a long time; then he raised it up and there was another tear on his nose, and says he: "Dear friends, I am touched. Not for many long years have I been so deeply moved. I am stirred to the innermost depths of my being. I *will* stay with you! It is not fitting that I should go. I will send on that model, though to part with it will tear my heart-strings, but I will stay in your midst. Here, and here alone, are my troo friends, them I love and respect, and them that love and I hope respect me. Excuse the tears of a weak old man, but this exhibition of your love is too much."

"A little more stock for the express," says the old man, and we each put up every last red cent we had. Then we went away, agreeing to call with a dray for the model early the next morning so's to get it off on

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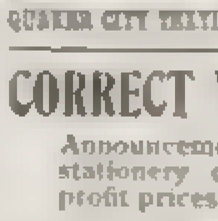

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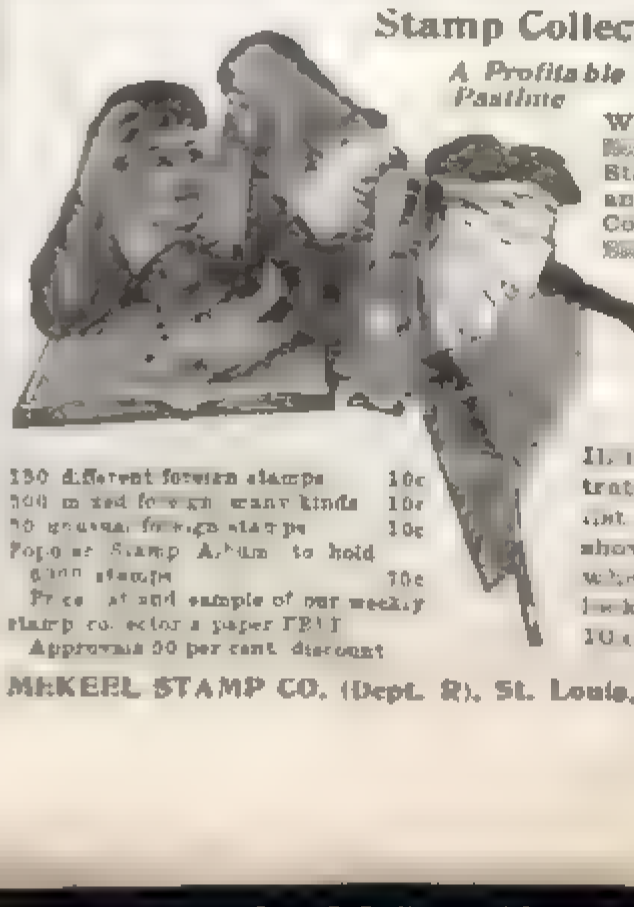

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the nine o'clock train. Till long past midnight we heard the old man hammering and pounding as he boxed the model. About eight o'clock the next morning we went around with the dray. The model stood by the door in a big box, all nailed up and fastened with iron straps and directed to the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

"But where's the old man?" says somebody. Jap went over and peeked into the other room. "He's on the bed asleep," says he. "Worn out by the long strain he has throwed himself down and now slumbers peaceful as a babe. Poor old man. I reckon we oughter of treated him [illegible]. He's older than me and I wasn't always respectful. Boys," he goes on, turning to a passel of youngsters, "profit by my example. Yesterday I spoke harshly to Colonel Pulverhook and now I would that them words had never been spoke!"

"Wot about the box?" says Abner Blackmark. "We'll have to wake the Colonel for the express money if we are going to ship it."

"Never," says Jap. "Let us chip in and pay it. He'll give us more stock this afternoon." So we done so, and as we stood on the platform and watched the train speed away there were more wet eyes amongst us.

"Gents," says Jap, "on this day we make history. Our names are not amongst them that are writ in water, as the feller said," then he reg'larly breaks down and boohoos.

Well, we went back over town and set around feeling solemn and not saying much. It got along to four o'clock in the afternoon and still nothing was seen of the old man.

"Perhaps he is sick," says somebody; "we oughter go up and see." So we went. Jap peeked into the bedroom and says he in a whisper: "He sleeps yet. Ought we to wake him?"

We decided we oughter, and Jap went in, tiptoeing along, carrying his hat in his hand. He touched the old man on the shoulder, then he sort o' started, then he grabbed him by the arm and yanked him off the bed and slung him up ag'in the ceiling, and when he come down jumped on him with both feet and begun to yell. "Beat, by thunder!" howls Jap, and we seen the hay busting out of the old man's clothes on the floor.

"Beat by a [illegible] fraud from North Carolina! Beat! great [illegible]!" and with every jump Jap's head struck the ceiling. "Beat by a Jim snatched scoundrel from Buncombe County!" and the house shook as he jumped up and down and roared: "Beat! Beat! The heathen, the robber, the wolf in sheep's clothing! He was in that box we wet with our tears. Beat! Beat!" And he kept on jumping till he fell down, and crawled out into the other room unable to rise or yell, but with his jaws still moving silently.

Then the rest of us made such remarks as seemed fitting to the occasion, after which we went through the booroo drawers and things without finding a cent. By this time Jap could stagger, and we started out. We heard a whine at the cellar door and opened it. Bill Purdy's big dorg which had been missing for a week come out. We went down in the cellar and found a tread mill on which the dorg had stood and run the motor through a hole in the floor. In one corner laid the motor in a heap.

"Gentlemen," says Jap feebly, "the poet has said that some feelings lay too deep for words. This is them!" There was no sound as we filed out of the house save our solemn footfalls and the dorg wagging his tail.

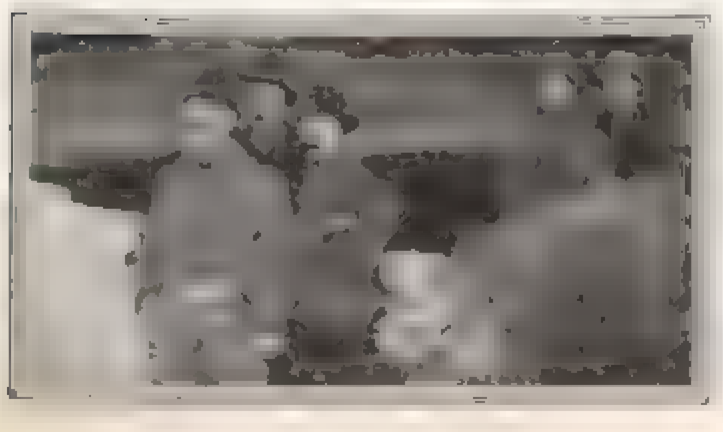
Three days after we was in the post-office waiting sadly for the mail to be distributed. When it was about half done the postmaster put his head out of the winder and says he:

"Jap, here's a postal card for you."

Jap takes it in a sort of weak way. "Read it, Jap," says we. He held it in the light and begun:

"Mr. Jap Bingerford: My Dear, True Friend: The wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard though de[illegible] in the yielding sands of conservatism. Ever thine,

"GABRIEL PULVERHOOK,
"Late Colonel North Carolina Tigers."



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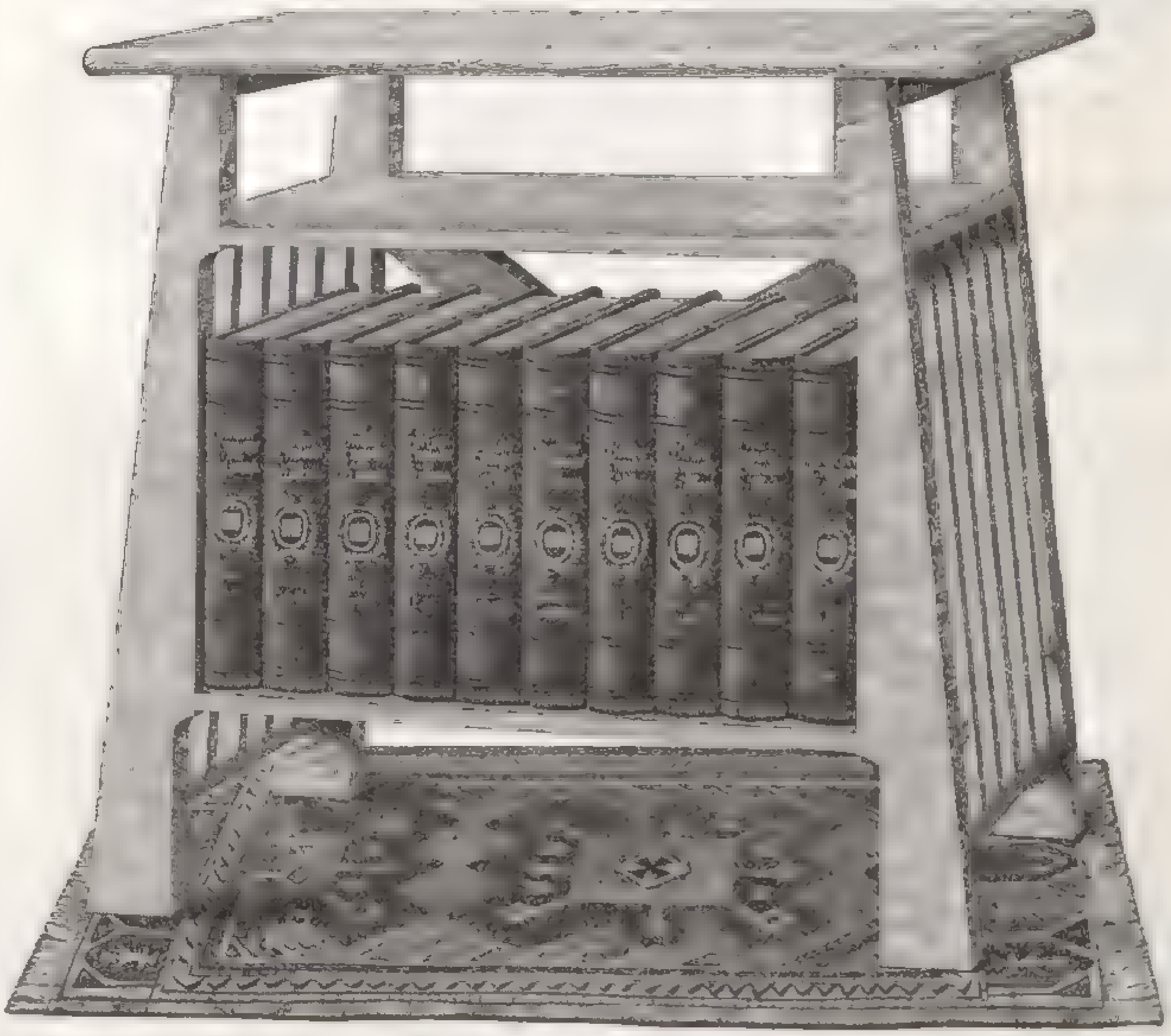

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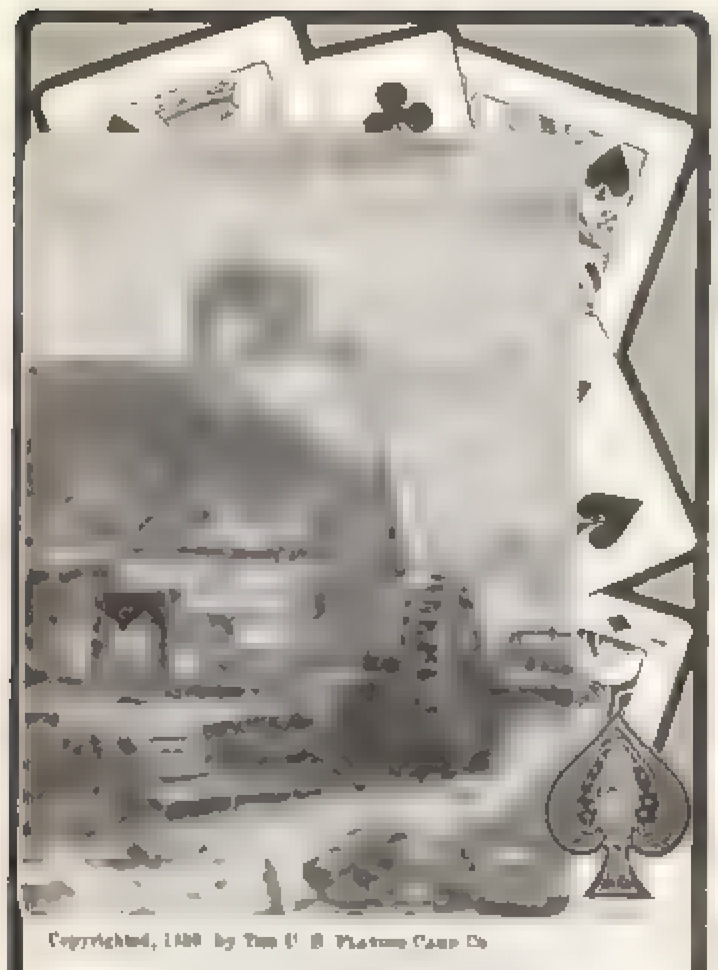

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Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

XI

How handsome Teddy Roberts is! Last night,
When William had gone home and Ted and I
Were here alone, I heard him gently sigh,
As, standing with me in the fading light,
He took my hand, not asking if he might,
And, pointing out the window at the sky
All colored as with some soft, crimson dye,
Asked if I ever saw a lovelier sight.

How sweet the moment was! It seemed to me
As if we gently floated off in space,
Or out upon some smooth, enchanted sea
The town was lost below us, and his face
Was very close to mine — regretfully
I drew away, evading his embrace.

XII

I wonder if it's best for me to wait
Till Death and she decide to turn him loose?
But fudge! I'll not seek trouble; what's the use?
Success waits not upon, but governs Fate:
I'll keep dear Teddy nibbling at the bait —
When William isn't watching, dear old goose —
And, if he presses, find some fair excuse
To make him hope that Time will set things straight

Then, if the doctors pull her through at last,
And all my happy dreams are spoiled, and all
The splendid castles that I've built must fall,
I need not sit defeated nor downcast,
But, giving Love his victory, install
Ted in my heart, forgetting all the past.

XIII

Last Sunday afternoon I walked along
The splendid avenue where they reside
I saw the house and thought of her inside,
And, half-oblivious of the passing throng,
Without once wishing anybody wrong,
I seemed to see myself there as his bride
And, throwing all the doors of fancy wide,
I lightly hummed a happy little song

How beautiful it was! How proud I'll be
When all the busy servants there are mine
I'll have my breakfast brought to me at Nine
And make the butler dress in livery,
And, best of all, I'll have a chance to shine
O'er snobbish ones who now look down on me

XIV

I met Nell Brackett last night in the street:
I'd hate to wear the new hat that she's got
Poor thing, she thinks that she has Teddy caught,
And fancies that I'll occupy a seat
Away back near the door. Ah me! how sweet
'Twill be when I am Mrs. Worthalot
To nod at her sometimes and show I'm not
Too proud to see the old friends that I meet

How sorry I should be to have to pad
The way she does to fill her clothes; they say
Her figure's something frightful. It's too bad
That girls should try to fool the men that way:
When I am William's I will make him glad
By wearing something low-necked every day

XV

Poor Nell! She's said mean things concerning me·
But I forgive her. Goodness, what's the use
Of being angry at the little goose?
She's half beside herself with jealousy!
If everything turns out all right I'll be
Her dearest friend: I'll hoist a flag of truce
And help her get dear Teddy in the noose,
And show her that she's judged me wrongfully.

And when they're married I can fix it so
That Ted will be discharged, and then, when Nell
Comes humbly pleading for him, I will tell
Her how I pity her, poor thing, although
I'm very, very high and she is low,
And tell her to trust me — 'twill all be well

XVI

I thought I'd see a fortune-teller who
Has told some wondrous things for friends of mine:
She told me that my horoscope was fine:
"You'll marry wealth," she said, "but only through
A charm I'll give can he be brought to you
When he this lozenge eats for you he'll pine,"
And over it she made a mystic sign —
The old hag charged three dollars for it, too.

The next day William said his throat was sore;
And when I'd given him the charm he bit
A little chunk and sat there chewing it,
Then suddenly jumped up and raved and tore
And knocked the dictionary on the floor —
I thought the dear old man would have a fit

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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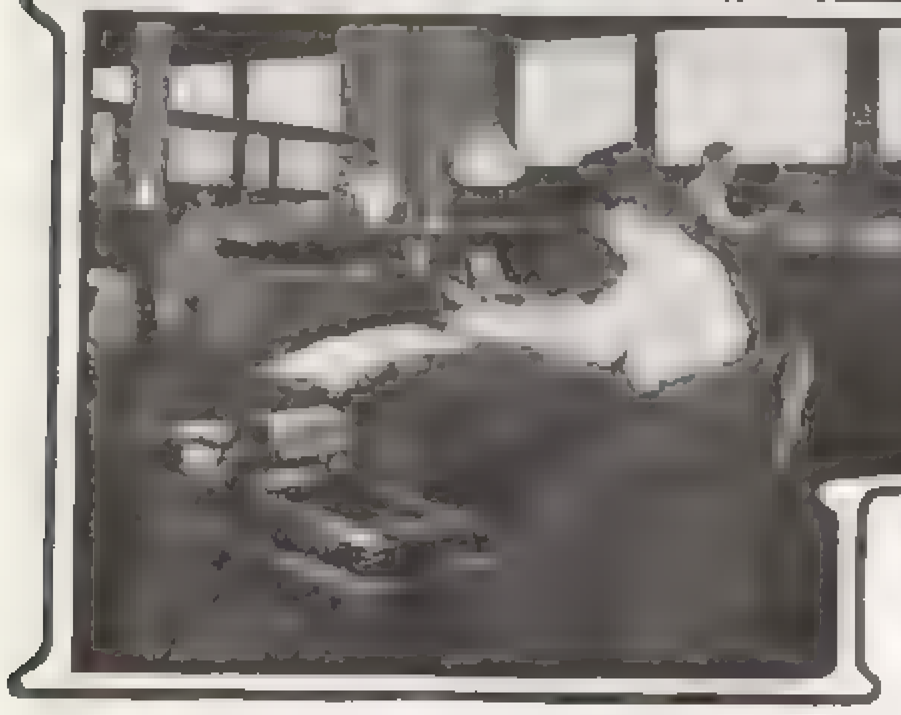


System in business means success. That needs no argument.

If your systems are wrong, you want to know it, and NOW.

READ THIS PAGE

We tell you here of methods that are new — practical methods proven so by actual test.

These systems have helped other bright business and professional men. They will just so surely help you.

To get the most work from yourself or from your employees you must have the proper tools for every purpose.

There are desks that save time, and chairs that save backache. They are all a part of system.

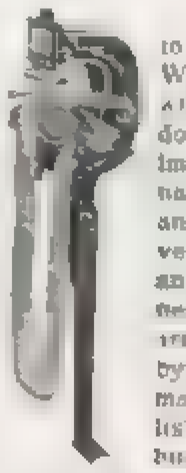
Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more — absolute alignment of the leaves — a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS and how you can use them in your business. And there isn't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title "The Standard Visible Writer" and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims, but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this — the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last — the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time — and the time of his stenographers and clerks — that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.



The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took three clerks ten hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.

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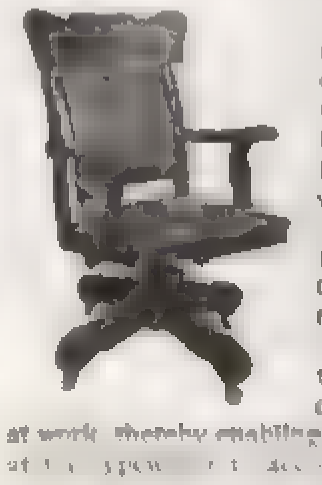

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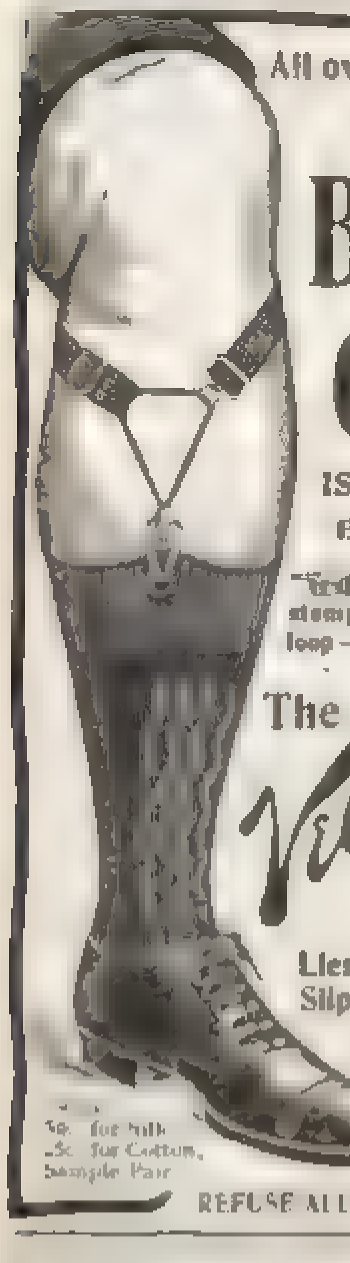

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Mistaking the Person

By Dr. William Mathews

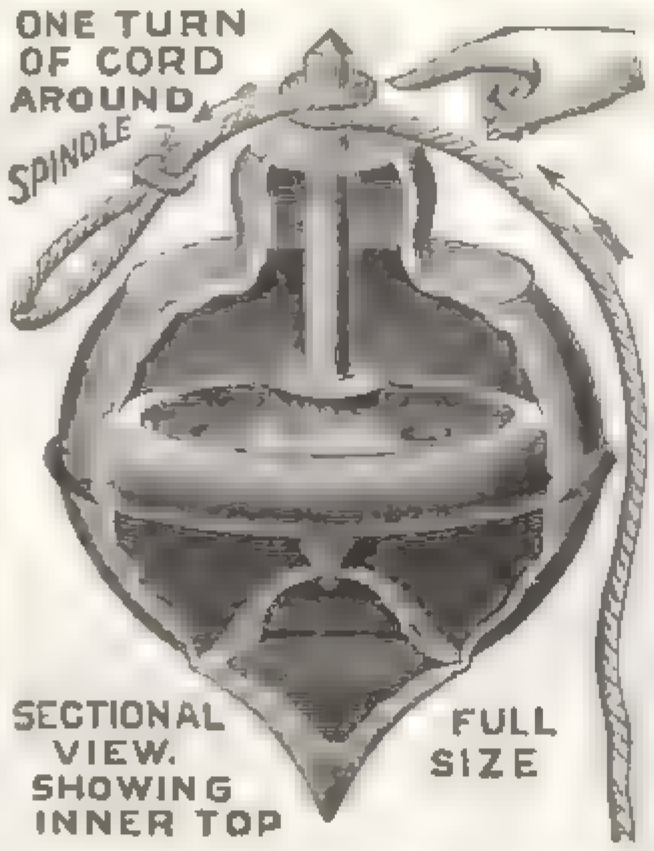
THERE is a capital story of a clergyman in England who was driving in a dog-cart near a railway station in the country, and overtook a gentleman who was walking toward a village that was at a long distance therefrom. Learning that the stranger was going to the village, he offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers to-day?" asked the parson when the stranger had accepted and taken a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal, John Bright, has been making another speech." "What was it about?" asked the stranger. The clergyman explained "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right.' "Oh, no," said the irate parson; "if I had him here I should just feel like shooting him." Before the men separated the stranger had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church on the morrow. The subject of the discourse was Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion the gentleman whom he had invited to church thanked him for his able sermon. As the delighted rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said: "You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning" "No," said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; "you had John Bright for a hearer

How many of our readers have ever heard of Joseph Dennie, a native of Boston [illegible] the most polished writers of America [illegible] a century ago? He was editor successively of the Tablet, the Farmers' Weekly Museum, a very popular paper at Walpole, New Hampshire, and the Portfolio, a literary periodical published in Philadelphia. To these he contributed a series of elegant and delightful papers under the pen-name of Oliver Old School, which won for him the title of "the Addison of America." He wrote with great rapidity, and put off the preparation of his "copy" till the last moment It is said that one of the best of his lay-sermons was written in the tavern at Walpole when he and his friends were engaged in a game at cards. It was delivered to the printer's devil by piecemeal at four or five different times; and, if he chanced to be engaged in a game, he would ask some one to play his hand for him while he "gave the devil his due." One of the most remarkable incidents of his too brief career—for he was born in 1768 and died in 1812—was his introduction to the great American theologian and educator, Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College

It chanced that Doctor Dwight, at a time when his fame was at its height, was traveling in New Jersey and stopped for the night at a hotel in one of its large towns. At a late hour of the same night arrived also Mr. Dennie, who had the ill luck to learn from the landlord that all his beds were filled with two lodgers each, except one, which was occupied by the giant of theology, the celebrated Doctor Dwight. "Please show me to his apartment," said Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the Reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for a lodging.". With some hesitation and objection the landlord escorted Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, who had just got ready his night-gown, cap and slippers, preparatory to divesting himself of his clothing for the night, courteously shook hands with the visitor and begged him to be seated. Struck with the intellectual physiognomy of his companion, he relaxed his usual severity of aspect, and, after the interchange of some words about the occasion of their interview, the two began a lively literary chat

The characters of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Brockden Brown, and scores of other eminent Americans were freely and brilliantly discussed, and each of the newly-made acquaintances was delighted with the other, when Doctor Dwight began to speak of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Portfolio," said he earnestly, "is the Addison of this country, the father of American *belles-lettres*. In the purity and elegance of his style he has no superior. But is it not

Editor's Note—This is the second paper by Doctor Mathews on famous blunders published under the title "Mistaking the Person."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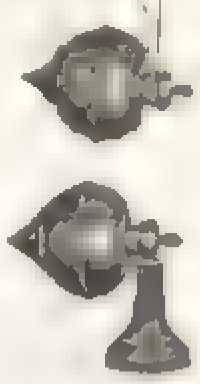

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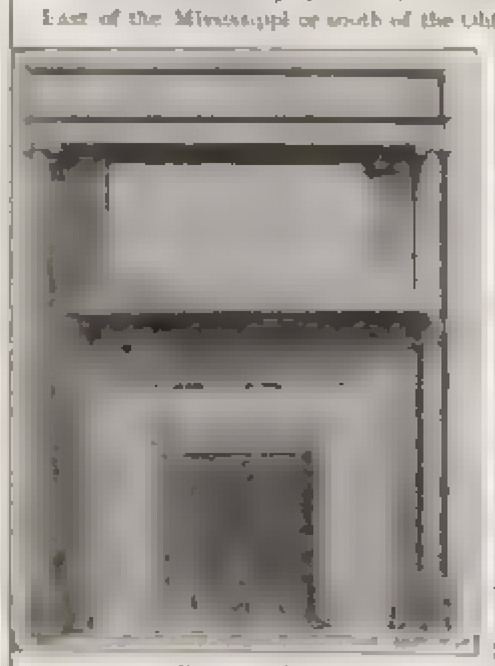

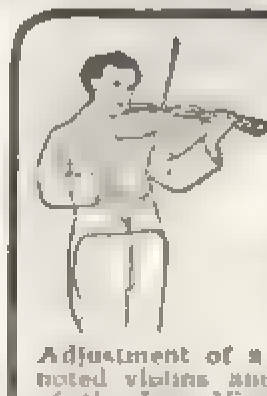

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astonishing that a man of such genius should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl and to bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are grossly mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with that gentleman for years, and I never once have known him to be intoxicated." "Sir," protested the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from an intimate friend of that writer, and I am confident that you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously turned the conversation into another channel, and said: "I consider Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, as beyond all question the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the finest poet that America has yet produced. But, sir, I am sorry to add that there are traits in his character not only amazing in so great and wise a man, but absolutely repulsive. He is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!"

"Sir," cried the man thus praised and defamed, "allow me to say that you are grossly mistaken. I have been long and intimately acquainted with Doctor Dwight, and I know most positively that your statement is untrue." "Sir," rejoined Dennie, "I beg your pardon, but it is you who are misinformed. I have the facts from one who knows the Doctor thoroughly, who is unprejudiced, and who, I am confident, could not be deceived." "No more slander!" cried the Doctor, springing from his chair and gesticulating with great earnestness. "*I* am Doctor Dwight, of whom you speak." "And I," cried the other with equal earnestness, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of the great divine may be more easily conceived than described. The result of the stormy interview was that they shook hands and laughed heartily, and became for the rest of their days fast friends.

An amusing anecdote, worthy to rank with the foregoing, is told of William H. Seward when he was Governor of New York. It relates to the days when he, Weed and Hastings were a triumvirate that ruled the State—Weed being the head. Seward was one day journeying by stage to the northern part of the State—the backwoods—and sitting outside next the driver, who, not knowing who he was, chatted familiarly and frankly. Enjoying his incognito, the Governor thought it might be a good time to pick up some local political information that might one day be serviceable. Partly for this purpose, and partly to make the driver think he was a citizen of another State, he asked: "Who is Governor of New York now?" Quick as flash came the reply: "It is *Thurlow Weed*."

The danger of making a parade of scholarship when one has but a small stock of classic lore is well illustrated in a story of a young Oxonian, fresh from the University, who was one day making a display of his acquisitions in a stage-coach. Among the marks of learning with which he sought to garnish his conversation were some lines of Greek verse which, he said, were from Sophocles. Among the travelers in the coach was the famous classical scholar, Doctor Porson, who, roused from his slumbers in a corner of the coach by the Greek quotation, said to the student, as he rubbed his eyes: "You observed that the lines you quoted were from Sophocles. I do not happen to recollect them as his." "Oh, sir," replied the youth, "the quotation is word for word as I have given it." Upon this the Doctor, drawing out from a pocket of his greatcoat a small copy of Sophocles, quietly handed it to the young man, and asked him if he would be so kind as to point out the passage in question in that little book. After turning over the leaves of the volume for some time the Oxonian said: "Upon second thought, I now remember that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, sir," said the Doctor, thrusting his hand into his pocket, and handing to the youth therefrom a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." Again the Oxonian searched for the passage, but with no better success, muttering: "Curse me, if ever I quote Greek again!"

The tittering of the ladies increased his discomfort, but at last, "Bless me, sir," he exclaimed; "how dull I am to-day! I recollect now—yes—yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." Once more the inexorable Doctor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him a copy of Æschylus, when the astonished collegian vociferated: "Stop the coach! Halloa, coachman, *let me out, I say, instantly!* There's a fellow here that has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket. Let me out, I say, let me out! *He must be Porson or the devil!*"

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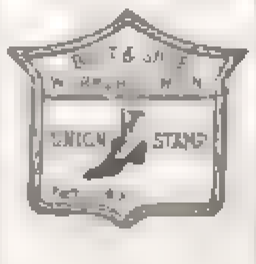

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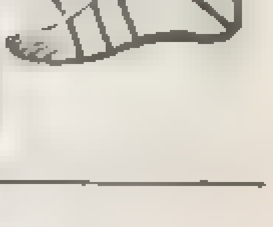

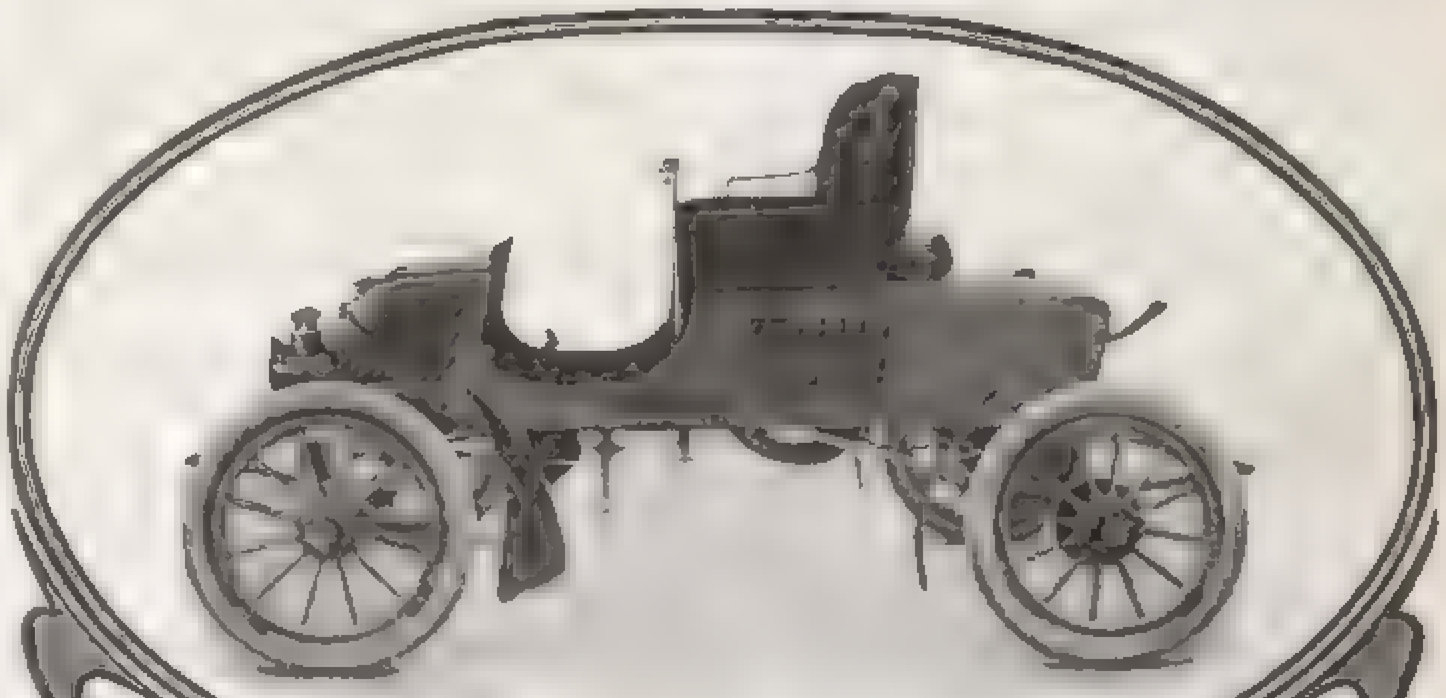

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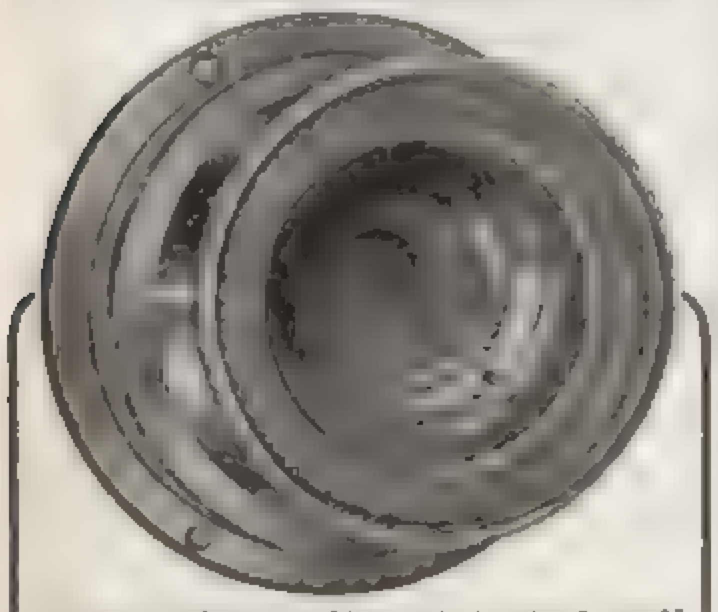

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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

SOMEHOW the coming together of the new Senate has been wonderfully suggestive of the coming together, in the old Biblical tale, of all the animate things of the earth, when they marched before Noah to be ticketed for the Ark. Not that the florally bedecked Senate Chamber and the clamorous galleries, which for once in a way Mr Frye did not threaten to clear, bore much resemblance to the flood-time of Noah, but the assembling of Senators, arm in arm and two by two as they marched solemnly down the middle aisle and stood before Mr. Frye for their swearing in, did bring to mind very forcibly the old words of the Bible, "They and every beast after his kind, went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh

And these legislators, after the manner of Noah's animate creatures when they buzzed about for their places in the Ark, also buzzed around in the Senate Chamber for their seats

I said to the new Member, whose own legislative hall had adjourned the day before *sine die*, and who was sitting beside me, an interested spectator

"This grand scramble for seats reminds me of the old game of 'stage-coach' when everybody at a word gets up to change seats." I leaned over the railing to scan the chamber. "How jovial everybody looks. Observe the monster slap that Senator Hanna has just bestowed upon Senator Foraker's back. And see, Senator Nelson has taken a fellow-Senator by the ear and tweaked him up from the sofa at the back of the chamber, and note the elaborate would-be polite exchange between Senator Gorman and Senator McComas, the twin Senators from Maryland And Senator Tillman has not only just pulled down his own vest, but he's smoothing down Senator Spooner's as well. I am thankful that Mr. Slocum is to get away from Cherokee Strip at last. He and Senator Foraker are both to go over on the Republican side this session."

"I notice," said the new Member, "that each desk is supplied with the Red Book and each man will know the biography of every other man. And the two new Delaware men, Ball and Allee, will have to take their turn at Cherokee Strip. Smoot gets a seat way back on the Republican side, and Gorman gets his old seat. By the way, it is fifty years since Gorman entered the Senate."

"Fifty years!" I echoed incredulously

"Yes; he entered the Senate exactly fifty years ago—as a page

I swept my eyes over the row of boy pages clustered around on the steps at the foot of the President's desk, then across at Senator Gorman, half-hidden behind a mass of flowers. I was trying to realize that he had ever been one of these mischievous, shrewd, blasé youngsters, who can size up a statesman or play a prank with equal dexterity

"Well," said I, "it is a far cry from a page on the steps to a Senator in his seat, but I have always heard that a determined man and a waterfall can be relied on to channel their own path. I wonder," said I, my mind on the Senate pages, "whether these youngsters have been made happy this spring by their usual can of maple syrup? You know, perhaps, that Senator Proctor has a famous maple grove up in Vermont, and every spring he gives each page a can of his best syrup, and such a *sugaring-off* as there is among them! I met a whole procession of these boys once filing out of the Capitol each with a can of maple syrup hugged to his breast."

Just here I saw that Robert and Senator P—— from the floor below were beckoning us to come down. We soon joined them. Robert said

"We're going to take a recess. After recess the Senate is likely to break out into an epidemic of fight, so let us fortify with some luncheon."

"What's up?" asked the new Member

"Oh," said Senator P—— dryly, "our Senatorial feelings are hurt. Your esteemed 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, before you adjourned yesterday in the House, hurled the word 'blackmail' at the Senate, and Hale has his dander up and is going to reply. We fear we are in for a regular *gabfest*."

"Goodness!" said I, "how in the world, then, if Mr. Cannon and Senator Hale are at

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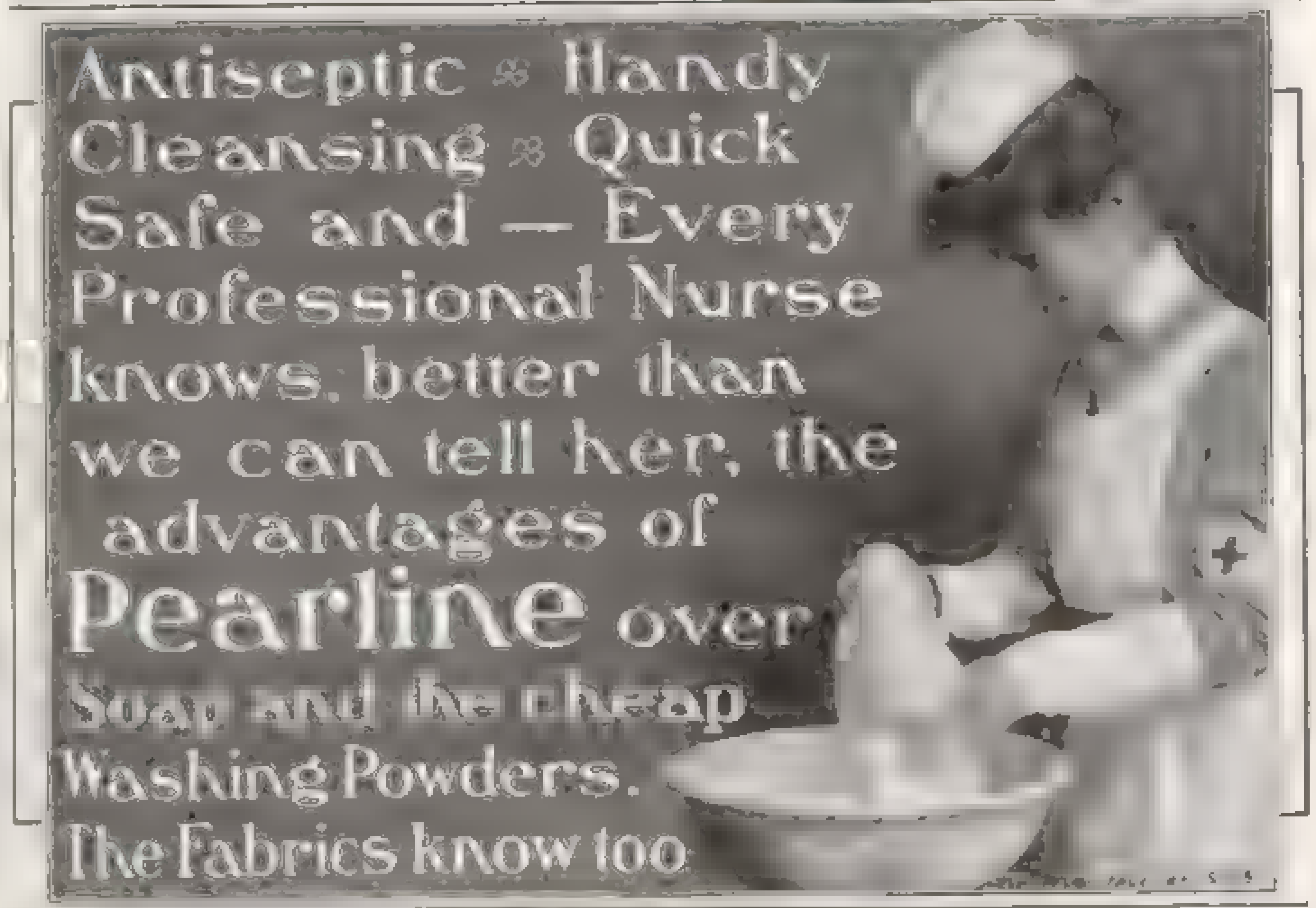

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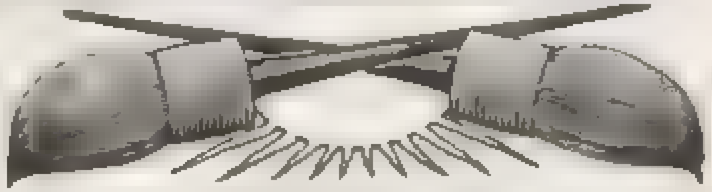

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daggers drawn, will they meet aboard the Dolphin in a day or two? For I hear they are both to be of the party that is going off with Secretary Moody on a cruise.'

"Oh, they only fight in public," laughed all three men. "When they meet on the deck of the Dolphin Hale will extend the glad hand with his unfailing courtesy and with a twinkle, 'Uncle Joe' will take it with a corresponding twinkle, then 'Uncle Joe' will produce a stick of gum, which is his pipe of peace, and it will be all over."

"Do you mean to say," I asked of the new Member in surprise, "that Mr. Cannon, the future Speaker of the House, chews gum?"

"To be sure," said the new Member. "'Uncle Joe' can outdo any schoolgirl in the United States. He only likes a bit of gum while the sweet taste lasts, and can make a package of gum disappear in no time. We have joked him all winter about it over in the House."

"It is about like the taste in books that prevails in our body," said Senator P——. "Some of my colleagues have been reading incessantly lately, particularly while Morgan was holding forth in executive session. One of my friends sent over to the Library for a book, and he was so absorbed by it that I tiptoed over to see what he was reading. It bore the highly instructive title, Shadowed by Three."

"Another book," broke in the new Member, "that would make mighty interesting reading in the manuscript would be the private social register of one of these much-discussed social secretaries of smart dames. This social secretary is new to me. Do explain why and wherefore she exists, Mrs. Slocum."

"Oh, well," said I, taking up the vexed question, "the social secretary is a fashion, a fad, with smart dames. She is a necessity in some cases—but in very few cases, I must say. There are secretaries and secretaries in Washington. There is the young woman who takes it up professionally and who is willing to efface herself socially. She works at it systematically, and does not permit her own prejudices or animosities or ambitions to appear in anything she does. Then there is the sweet young woman who only desires to 'help Pa,' and who incidentally thereby keeps some part of Pa's perquisites in the family which otherwise would go to an outsider. Then there is the really truly social secretary, who only goes into the smartest, highest establishments. She is usually the scion of some old family whose social greatness does not match its fortunes. This young woman knows everybody. She is ambitious and she is a real power. She dispenses dinner invitations, tea and snubs impartially, and——"

"Then she does exist? She does snub?" asked the new Member

"Yes," said I, "she does exist. She does snub, and it is more important to be in her good graces than in her employer's. She has to work like a galley-slave, for she keeps three sets of books—the dinner book, the luncheon book and the book with the visiting list, which she weeds out zealously every few weeks. She pours tea at afternoon receptions and keeps her eye upon every visitor who enters the doors of her patroness. If there is any snubbing to be done she does it, not only for her patroness but often upon her own account. If she is serving an official family she divides her patroness' list of friends and acquaintances into lots, sort of job-lots. She separates the sheep from the goats, of course, and oddly enough there are some people in Washington who resent being put in the category of the latter——"

"Whew!" ejaculated the new Member with so much vim that Robert and Senator P—— both laughed. Then he asked

"How many social secretaries does the town boast of? and are these young women well paid?"

"Oh," said I, thinking a minute. "I only know of two or three who are in any way autocratic, and their pay is—"

"Is about proportioned," interrupted Senator P—— cynically, "to what they are able to accomplish, I imagine. It's about like what Audley, the famous annuity monger, once said was the value of a certain office in his time. 'Some hundreds to any one who wishes to get to Heaven soon, twice as much to him who does not mind being in purgatory, and nobody knows what to him who is not afraid of the Old Harry.'"

"By the way," said Robert, mentioning some gossip that was about town, "I hear that Secretary Hay is going to become a Marylander—that he is to become Lord Proprietary of the old Lord Baltimore estate just over the border of the District, in Maryland."

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"Yes," said Senator P——, "it is true Hay has just bought eight hundred acres and the old manor house, Mt. Airy, better known among real old Marylanders as 'His Lordship's Kindness.' This old manor is part of an original grant from Charles the First to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. The present house, low-roofed, two-storied and rambling, was built in 1666, and has never passed away from the Calverts until now. Cecilius Calvert and his father before him, George Calvert, were two of the most magnificent specimens of lofty, high-minded men that ever came to this or any other country to settle. It was nip and tuck, though, that the whole grant of Maryland was not called Crescentia, as that was the name the King had set his heart upon, and we should have been writing 'Baltimore, Crescentia,' instead of 'Baltimore, Maryland.' But Lord Baltimore diplomatically reminded the King that as Virginia had been named for the great Tudor Queen, it would be a compliment to his own fair Stuart spouse to call the new land for her. As Charles was rather partial to his Queen Henrietta Maria, he took up with the notion, and the grant was made out for 'Terra Maria,' the Land of Mary. Lord Baltimore's own wife's name, Anne Arundel, was given to one of the counties afterward in the new State. Mt. Airy as it stands to-day is picturesque and entirely Colonial."

"I hope, then," said I, "that he will keep the place with its history and its traditions intact, and above all that he will keep the old name, 'His Lordship's Kindness.'"

"That is a very pretty bit of sentiment," commented Robert, "but history and traditions were never yet known to keep out the rain when the roof leaked. It would be like what I heard a Southern man style, 'Cultivating ruffles to the neglect of the shirt.'"

"Ah," chuckled the new Member, "have you heard the apt saying or story of a Southern man lately, in answer to General Basil Duke, apropos of the President's Southern policy? Well, it was at the alumni dinner of the University of Virginia and General Basil Duke as you all know stood by the President's negro policy in a taking, clever speech, and then Walton Moore, former State Senator of Virginia, got up and quite brought down the house. He said:

"'I can only say, gentlemen, in reply to General Duke's attitude and that of our President in this matter, that I once knew a clever old negro named Rastus who determined to buy his freedom. He found that he was valued at sixteen hundred dollars, but that his easy-going master was willing to take eight hundred dollars for him; so Rastus went to work. He had various small trades at his command and in due time had raised six hundred out of the eight hundred dollars, which he took to his master and deposited on account. Then he was so jubilant he thought he would celebrate the event with a coon hunt, and asked two negroes from a neighboring plantation to join in it. When the hunt was over and the coon was safely bestowed in a gunny-sack it was just daybreak and the three negroes sat down on the railroad track to rest, when without any warning of whistle a train came along and before you could say Jack Robinson all but Rastus were run over and killed. Rastus took to his heels and tore home. Early as it was he awakened his master.

"'"Master, Master! Is you done got dat six hund'ed dolla's I giv you?"

"'"Why, Rastus, of course I've got it."

"'"I want it back, Master."

"'"But, Rastus, in a few months you'll be free. Why do you want the bargain off?"

"'"I's jus' don' learnt, Master, dat darkeys is mighty pe'ilous prope'ty, an' I jus' wants de money back."'"

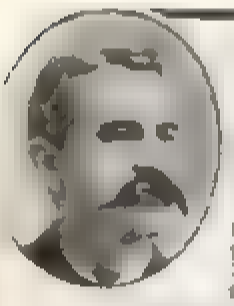
"I suppose he got it?" I inquired when the laugh had died down.

"Oh, of course," returned the new Member, "but that story did not stop there; it kept on till it got up to the White House."

"There are more good stories that travel to and from the White House than I have ever heard before in all my forty years in Washington," said Senator P——, "and not least among them was what the sheriff of Deadwood said to the President the other night at the musicale up there. Madame Schumann-Heink had just sung one of those big things that run up the scale, and the President, anxious to know how it impressed his old friend from the West, said enthusiastically:

"'Well, Sheriff, what do you think of that?'

"'Oh, Mr. President, I don't know what to think. I never got that high up the gulch.'"



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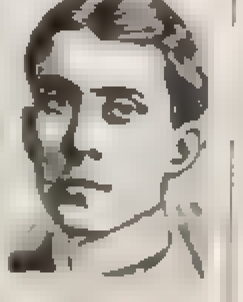

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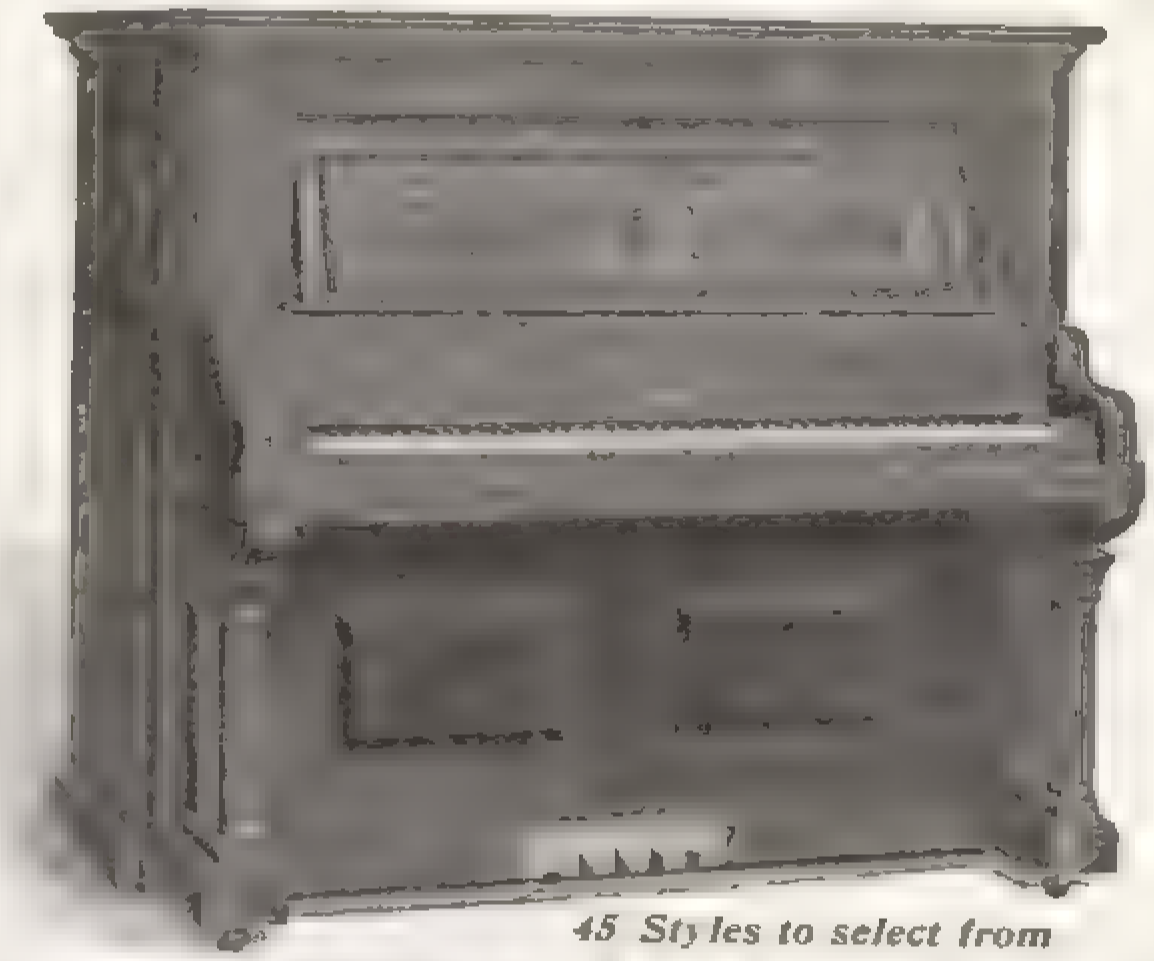

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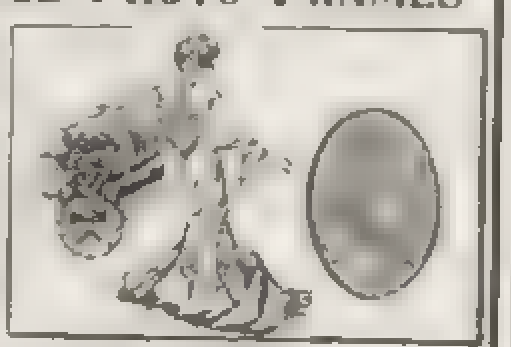

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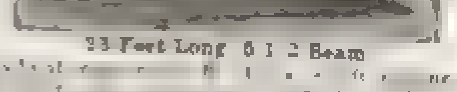

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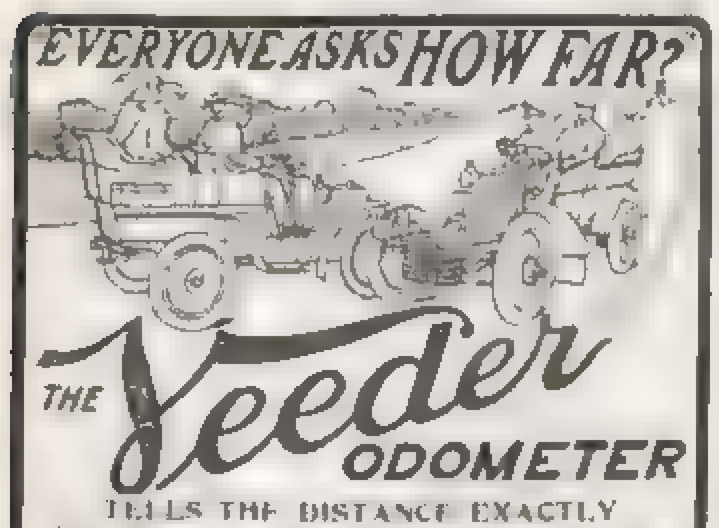

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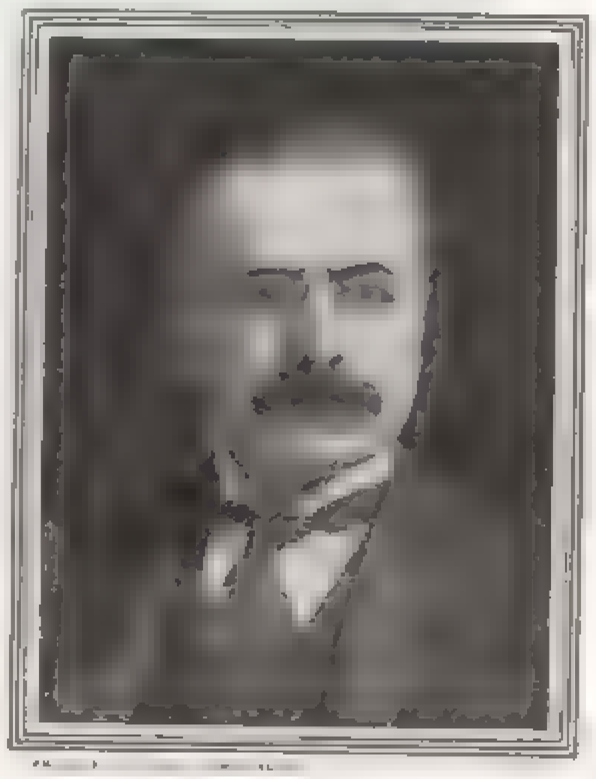
OPPORTUNITY

Being the Story Told for the First Time of How the New Secretary of Commerce and Labor, George Bruce Cortelyou, Refused a Fortune

By A. Maurice Low



MR. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

"WE SHALL be glad to pay you $100,000 for your work."

The man to whom this offer of a comfortable fortune had been made did not hesitate.

"Impossible that I should consider the offer at this time," he said.

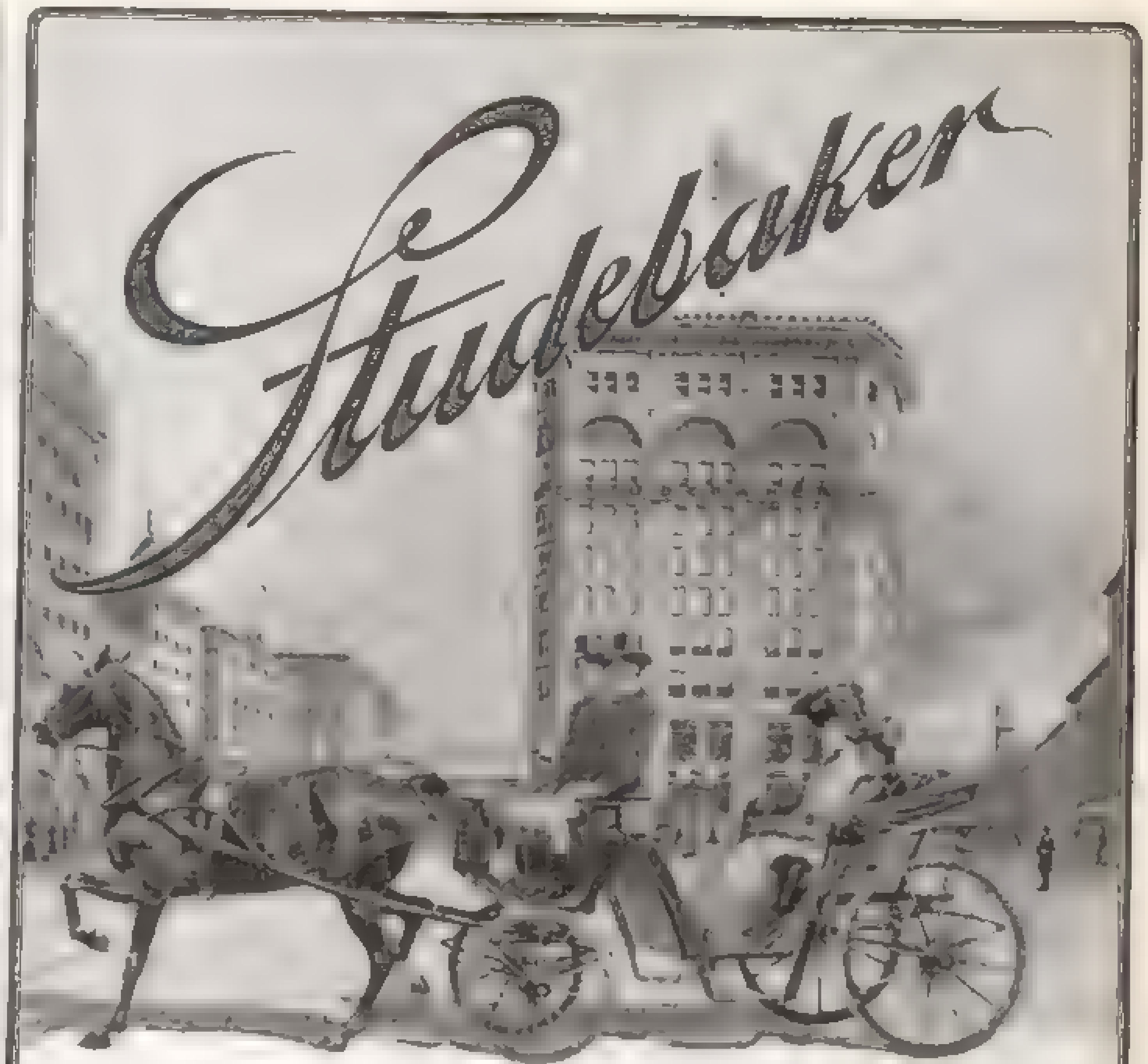
This conversation took place the day after the burial of President McKinley. Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, the former President's secretary, and not only his secretary but his intimate friend and trusted adviser, between whom and his late chief existed a bond as close as that between father and son, returned to Washington with a heart bowed down with sorrow. After the long strain and vigil of Buffalo, where hope wrestled with fear, there followed the even more agonizing days of the funeral in Washington and the last ceremony in Canton. Physically wearied from all that he had undergone during those tragic days, depressed in spirit, he returned to his home late that evening and found waiting there the representative of one of the most prominent publishing houses in the world. I do not pretend to give a verbatim account of the conversation that followed, but in substance it is accurate.

The $100,000 Contract

Mr. Cortelyou's caller introduced himself and stated that his house wanted Mr. Cortelyou to write a life of President McKinley, which was to be the only official and authentic biography. Because of his relations with the late President, because of his knowledge of the secret history of all the events leading up to the Spanish war and the diplomacy that followed it, because he possessed original letters and other material that no one else had, because of his literary ability and the confidence that the country had in him as an impartial biographer and historian, he had been selected for the task. Mr. Cortelyou could take his own time about furnishing the manuscript; all that the publishers wanted at that time was his signature to the contract.

This alluring offer was placed before Mr. Cortelyou with all the impressiveness that a skillful advocate, strong in the commanding position of his house in the publishing world, knows how to employ. As the climax, the agent told Mr. Cortelyou that his fee would be $100,000, to be paid to him so soon as he affixed his signature to the contract and it was accepted by the firm.

Mr. Cortelyou is not a rich man, he has a family of young children to provide for, and one hundred thousand dollars in a lump sum is a thing not to be despised by a sensible man who can make it honorably, and yet the offer, magnificent as it was, did not cause him to hesitate for a moment. He told his visitor that he could not entertain it for the simple reason that the thought of turning his intimacy with the late President and the confidence and trust that he reposed in him into money was abhorrent to him and nothing



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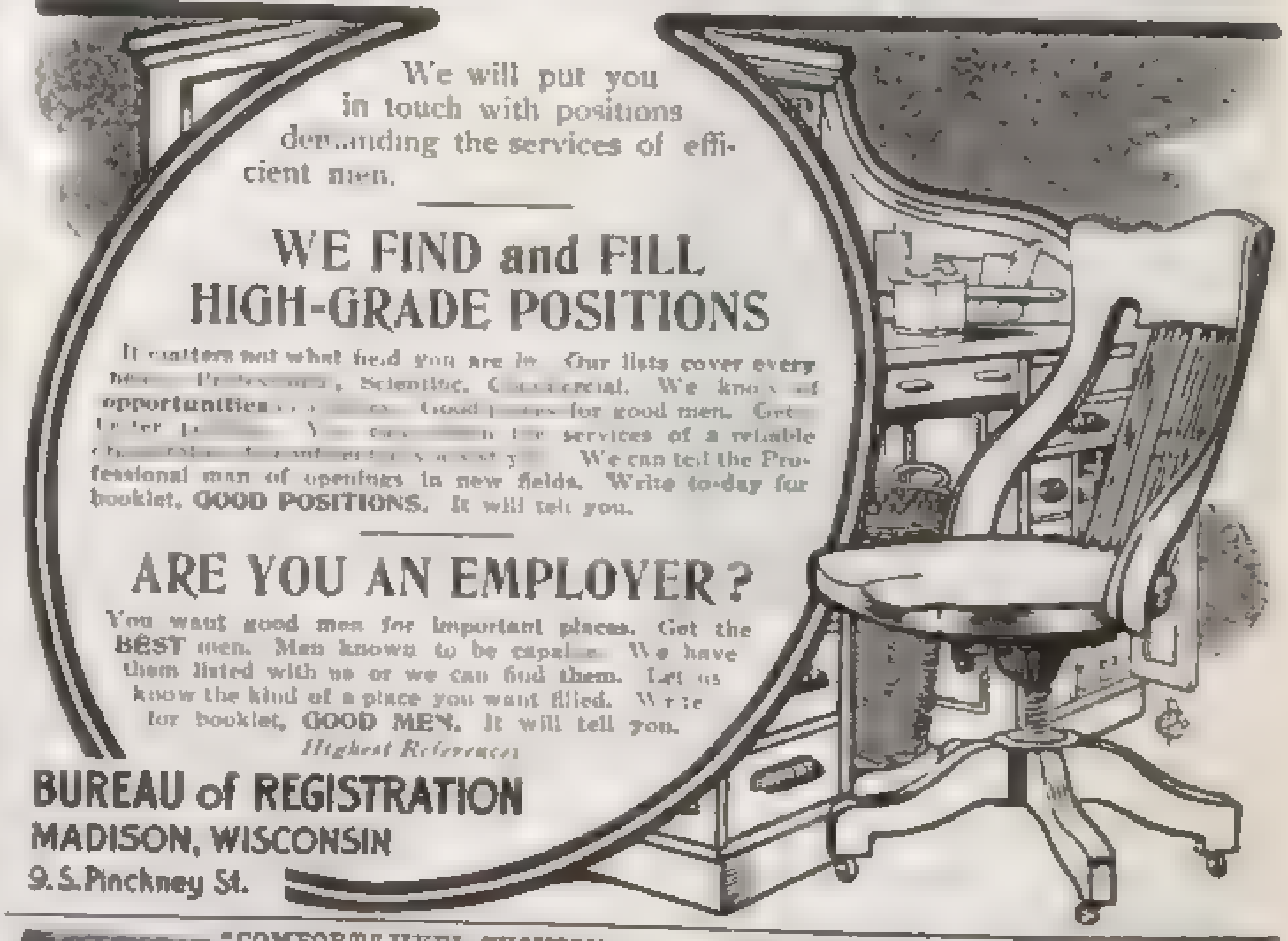

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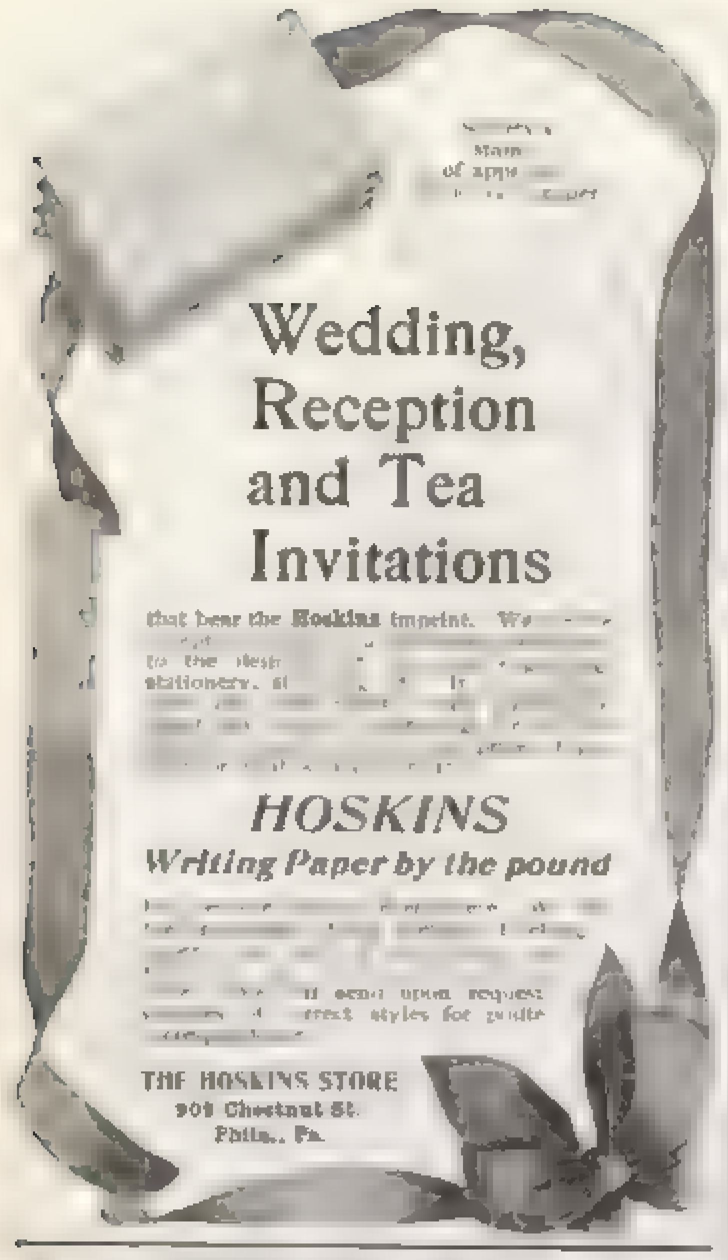

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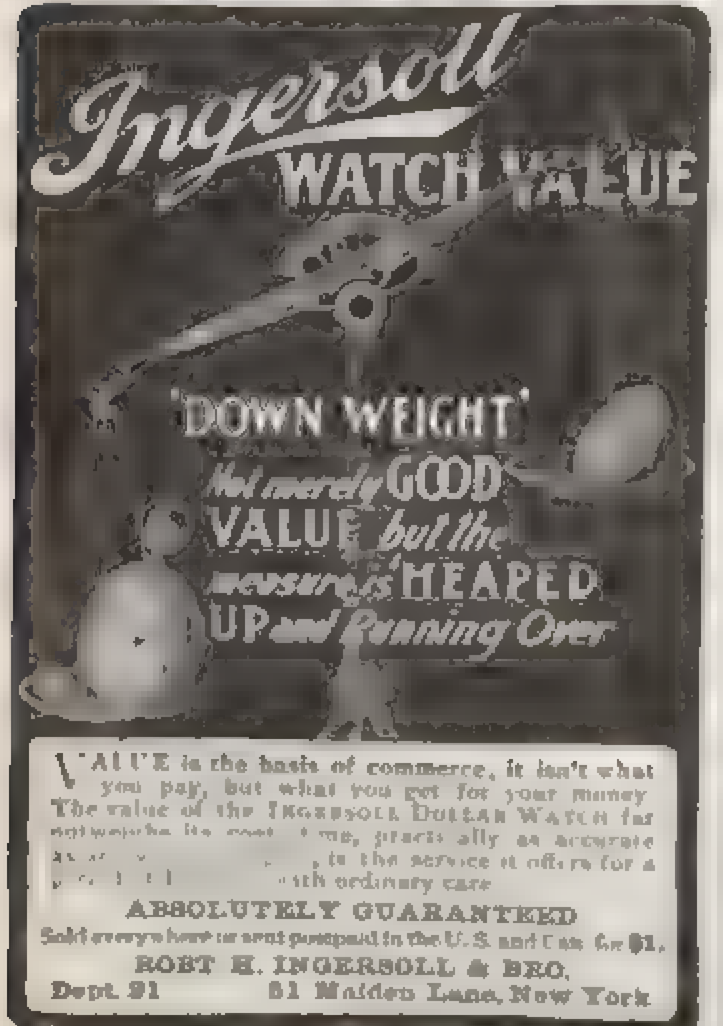

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would induce him to do it. The life of President McKinley will be written at the proper time, said Mr. Cortelyou in substance, but that time has not yet arrived. Whoever writes it must do so as a labor of love and duty, as an historian who would give to the American people facts in connection with one of the most interesting periods in their national existence, and not because of the money that he may make from it: he must wait until time has softened some things and developed the proper perspective; until, in short, he can approach his subject in the attitude of the historian rather than the partisan

The agent made a feeble attempt to induce Mr. Cortelyou to reconsider his decision, but saw that he was inflexible

That ended the negotiations

This incident is the epitome of Mr Cortelyou's character. Equally characteristic of the man is his surrender of $50,000 a year for $5000 because again he believed that it was his duty both to the living and to the dead to make the sacrifice, and it assumes all the greater proportions when one remembers that Mr. Cortelyou, being a sensible man, has a proper appreciation of money and all that money means. After the death of President McKinley three great corporations were anxious to secure Mr Cortelyou's services, and one of them offered him a salary of $50,000 a year. They had gauged his executive ability and were willing to pay for it. But Mr. Cortelyou had in mind the mass of loose threads left hanging at McKinley's death which he alone could properly knit together. Had Mr. Cortelyou retired at that time almost endless confusion would have been caused, and designing men, taking advantage of the new President's ignorance, would have profited by it to the ultimate disadvantage of the Republican party. Mr. Cortelyou, realizing this, and deeply sensible of the obligations he owed to the man who was dead as well as those men living who had always been his friends, determined that even at his own cost he would remain with the new President, and what added to his determination was the request at once made by Mr. Roosevelt that he continue to fill the office of Secretary to the President

Musician, Teacher, Stenographer, Secretary

This is one side of his character. There is another side — a side which few people except his most intimate friends know, and which shows that his intense practicality is tempered by idealism. After a term of study on Long Island — and parenthetically it may be remarked that there he met the girl who was later to become his wife: she was then merely a child, but with that steadfastness which has always characterized him he never forgot her, and when the proper time came he married the love of his boyhood days — he graduated from the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, and decided to make music his life-work. His love for music is inherited and has been transmitted. His father, though not a professional musician, was a distinguished amateur, and Mr Cortelyou's children, although they are still quite young, have shown a marked talent for music. Mr Cortelyou went to Boston and while still studying and earning a living devoted all his spare time to music, and as a student of a Boston conservatory applied himself diligently to acquire a musical education. After a year of hard work it dawned on him that the life was rather a narrow one, and that though it was a good thing for a man to have a knowledge of and a love for music, it was perhaps not the best profession to which he could devote himself. He felt then that he needed a wider field for his activities, and although the temptation was strong to be an artist he put it behind him and went to New York to get into the thick of the fight. In New York, after teaching in a stenographic school, he took the civil service examination and was then appointed stenographer to a post-office inspector

He had no influence behind him; he was not appointed because some politician in high standing had asked for the appointment, but simply on his merits. As a stenographer he did so well that later he was transferred to a more remunerative place in the Post-Office Department in Washington, and here he remained until the second Cleveland Administration came in, when Mr Maxwell was appointed Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General and Mr Cortelyou in the ordinary routine found himself assigned as the new assistant's stenographer.

Mr. Maxwell was a Democrat and Mr Cortelyou was a Republican, and in the

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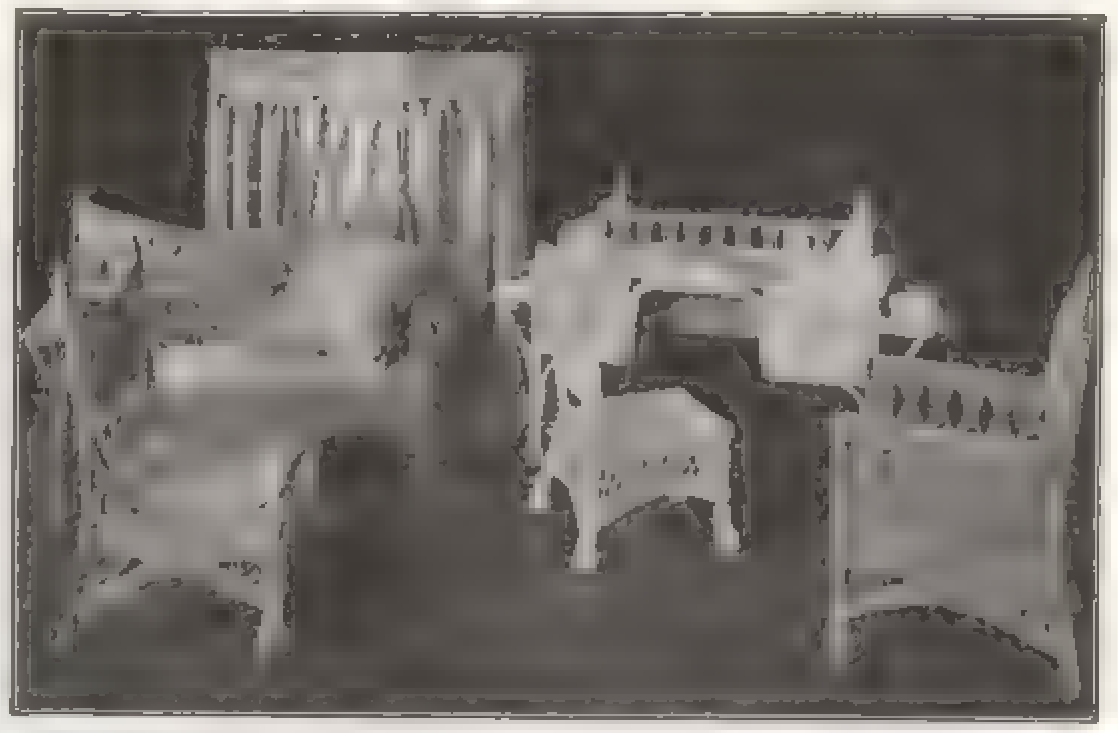

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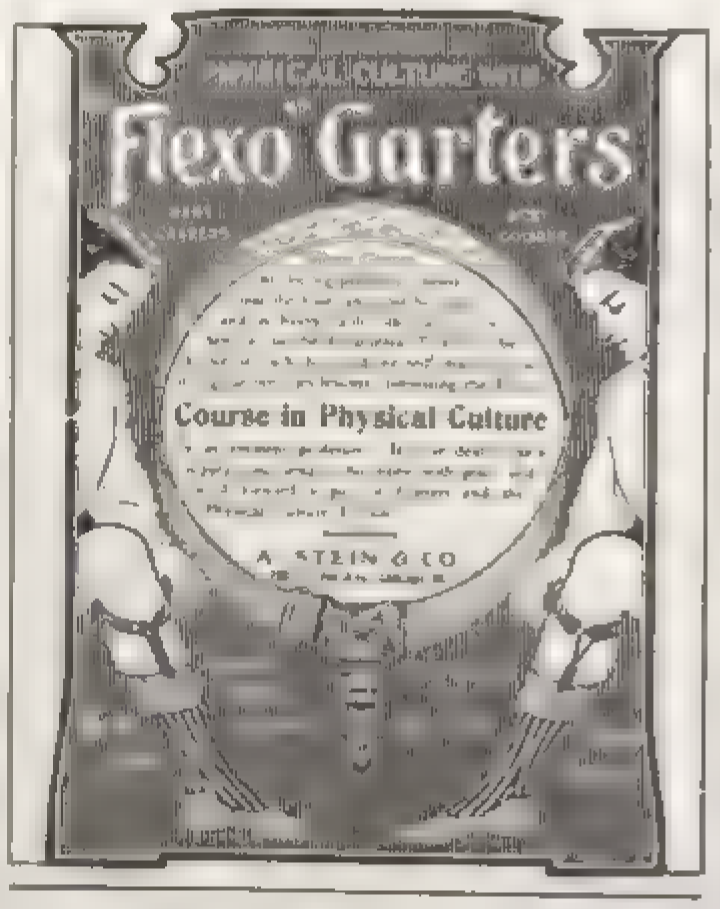

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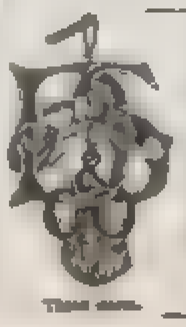

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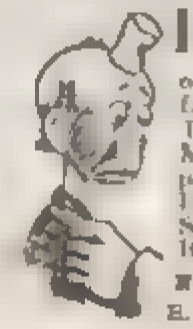

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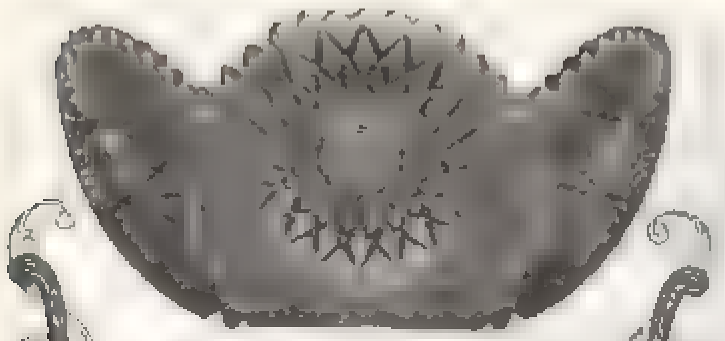

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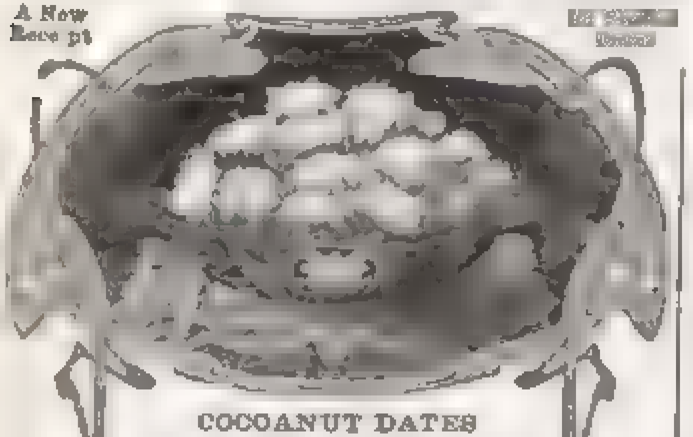

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circumstances Mr. Cortelyou had no idea of permanently retaining his place; in fact, it was his belief that inside of a month or so when Mr. Maxwell had learned the run of his office, he would select a Democrat for his confidential man, and Mr Cortelyou would be transferred to some other place. But Mr Maxwell soon saw that in Mr Cortelyou he had a most competent and efficient assistant He made the discovery that other men have made since, that Mr. Cortelyou was almost invaluable to him, and that it would be extremely difficult to find another stenographer who displayed such ability and could so intelligently anticipate the thoughts of his chief. So Mr. Cortelyou remained with Mr Maxwell, and soon Mr. Maxwell began to tell Postmaster-General Bissel of the great prize he had in his office. In that way Postmaster-General Bissel became interested in Mr Cortelyou, and when a stenographer attached to the White House force resigned and President Cleveland mentioned at a Cabinet meeting that he wanted a good man to fill the vacancy, Mr. Bissel suggested Maxwell's prize stenographer and Mr. Cortelyou [illegible] another promotion.

The first time that Mr. Cortelyou was called in to take the President's dictation he considered it was proper for him to say to Mr Cleveland that he was a Republican.

"Never trouble about a man's politics in a confidential position," was the reply. Mr. Cleveland was a good judge of men, and knew in whom to repose confidence. Mr Cortelyou remained at the White House during the Cleveland Administration, and there, as everywhere else, won not only the respect of his superiors but impressed them with his ability and quick grasp of things When Mr. McKinley entered the White House and appointed John Addison Porter his secretary Mr. Cortelyou was again promoted to the post of assistant secretary, and after the death of Mr. Porter he was made Secretary to the President

To Young Men Beginning Business

Mr. Cortelyou speaks as follows to young men beginning business

"If men spent as much time in doing their work and perfecting themselves in trying to do it still better as they do in endeavoring to secure political influence, and promotion on the strength of that influence, it would be much better for them, and their success would be more rapid." He added that his experience had taught him that in the Government service, as everywhere else, in the long run merit tells. Here and there, of course, luck or favoritism helps a man and for the time being he pushes rapidly to the front, but it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. The man who wins in the race of life is the man who has staying qualities and who uses his brains. "The trouble with so many men," Mr. Cortelyou continued, "is that they are lacking in the essential qualities. For instance, you find a stenographer who may be a good stenographer in so far as he can take down the words you utter and accurately reproduce them, but who is simply a machine. If, for example, you should make an obvious mistake, or if, as so often happens in dictation, you use a plural where manifestly the singular is intended, the stenographer will transcribe it without having either the intelligence or the desire to make the correction or to call your attention to it Again you find a good stenographer who has absolutely no initiative or no imagination Give him the exact words to write and he will write them, but give him merely a skeleton and trust to him to dress it up, and the chances are that he will be unable to do it. Then there are the men who never appear to get into close touch with their superiors or to understand their idiosyncrasies, so to speak, who every day must be told the same thing and who only do just exactly what they have to do Another class is composed of intelligent men who begrudge their work, and who think that when they are employed to do certain things they must not be asked to do any more These are the men who show in various ways that they regard it as a hardship, and in fact as an imposition, to be asked to work half an hour overtime. Now, when you find a man who combines all the qualifications that are requisite he is bound to succeed. Men may think at times that their work is unappreciated, but good men are always in demand and the employer recognizes ability when he finds it"

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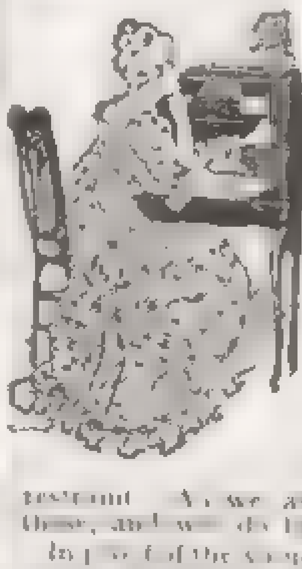

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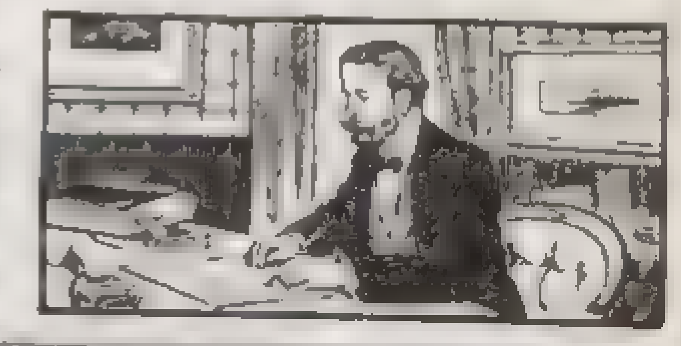

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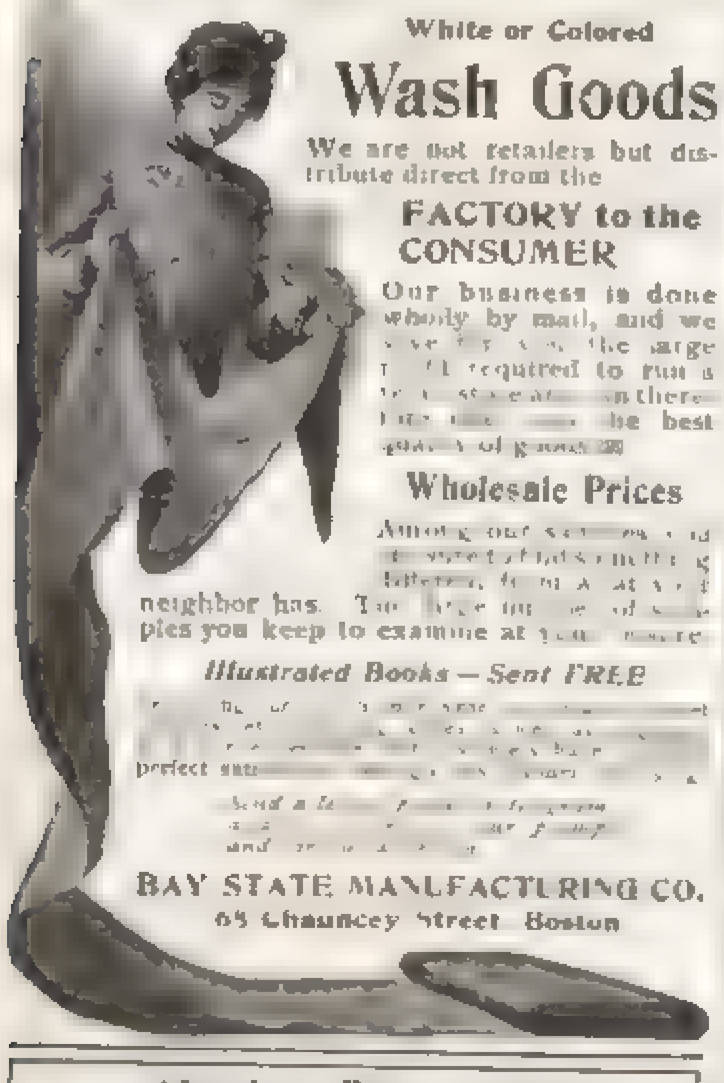

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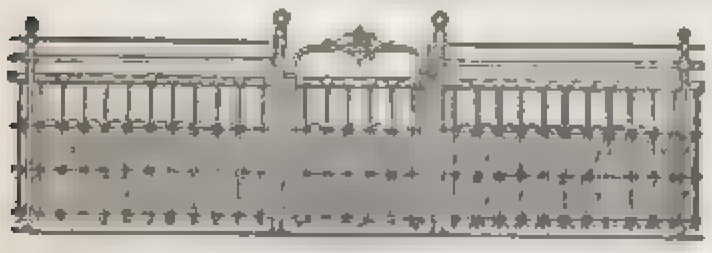

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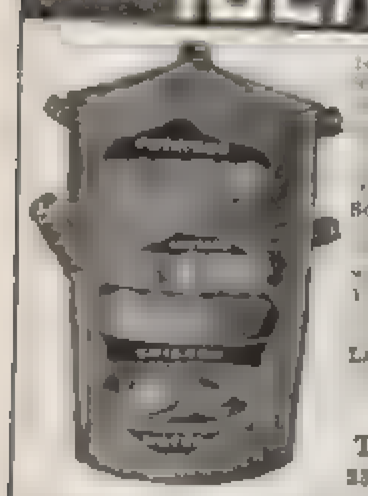

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The American Way

MR. BOWEN has a way of assuming that others agree with him, that often gains him his point.

A staff photographer for a well-known journal sought audience with the Minister to Venezuela at the hour in Washington when several Ambassadors were to be in consultation with him on the question of preferential rights. The man wanted the photograph of all these distinguished persons sitting together. Foreign diplomats usually object to the American way of photographing important persons at important moments. This the photographer knew, and when Mr. Bowen told him to come right in and prepare his camera near the table and await the gathering of the [illegible] the photographer hesitated, fearing to [illegible] an unpleasant scene.

"Do as I tell you," said Mr. Bowen, "and you will get the picture. Have everything ready for the final snap."

When Ambassador Herbert and Baron Speck von Sternberg had made the distinguished party complete, the Minister to Venezuela said as he waved his hand toward the camera: "This gentleman has asked to take a photograph of us. I told him that I had no objection to his doing so, and I assumed that you would not have any, either

Snap went the button and the picture was taken and the camera down before the distinguished foreign Ministers thought it out.

A Case of Precedence

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR, the venerable Senator from Massachusetts, who has played so serious a part in the Upper House, has moments of clever small talk that make his wit as much appreciated in the drawing-rooms as in debate.

One of the delightful things he said was at a large formal dinner at the White House. As the guests were leaving the receiving room the Hon. Charles Emory Smith was just in front of Senator Hoar. The ex-Cabinet Minister at once stepped aside and insisted that the Senator from Massachusetts precede him. There was a moment's polite parleying while Mr. Smith argued that a man in the Senate should precede an ex-Cabinet Minister.

"Ah, no," said Senator Hoar, bowing "The X's precede the Y's" (wise).

Webster and the Highwayman

IN THE ante-railroad time Daniel Webster once rode by night from Baltimore to Washington. Having no other companion, the great statesman, it is said, contemplated the face of the holder of "the ribbons," which had a very forbidding aspect, with much uneasiness. Ashamed of his suspicious fears, he had nearly reasoned them away, when the men came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, where he felt his courage oozing out at his fingers' ends as he thought what a fitting place it was for murder. Suddenly the driver turned toward him and gruffly demanded his name. It was given. Then followed the demand, "Where are you going?" "To Washington; I am a Senator," said Webster, thinking his worst fears were about to be confirmed.

ALL the HEAT where HEAT is NEEDED
THE IDOL OF THE LAUNDRY
A COLD HANDLE & A HOT IRON
THE housewife who does not use Asbestos Sad Irons is sacrificing comfort and economy. These irons supersede all other Sad Irons on the market. They have revolutionized ironing day methods. They concentrate and retain the heat, leaving the handle cool and comfortable. Finely finished and made in
Laundry Sets, Pressing, Polishing, Shirt Waist Sets, Sleeve, Tourist and Baby Irons.
Sold in leading department and hardware stores. Ask to see them. To get our booklet into the hands of every housewife who reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we will send with it
A Waxer and Polisher Free
An ingenious patented article that does away with wax bags and polishing cloths. You can use it on any iron. Don't wait until to-morrow — write to-day.
THE DOVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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This Beautiful
Feather Boa
sent FREE
FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK
Send your name and address and we will mail you 30 pieces of ART JEWELRY, no trash, to sell at only 10 cents each. Every one you offer them to will probably buy one or more. When sold send us the $3.00 and we will send you at once, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, this
HANDSOME FEATHER BOA
It is 54 inches long, made from extra quality Black Coque Feathers. Very stylish for spring and summer wear. Will be all the rage this season in all large cities. Nothing can add more to your appearance, nothing will set off a handsome dress or costume like one of these Feather Boas, and we give you the chance of a life time to earn one free. This is an extraordinary offer and will not be duplicated by any other reliable concern. We will guarantee to treat you right, and shall expect the same treatment in return. Your credit is good with us, we trust you for the jewelry until you sell it, taking back all you cannot sell and allowing you a cash commission on all sold. Send today and you will have this Feather Boa in a few days. Be the first to order in your locality. Address us this way
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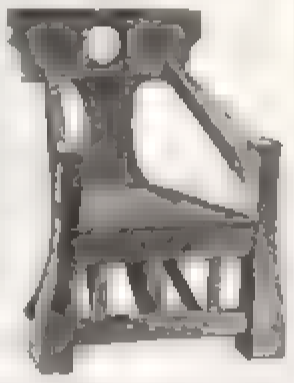

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Artistic makers of choice Oak Furniture in [illegible] finish, Fumed, [illegible] Send [illegible] with complete descriptions and prices. Just the style of furniture that [illegible] your apartments but the wood that is made and finished [illegible] perfections that it [illegible] everyday wear and tear [illegible] Not a few odd pieces for your selection, but

Complete Dining Room and Bed Room Sets

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Dillingham Furniture is sold direct to the customer at one [illegible] than you [illegible] points east of the Mississippi River and north of the Tennessee [illegible]

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COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES IN

WHITE BRONZE

Marble [illegible] Granite [illegible]

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[illegible] it cannot crumble [illegible] with the action of [illegible] Moss [illegible] impossibility [illegible]

[illegible] monuments [illegible] Write at once for free [illegible] you [illegible] We deal [illegible] everywhere.

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BRIGHT AS THE SUN

About as cheap as air

"SUN" Incandescent Gasoline Lamp

[illegible] Light for home [illegible]

Sun Vapor Light Co.

[illegible]

$8.00 Buys This Vault

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MEILINK'S HOME DEPOSIT VAULT

The only [illegible] Damp Proof [illegible]

$8 to $23.50. [illegible] No. 1, [illegible] large enough for all legal [illegible] Liberal Freight Allowance To All Points. [illegible]

[illegible] construction and prices.

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LEARN ENGRAVING

Write for particulars.

F. H. REES ENGRAVING SCHOOL, Elmira, N. Y.

Grasping him at once by the hand, the driver exclaimed: "How glad I am, Mister, to hear that! I felt sure you were a highwayman!"

A Popular Volume

"SENATOR LODGE," remarked one of his colleagues, "is naturally proud of Massachusetts, and is not disinclined to believe that children of that commonwealth have no superiors in any part of the country in the matter of mental equipment.

"Nevertheless he takes pleasure in telling a story of a Boston child who wrote to him asking him to procure a copy of 'The big volume of the Coast and Geodetic Report.'

"Senator Lodge was naturally pleased that a Boston child should make a request for a work which dealt in transcontinental triangulations and azimuths, but wishing to be certain in regard to the work desired he replied in a letter setting forth the contents of the various volumes of the latest report of this important branch of the Treasury Department, concluding his letter with the request that the applicant specify the particular book desired.

"'I don't care what reading matter the book contains,' [illegible] reply: 'I want a big, fat book, good for pressing leaves.'"

The Columbus of China

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, the eminent physician and novelist, has had many honors conferred upon him, but he probably cares most for those shown him by the Mikado of Japan. This intelligent and progressive ruler asked that Doctor Mitchell be presented to him. The story has leaked out, from Americans living in Japan, that much of the enthusiasm of the Mikado for the writer was due to an inspired speech made by Doctor Mitchell when he was presented at the splendid Japanese court. It was just at that moment when China was in the limelight of the nations. When Doctor Mitchell was presented with all the great formality due to the Emperor, he said:

"It is the happiest moment of my life to meet the man who discovered China to the world!"

* * *

The Sweet-Fern Cigarette

By Joe Lincoln

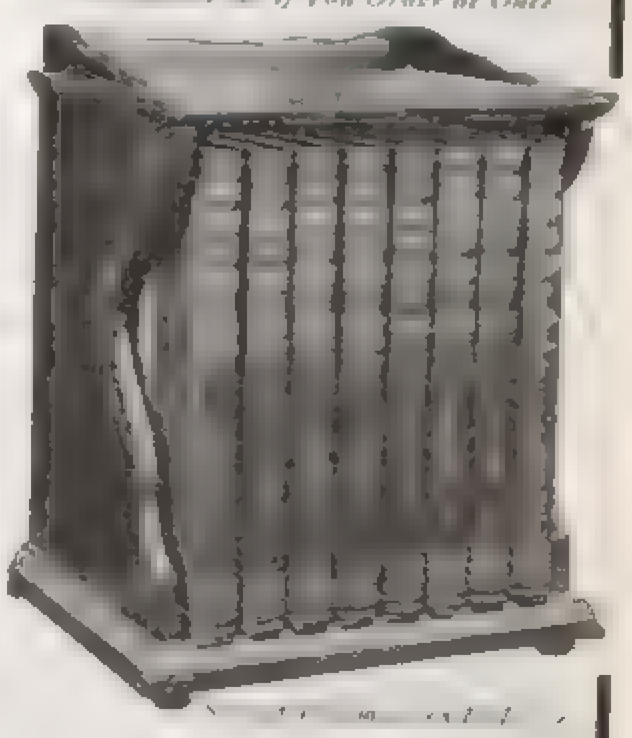
Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Them old smokes we use ter get
When the world was all ter-morrow
And there wara't no words like sorrer,
Work or debt;
Barefoot youngsters, nine or ten,
Puffin' just like grown-up men,
And a feelin'— land, yes! feelin'
Twice or more as big again

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Lawsy! I remember yet
How we use ter roll and stuff 'em
How we use ter light and puff 'em.
Proud, you bet!
'Neath the bushes in a row,
Dreamin' dreams and talkin' low,
Hopin' we looked old as father,
And just wishin' it was so.

Oh, the sweet fern cigarette!
Seems if I can see it yet:
Wrapper — well, 'twant reel Havanner —
Tore out of the Weekly Banner,
Gossip's pet,
With the fern leaves rolled inside,
Crinkled, twisted up and dried —
Mebbe 'twasn't Manuel Garcia,
But, by jings! it satisfied.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
My! how plain I smell it yet
Mixed up with the scent of grasses
And of green pine-needle masses,
Dewy wet,
And of medders all ablaze
In the sunny August haze,
And the bayb'ries hot and spicy,
Sleepin' through the summer days.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Lawsy! how I'd like to get
Somethin' somewhere with its flavor,
With its reel old down-home savor!
Like ter set
There behind the pastur' wall,
Free from years and care and all,
And blow smoke dreams with the fellers
That I knew when I was small.



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We have remaining on hand only a few sets of our special half-price Club edition of the "World's Best Music," and these will be closed out at a bargain to those who order promptly. If you send us your order at once you will be in time to obtain a set at half-price and on the little-at-a-time payment plan. **Write us a letter today,** enclosing the coupon cut from this advertisement, and a set will be forwarded to you, **express prepaid,** for [illegible] It will cost you only a two-cent stamp to examine this musical library [illegible] as to its merits. The set contains **2,200 pages** of the best sheet music—carefully selected by an experienced staff of music editors headed by Reginald De Koven—and handsomely bound and indexed. If you were to buy [illegible] at a time it would **cost you over $200.00.**

[illegible] Free if You Order at Once

The World's Best Music

[illegible] contains **2,200 pages of sheet music** [illegible] more than [illegible] **flat on the piano.** [illegible] De Koven [illegible] **300 instrumental selections** [illegible] including popular [illegible] marches and [illegible] There are 350 **best old and new songs.** [illegible] 500 **biographies** [illegible] 400 **portraits** [illegible] "and in number [illegible] Musical Library leads [illegible]

$1.00 a Month Payments

If you are a pianist or a singer, or if there is a piano in your home, you should not let this opportunity pass, for it means music for a life-time at a trifling [illegible] Through our Musical Library Club while the remaining sets last the prices of this collection of music will be **$21.00 for a set in cloth binding** and **$25.00 for half-leather binding**—payable $1.00 a month. The value of this bargain can be shown by the fact that thousands of these sets have previously been sold for $35.00 and $40.00. This is your last opportunity to secure this magnificent work at a [illegible] price and on easy payments. Cut out the coupon and send it to us today. We will send you a set, **express prepaid,** for five days examination. If you are not satisfied, return the [illegible] at our expense. But if you decide to keep the set send us $1.00 at the expiration of five days and $1.00 a month thereafter until the full amount is paid.

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[illegible] $4.00 each, [illegible]

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The University Society

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Street [illegible]

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It smells like the Pine Woods" is the exclamation of a visitor [illegible] in which

Spirit of the Pines

is being used. A few drops will diffuse through the house the refreshing, invigorating fragrance [illegible] of the Pine Forest [illegible] for the sick room.

MAY BE USED EITHER WAY

by heating in water, or by sprinkling or spraying. One [illegible] of Spirit of the Pines with Oil Heater [illegible] for **One Dollar,** or one [illegible] of the Pines only mailed for **Fifty Cents.**

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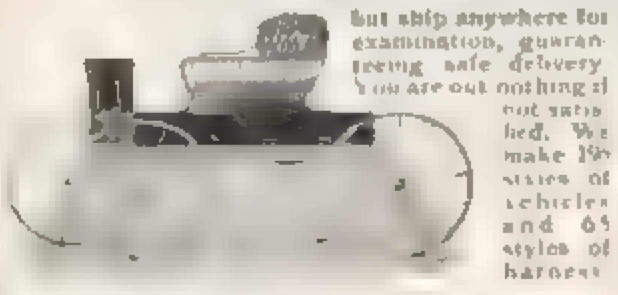
but ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied. We make 195 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness.



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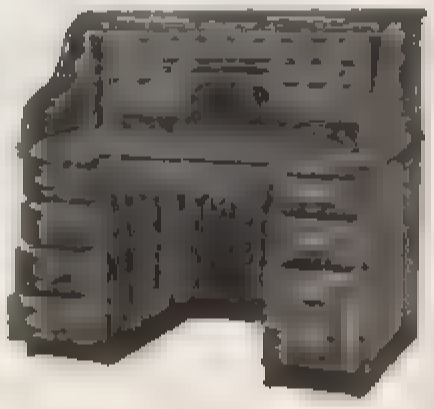
$25.00 [illegible] retail at $42. Extra choice quarter-sawed golden oak, [illegible]

CATALOGUE [illegible] FREE, if you address [illegible]

$18.75 [illegible] WE PAY FREIGHT [illegible]



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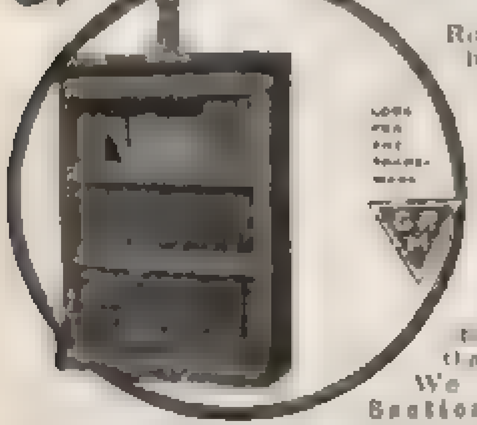

Roller bearing non-binding doors, removable (to clean or replace broken glass) by simply unhooking. No unsightly iron bands or protruding shelves. [illegible] appearance is that of solid case. We are the Only Sectional Book-case Makers entitled to use the trade-mark of the Grand Rapids Furniture Association, which means the best. Sold only through dealers. If no dealer in your town write us. Send for Illustrated Catalogue B showing different sizes.

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The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2c per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Bright[illegible] No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. [illegible] styles. Lighted instantly [illegible]. Every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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Getting On
Young Men and Old in Business

The Man Who Took Advice Backward

By Charles Battell Loomis

THERE was once a man who loved to make money. He toiled early and late, and at last, by patient persistence and unwearying efforts, he amassed a fortune so much greater than he could possibly spend upon himself that the editors of those journals that are self-constituted balance-wheels on the body politic told him that it was time for him to stop; that it was criminal for him to pursue the dollar any further, that he should give a chance to others.

Now there are some types of millionaires who are not moved one whit by the arguments or the mockery of editors, but this millionaire was an exception. He went home and said to his wife: "I perceive that my amassing of money has been in the nature of a crime against society and it would be wickedness for me to gather together even so small a sum as a thousand dollars more. I have spent fifty years—happy years—absorbing money; now I will sit under my vine and fig tree and think over my work which I had not supposed criminal until the editor of the Daily Howler opened my eyes. I plainly see that I have been selfish: I will be selfish no longer. Let others make what they will; for me, I am done."

So he called together his lieutenants and helpers to the number of five thousand and said:

"I am this day minded to stop my selfish pursuit of the mighty dollar. The Daily Howler has shown me that it is no less than criminal for me to seek to make further money when there are so many men who are waiting to become millionaires. Go to your homes and do what you will; for you no more will the whistle sound, the great wheels will no longer revolve, the smoke of the chimneys will go up no more forever. Forgive me in that I did not sooner see my duty. I cannot unmake what I have made, but from this day forth my mills shall be as ruins and you my helpers shall be free to live your lives in your own way."

And a babe and suckling of two summers who had the gift of speech rose and said:

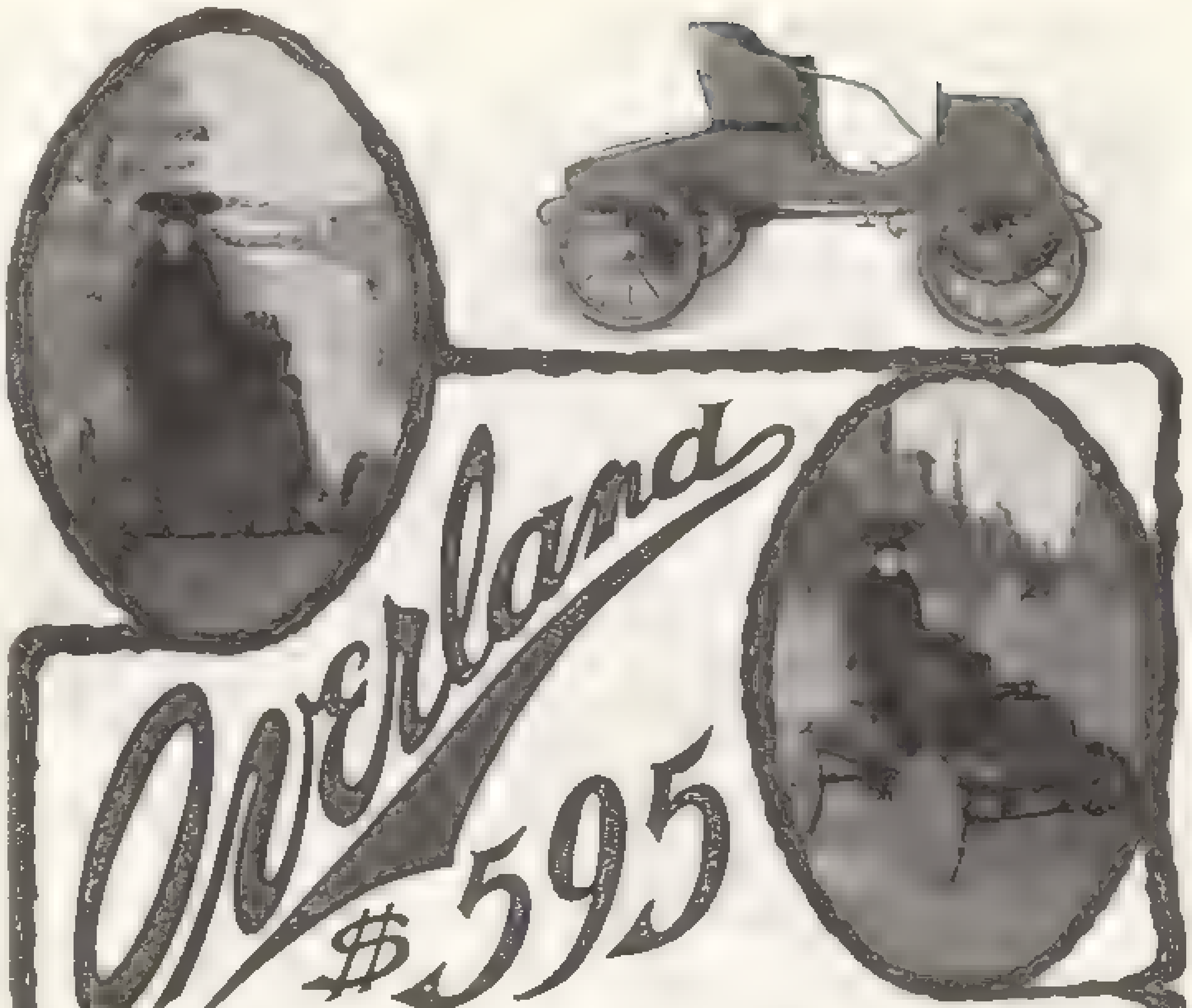
"It seems to my limited understanding that you take a wrong view of the case entirely. If you were making your money by your own individual efforts, unaided by others, or if your ways were merely those of a clutcher who buys and sells on a margin and whose work benefits none save his brokers, then it would be well to heed the advice of the Daily Howler and the other papers whose editors work for love, and put a stop to your money getting; but your prosperity means the prosperity of this entire community that has grown up around your mills. When your machinery is running overtime to coin money for you it is also providing extra wages for your superintendents and machinists and their subordinates, and it is enabling their wives to buy not only food but some of the things that go to make life something more than drudgery. Cut off the stream at its fountain-head and you yourself stop drinking of its waters of increase, and you doom thousands to a crust."

And the millionaire said:

"I'm blest if I know where you learned that song and dance, but it is covered from end to end with horse-sense of the best quality and I am glad you tuned up.

"The Daily Howler may join the other jackals, but as for me I will keep the wheels running and the smoke pouring and the whistles blowing until I am too old to do any more work."

And he made a cooperative company of the concern and increased the plant; so the Daily Howler did some good after all, for its advice was taken backward, which is often the best way to take advice.



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Write for booklet and learn of its simplicity and comfort—its ease and economy of operation.

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NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRES

have, in many cases, made their fortunes in New York real estate. Shrewd business men are embracing the same opportunity to-day of securing a share in the tremendous increase of values of desirable property being opened up in the suburbs of Greater New York.

Our property

GRANTWOOD-ON-HUDSON,

on the Palisades, opposite Grant's Tomb, has already become a beautiful suburb; has macadam streets, flag walks, curb, gas, water, unexcelled sewerage system, schools, churches, etc. Sixty new homes built in two years, more going up now. **Only thirty-five minutes to down-town commercial districts.**

Lots similar to those sold in 1899 for $450, now selling at $950. Values have since doubled, and should double again, in the same time. Two-thirds of this property has been sold.

Immediately west lies

MORSEMERE,

where we have made the same improvements as at Grantwood. Large number of new houses, likewise new $7,000. R. R. Station, and beautiful Park, now in process of completion.

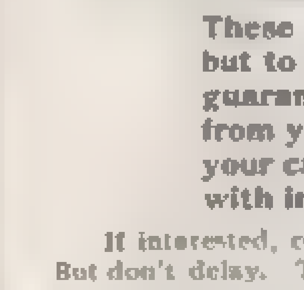
Lots at MORSEMERE, $350. to $700. At GRANTWOOD, $700. to $2,000, as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000. to $10,000. each.

EASY PAYMENTS: $15. down and $5. monthly, for lots under $700.

These properties have already proven their profit possibilities; but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment we will refund the entire cash paid us, with interest at 6 per cent.

If interested, come to New York and visit these properties. We will pay your railroad fare. But don't delay. Take advantage of this opportunity at once. We strongly advise your reserving lots at once, as we will advance price of all unsold lots 10 per cent. within 90 days.

Write to-day for full particulars. Testimonials from **buyers who have already sold at a profit**, photographic views, etc.



A MORSEMERE RESIDENCE

Columbia Investment & Real Estate Co.
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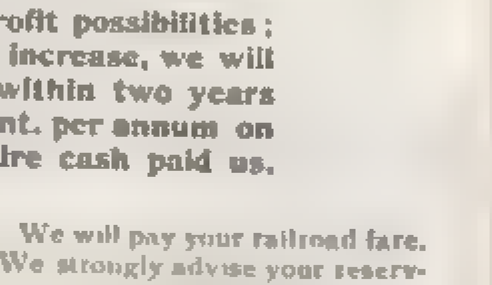
Assets $929,471.07



R. R. STATION AT MORSEMERE

How a Business was Saved

By Archibald W. Shaw

MANY a critical business situation has been brought to a successful issue because some employee refused to accept flattering "surface indications" as final and had the hardihood to question the desirability of certain lines of policy and practice which were held in high favor by his superiors and associates.

Repeated and insistent examples of this kind of a situation have been forced upon my attention, in the course of my experience as a professional business systematizer, until I have come to regard this inclination to reject surface appearances and dig deep into the basic situation of every department as one of the most valuable traits in any executive or employee.

About two years ago I encountered a striking example of this phase of business experience, showing how a good digger—and that means a good doubter—can save the day and turn practical failure into decided success if his advice is heeded by his employer.

A certain manufacturing concern in the West found itself doing a large business. It was very busy and apparently was making great strides in securing for its product a large place in public favor. Among those holding a subordinate executive position was a keen young man who was not easily satisfied by exterior appearances, but had the digging habit.

"You are doing lots of business," he told his superior. "Almost every week you are adding more help to the office force, your correspondence is steadily increasing, and apparently the business is right on the crest of the prosperity wave. But if you will overhaul everything and find out just where you stand, I'll miss my guess if you are really making substantial headway or satisfactory profits."

This rather startled the managers of the business, but the young man was so much in earnest that a careful and thorough examination into the affairs of the enterprise was made.

It verified every prophecy that the young "kicker" had made.

"Now," he continued, "I'm convinced that the leakage of profits is in the very department which is the pet and pride of the house—the one that brings the most correspondence, that calls for the most of the new help, that 'keeps things doing' and gives the place the busiest appearance."

"Nonsense!" replied the manager. "You were right on the general situation, but this time you are wrong. Why, that department is doing great stunts right along and any curtailment of its work would weaken the selling end of the establishment very much."

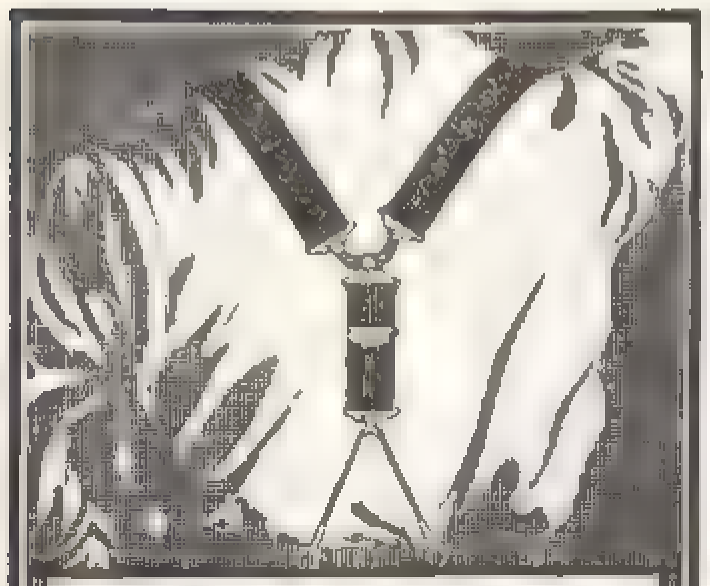
"But," insisted the digger, "I'll tell you right now that of the seven methods you are using to put your goods on the market the one which you think the best is the very one that is cutting down your profits. Call in an expert who is able to sift this matter right down to a finish and you'll find I'm right."

This was done with the result which verified to a letter the prediction of the young man. A careful analysis of the results of the seven means by which the goods of this house were placed on the market showed conclusively that the method held in highest esteem, and which made the most outward show of business, was the one which held the profits of the entire establishment down to an insignificant percentage.

Naturally this particular method of selling was at once dispensed with, and the final proof of the whole matter was found in the fact that many thousand dollars were, in the following year, added to the profits of the enterprise.

When any business house has in its employ a man who refuses to go "on the face of the returns" and insists that the establishment should have some method which will give it a simple, analytical and cumulative record of the actual results obtained by every department and line of effort employed, give that man a careful hearing.

His suspicions and "kicks" are worth being tested.



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are made with a
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where easy automatic adjustment is most essential. No motion of the wearer is too quick—no exertion too great for this perfect device. *Cyclo Ball Bearing Suspenders* are unconditionally guaranteed. Trimmings cannot rust. French gilt. **Price 50c.** If your dealer doesn't keep them, send his name with price and receive sample pair.
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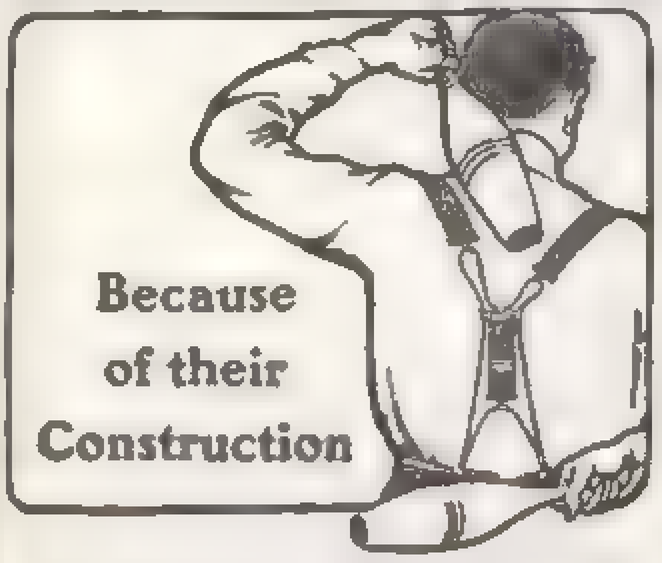

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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
give most
Comfort and Service
Guaranteed
"All breaks made good"
"President" on buckle means
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Send 6c. for Catalogue.

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TRADE-MARK REGISTERED
Ask Your Shoeman!
The strength of the modern building is in its steel frame. Shoes are better made on this plan.
"Wear Proof" warranted shoe linings are the steel frame of the shoe. Write for *free Sample "Wear Proof."*
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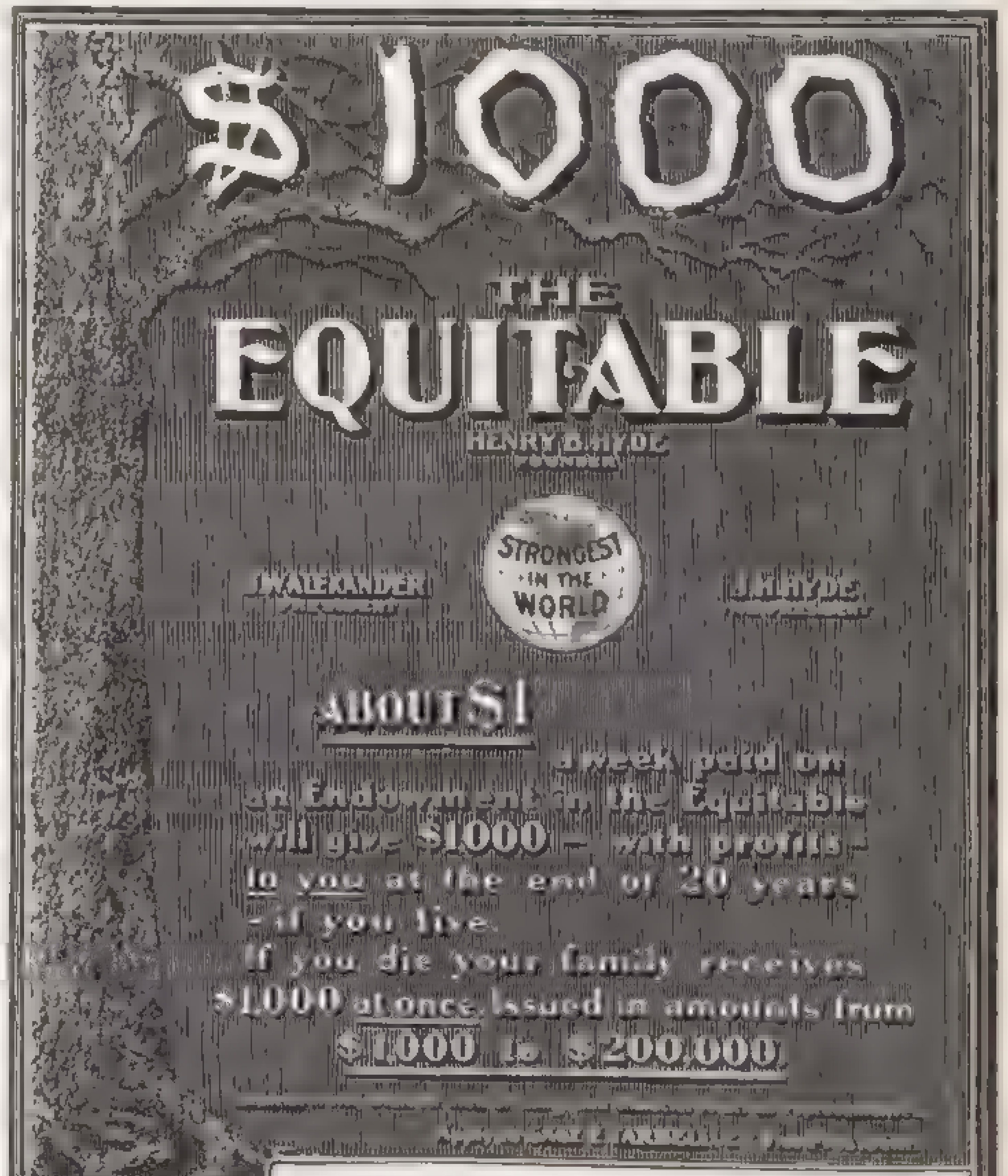

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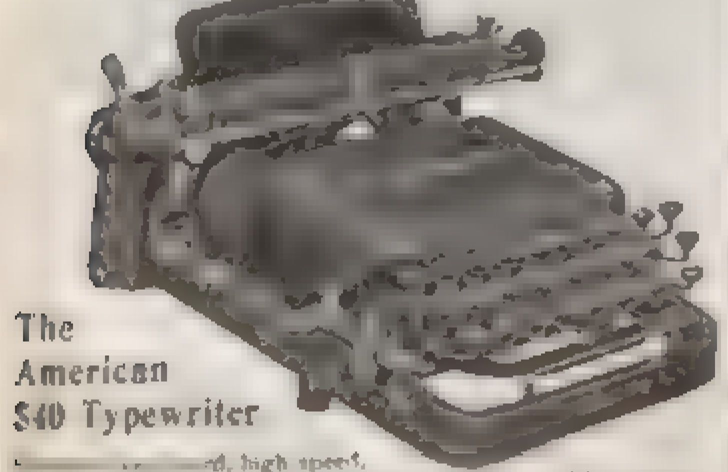

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

THE KNIGHTE OF THE WOEFULLE COUNTENANCE—A serio-comic experience of Mr. Charles Battell Loomis

¶ Charles Battell Loomis has a face which he describes as longer than an old-time Presbyterian parson's "fourthly." It makes the delight of his audiences when, with a true hired mourner's solemnity, he ties them up in tight kinks with some particularly deft turn of drollery. But not every one has the saving grace of humor.

When Mr. Loomis last lectured he was met by a very conscientious chairman who had been deputed to conduct him to the platform. The chairman looked at Mr. Loomis' long face and quaked in his shoes. The lecture was to be a humorous lecture—evidently Major Pond had shipped him the wrong bill of goods. Tremblingly the chairman assured himself of his guest's identity. Mr. Loomis "tumbled" at the first note of hesitation, but had the wickedness to rather enjoy the chairman's wriggles. Yes, he was to lecture that night—and he let out another reef in his solemnity

"Will it—er—be funny?"

"I hope so," was the sad answer.

Mr. Loomis has recently taken on the duties and honors of a Justice of the Peace, it is laughingly asserted by his friends "on the make"—for "more copy."

A BROADWAY BRITON—What he thinks of us, together with a hint to the next conundrum novelist.

¶ A Southern gentleman once said, in criticism of the newcomers who are buying up old Virginia estates from reduced families, that the chief reason they don't get on better with the native-born is that they become "just a little more Southern than the Southerners"—we learn in Mr. Kipling's Jungle Book that the ape is never popular with the other animals. Now, if one were in any doubt of Mr. Justus Miles Forman's nationality it would be instructive to note that the English of his Englishman—"Young" Calthrop, the hero of Journey's End—is rather more English than anything one hears in England itself—by which one means that all the stock phrases now grown as familiar on this side the "pond" as the other, such as "shocking," "bounder," "jolly," "smart," "swagger," and the like, are rather more plentifully scattered through the soliloquies and dialogue than they would be in, say, the small talk of the Mayfair drawing-rooms where, it is supposed, Calthrop has the habit of them. And Mr. Forman makes his Englishman what an Englishman rarely is—however slangy—careless of his sequences and tenses—prejudices of which the well-bred Briton is jealously tenacious. "Young" Calthrop says: "I wonder if I were to go to you to-morrow and ask for tea—and things if I'd get them. Oh, yes, you said I *would*" (the italics are ours) "whenever I should come; but *would* I?"—a double lapse of which we are sure his ear would never have permitted him to be guilty had he been born out of the Manhattan Island he so longed to leave for "home." The moment this suspicion steals across the mind it begins to dull [illegible] host of modest metropolitans would sage[illegible] nod over as his "clever," "observant," "profound" and "penetrating" criticisms of our manners—for whether the critic be all or none of these things he does not, cannot, if he approaches his subject from the inside, get the thing which is of interest to us the "criticisees": the unspoiled, the outside viewpoint. It is too much like that tedious thing, the dread of all dinner-tables, what a man thinks of himself

The plot of Journey's End is soon told. "Young" Calthrop at his father's death finds himself heir to an income which cannot support him. He comes to New York, gets a position at fifteen dollars the week in a photograph shop, and takes cheap lodgings. At the shop he falls in love with a picture of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, a young actress then starring in The Horse Guards, and the red headed shop-girl falls in love with him. Inspired by Miss Berkeley's picture, he writes a play for her and shows it to a second rate actor living in the same house with him. The actor takes it to "read," has it copied, carries it to Freelman, gets it accepted as his own and returns the first copy to Calthrop. Calthrop discovers the plot, establishes his identity

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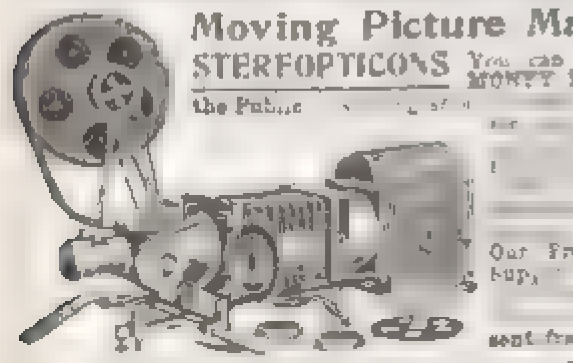

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with the manager by producing the original [illegible] has [illegible] produced with great success and—suddenly wakes to find that two unexpected deaths in the family have made him Earl of Oxbridge

Now does he marry Miss Berkeley—who it is perfectly plain is Miss Ethel Barrymore just as The Horse Guards is her last year's play, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines—or does he go back to Molly, "the girl he left behind him"? The Lady and the Tiger over again. Why could not such a plot be made just six times as interesting and just six times as original by having six times as many young women, all drawn from the life, to fall in love with? Think what [illegible] guessing contest a well-advised book-boomer could work up from such material as that! The Early Loves of an Earl, or Eny Meeny Miny Mo, Catch a Princess by the Toe, or A Baker-Baronet's Dozen—Who Got the Bun? Why, David Harum, The Crisis and all the other Big Sellers would be lost in the dust

WHO SHALL EDIT THE EDITOR?—Some instances where, in his differences with authors, he has come off second best.

¶ How far shall the editor edit? is a question much vexed by publisher and author. The discerning editor is alive—if, as some authors will have it, not from sympathy, at least from the spur of sharp competition—to any spark of merit, any sign of promise in an [illegible]. He accepts it and [illegible] for the thankless task of whipping it into shape. He then performs a service to publisher, reader and author alike. On the other hand, the author's judgment often has the better of the argument. There is on record—if not here on earth, at least in Heaven above—the case of an earnest and ambitious young American writer whose book was accepted by an American publisher, and then suppressed on the ground of immorality. The publisher had accepted it at the instance of his literary adviser and found no evil in it himself; but his wife, who saw the proofs, cried out against it. The indignant author demanded to know how far such interference was to be carried, if the cousins to the third generation, the sisters and the aunts, were to be invoked in counsel; but the publisher was obdurate, and the book, though legally brought out according to contract, was never pushed, and fell dead on the market. Fortunately it found an English publisher and great favor with the English critics, but to this day the name on the title-page is little known in this country. Then there was the author who had the refusal of his short story (an excellent story it was, too) from every editor in the land, until in later years he became an editor himself and turned the tables on his colleagues by publishing his story under the title of A Rejected Manuscript, in his own magazine. This recalls the unkind criticism once made of Mr Richard Watson Gilder's poetry that it owed its vogue to the fact that it was acceptable to the editors of the Century Magazine.

Mr. George Horton had an unusual experience of a rather more fortunate nature. His Like Another Helen was three times accepted. In the first two instances the publisher insisted on substantial alterations and in both instances Mr. Horton was equally firm for the integrity of his text. The book finally came out as it was written and the results seem fully to have justified the author's judgment. Mr Horton has followed letters from his first years. He wrote, when he was twelve years old, what he asserts was an exceedingly bad satire in verse on the ludicrous fashions of the hour in women's dress. Throughout his course at college he kept strictly to the humanities. When he received his appointment as United States Consul to Athens he diverted his studies to modern Greek. Greek has shown itself [illegible] the great [illegible] languages. The educated Greek [illegible] reads the Greek classics almost as we read Shakespeare; and Homer, though he wrote in a highly artificial language of literary convention, is as intelligible to him as [illegible] Chaucer is to us. The cry of kindling wood heard in the streets to-day is essentially what it was in the time of Æschylus. In this flexible, virile language has grown up a body of popular balladry and [illegible]. It was a congenial field for a man of [illegible]. The rendering into English which followed instantly caught the ear of English speaking Greeks; and to-day at any picnic of American Greeks where dancing and ballad singing are part of the entertainment, one is quite as likely to hear Mr. Horton's translation as the original. He is perhaps the only living American poet who shares with Poe and Whitman the honor of an equal affection in the hearts of a foreign audience.

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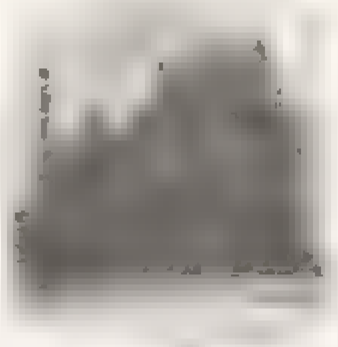

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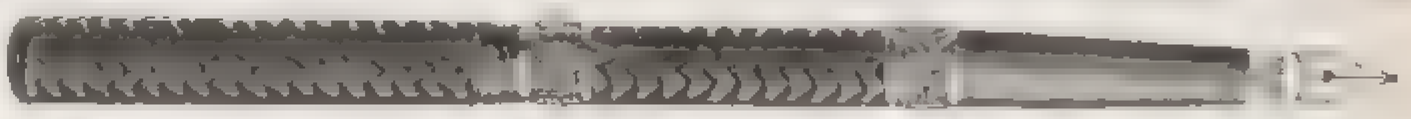

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HARD TO SWALLOW—Fruits that never grew on trees, and jellies that would make the fortune of a mining prospector.

GOVERNMENT chemists in the food laboratory at Washington have been subjecting American jams, jellies and preserved fruits to analysis. The discoveries made are startling.

Of two hundred and fourteen samples of fruit products one hundred and four were found to be adulterated.

Crystals of acid tartrate of potash were discovered in plum jam. In many samples of jellies benzoic acid and salicylic acid had been used as preservatives. But that was not the worst feature. As permanent color is an important item in the sale of fruit products, some of the manufacturers had used poisonous dyes, and as a result small quantities of zinc, copper, tin, lead, arsenic and other dangerous impurities had been imparted to some very attractive looking jellies.

As stated, some of the samples were found to be pure, and the Government will circulate a list of the two hundred and fourteen brands examined, giving the name of the manufacturers, the claims of purity made for the product, and the disclosures of the Federal laboratory. Some of the jellies were found to contain scarcely any fruit substance at all, being composed of glucose, starch, coal-tar dye and other ingredients, with a mere flavoring of fruit.

It has long been generally suspected that fruit products contained many kinds of adulterants. The chemists in their search found in their jelly samples every alien substance that to their knowledge had been charged against jam and jelly, with one exception. The most careful tests failed to disclose agar agar (dried seaweed), which it was thought was used as a gelatinizing agent.

In one sample benzoic acid was found in guava jam. The chemists were informed that it had not in that case been used as a preservative, but had come from a coal-tar dye which the manufacturers had purchased in good faith as a harmless vegetable coloring.

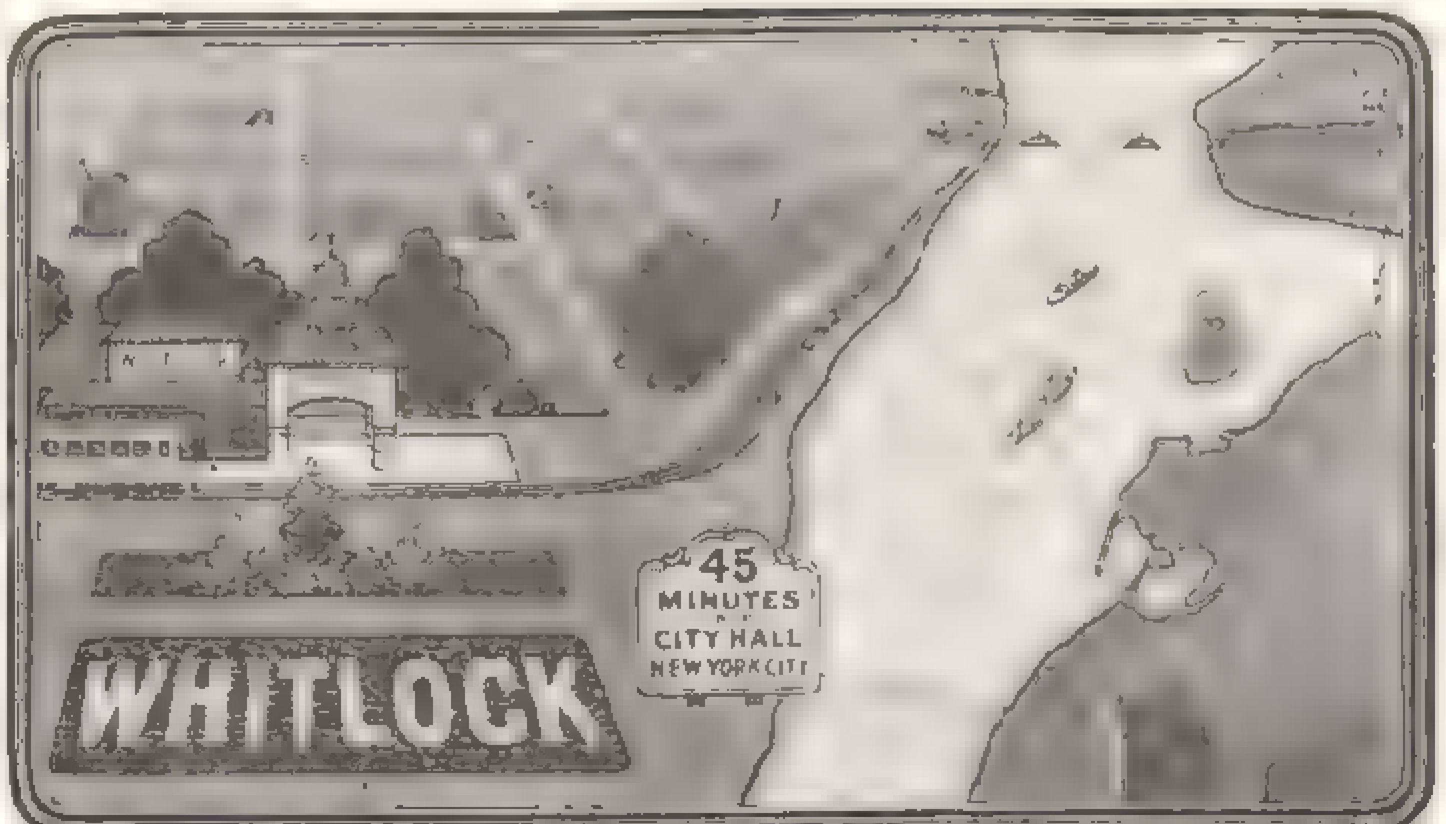
Twenty five samples of jellies contained glucose, but were not so labeled. The labels of some of these not only disavowed the presence of glucose, or were silent in regard to it, but set forth that the product was packed from the choicest fruit. In addition to containing glucose, five had been dyed, and nine contained acid preservatives.

THE SERVICE OF HAWKS AND OWLS They eat great quantities of gophers, rabbits, field mice and lesser vermin.

FOR years owls and hawks have been under the condemnation of the farmer. Now scientists come forward in defense of these birds of prey, asserting, after years of field experiment and investigation, that the activity of owls and hawks is of very great service to husbandry. Special encomiums are heaped upon the great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*). But for its vigilance, say the ornithologists, the depredations of the cottontail rabbit would know no limit. The Biological Survey deplores the fact that the rabbit, which is held to be a great nuisance, is protected by law, whereas bounties are offered in many States for the extermination of owls and hawks, now declared to be among the farmer's real friends. In counties of Scotland, England and other countries where owls and hawks have been practically exterminated in the supposed interests of game preservation, it frequently happens that meadow mice devastate crops and destroy young fruit trees by girdling them. To avert a similar tendency in America the Government scientists will attempt to convince the various State authorities that most of the species of owls and hawks in this country are beneficial.

An object-lesson was presented on a farm near Washington. In a nursery of four thousand apple trees near farm buildings which hawks and owls do not dare approach, rabbits destroyed two thousand trees. In a newly planted orchard distant from the buildings and surrounded by woods, hawks and owls afforded such complete protection that scarcely a tree was touched.

The occasional descent of hawks upon barnyards is a slight offense, the scientists say, when their great service is considered. There are seventy-three species and subspecies of owls and hawks in the United States, and a recent examination of the stomachs of about three thousand of these showed that only six of the seventy three species are to be classed as more harmful than beneficial. Mice, rabbits, gophers and ground squirrels



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comprise the chief diet of the larger species, while insects injurious to agriculture are devoured by the smaller.

The rough-legged hawk *(Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis)* seems to have earned its imposing title, for it is declared to be an uncompromising enemy of weasels and shrews, and of every rodent and insect which makes war on husbandry. This bird is among the largest and most beneficent of hawks.

As if in its wisdom the owl had known that it would ultimately be defended by science, a pair of barn owls *(Strix pratincola)* for years have had their eyrie in the tower of the Smithsonian Institution. Scientists have on repeated occasions climbed to the place of banquet of these sapient birds, and up to date have gathered there skeletons of about two thousand mammals, most of them of meadow mice, one of the most destructive enemies with which farmers have to compete.

TO SAVE THE TERRAPIN — Sixty years ago terrapin sold for five cents apiece, now they are almost extinct.

IN THE interests of the United States Government Dr. Hugh M. Smith, an eminent ichthyologist, is now on his way to Japan to learn the secret of the artificial propagation of terrapin which expert fishermen in the Sunrise Kingdom have long practiced. When Doctor Smith returns the Japanese method will be adopted on the Atlantic seaboard to save the diamond-backed terrapin *(Malaclemmys palustris)* from extinction.

Sixty years ago this species of chelonian was so numerous that apprentices, when signing articles of employment in various industries along the Chesapeake coasts, stipulated that they were not to be fed on terrapin more than three times a week. Now if they could get that dish three times a year they would consider themselves fortunate. In the days of the terrapin's abundance they could be seen in vast numbers sunning themselves on various Atlantic tide lands. Until 1849 they were caught only for local consumption and were not highly esteemed by farmers and fishermen who could capture them with little effort. In the year mentioned a captain who happened to know their gastronomic value caught over four thousand and succeeded in selling them for $750. When this news reached the tide lands there ensued a mighty scramble for terrapin, and a new industry leaped into persistent activity. In winter, when the terrapin lay torpid in their mud burrows, dredges towed by vessels harvested them by the thousands. In summer, when they moved about in search of food, they were trapped by the wholesale. When they became too wary for traps they were hunted down by hounds on the marsh lands.

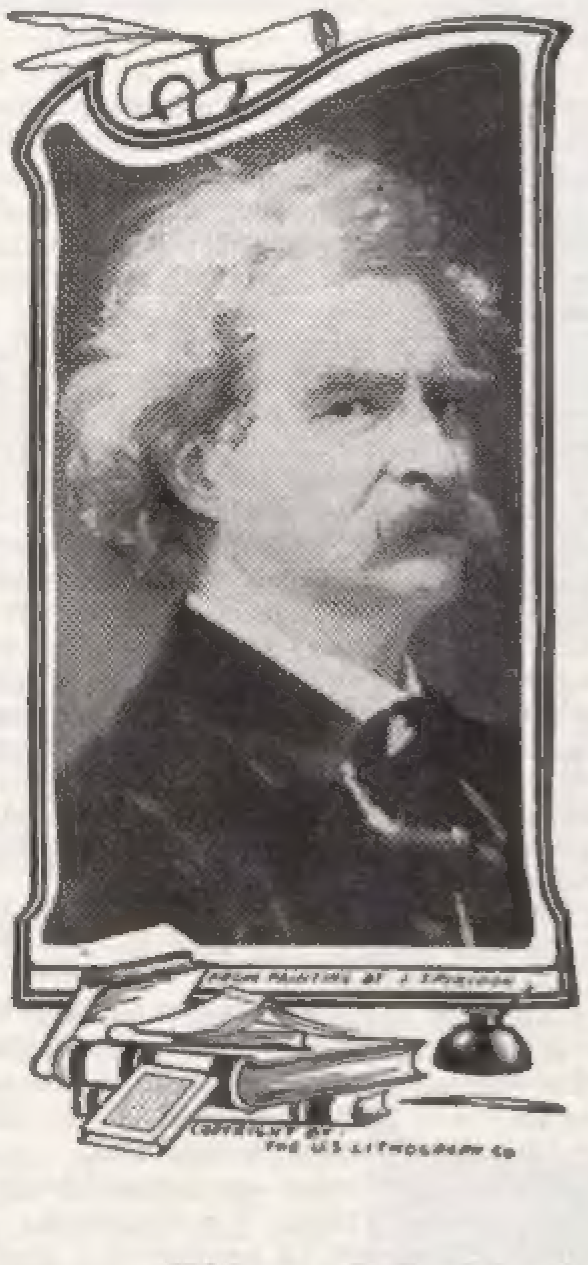
The result is that the diamond-backed terrapin is approaching extermination. To-day the best specimens are sold by the fishermen at $120 a dozen. State laws against their capture out of season are not rigidly enforced, and as the safeguarding of the species is not in the hands of the Federal Government, the one hope of preserving the terrapin lies in propagating them artificially.

Doctor Smith says that the species varies greatly in external appearance and in flavor. The best are found in the Chesapeake. Curiously, though most of the terrapins further south are much inferior, there is a strip of sand bar near Biloxi, Mississippi, where the terrapins are almost equal in flavor and value to those of the Chesapeake.

A factor which has contributed to the alarming decrease of terrapin is their slow growth. The rate is estimated to be about one inch a year, fully ten years elapsing before maturity. Just what food the terrapins eat in their natural state is not known. When penned they are fed on crabs, oysters and fish, and just before they are marketed celery is added to the diet to impart a choice flavor. Doctor Smith says that altogether little is known scientifically in regard to the species, and that there is no instance on record of a diamond-backed terrapin being raised by artificial methods from the egg.

In Japanese waters there is a terrapin closely allied, it is believed, to the American snapping turtle. It is deliciously edible, and as the Japanese were confronted by its threatened extinction they have managed to master the science of its cultivation. Scientists in America are looking forward with much interest to the information Doctor Smith will bring back. It is one of the few instances of Anglo-Saxon learning going to the far East for scientific instruction.

Mark Twain's Writings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Mark Twain's permanent place in literature has long been assured. Such critics as Professor Brander Mathews and W. D. Howells place him in the company of Chaucer and Fielding, of Molière, Cervantes and Le Sage. His Mississippi River tales alone stamp him as a master. And he has not only pictured for us forever the great Southwest, but he has given us a full spectrum of the Union with accurate and fascinating glimpses of Europe and the far East. He is acknowledged to have the largest audience of any author now using the English language. He is, in a word, a writer of world-wide celebrity, as instructive as he is interesting and entertaining, and there is a great and growing demand for his works in complete and enduring form.

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EARLY LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

The stone façades of houses, picture galleries, the sculpture of public buildings and monuments, the clever arrangement of gardens, all these things have very rarely captured my attention. That which appeals to me, and which I am always searching for, is the soul which is concealed behind the silent immobility of things; it is life and movement which interest me. I have spent hours contemplating a crowd, studying its agitation, taking note of its continual motion. And what life, what movement, what a crowd there was there before me in this Paris, which is the brain of one of the leading countries of the world and toward which came ebbing all the passions, all the anger, all the aspirations of a whole race and of a whole nation. . . .

Count Kolowrath did not abandon me, but introduced me to some of the influential French persons with whom he was on friendly terms. Among the number was M. de Falloux, who, later, was to have such an admirable career as a statesman and who was the veritable organizer of Public Instruction in France. M. de Falloux was very curious about men and things in foreign lands; he always talked willingly with me, and he invited me to private literary gatherings, at which lectures were given on the most varied subjects. One day I received from M. de Falloux an invitation card, on which were the following words: "M. —— (a name which I have forgotten) will speak on literature in Germany and Provence." I went to this soirée and, on arriving, I found M. de Falloux, usually so calm and so reserved, in a great state of excitement and nervousness.

I inquired what was the matter.

M. de Falloux told me that his lecturer had not yet arrived and that he feared he would not now come.

"I am very much annoyed," he said, "as several of my guests have been looking forward to hearing him discuss this question, and I fear they will be disappointed."

An idea flashed through my mind.

"Why not get some one immediately to take the lecturer's place?" I suggested.

"That would not be very easy," replied M. de Falloux.

"Will you let me try?" I asked. "I know very little about Provence, or, to speak frankly, I don't know anything at all, but I am very well up in German literature, and I would do my utmost not to bore your guests."

M. de Falloux smiled. He was very much amused.

"Agreed," he said; "and I am very much obliged."

I Become Professor of Foreign Literature

Five minutes later, with plenty of assurance, I was discussing German literature and its connection with the literature of Provence. I compared, quoted and analyzed examples. I was witty, evidently, for my audience laughed a great deal; and I was even eloquent, for I was applauded.

When I had finished a lady approached me and in the most affected way said: "Oh! Monsieur, there are perhaps several things to find fault with in what you say about German literature, but all that you said about the literature of Provence was perfect, absolutely perfect. . . . One can see how thoroughly you know that country!"

Monsieur de Falloux, who was standing near, burst out laughing and then, shaking hands, thanked me heartily and drawing me aside said:

"What an admirable lecturer on foreign literature you would make!"

"If ever you become Minister," I answered, "I'll take you at your word, and ask you for a professorship."

"Agreed," he said: "yours shall be the first appointment I make."

And it happened as he had said, for M. de Falloux, on becoming Minister of Public Instruction, appointed the young man who had been seen having his pipe mended in one of the shops of Angiers to a professorship of foreign languages and literature in that very city.

I was not destined to stay very long in Angiers, though, nor in the University. In 1856 I was appointed to the chair of foreign literature at Marseilles. It was there that I met the lady who became my wife, and who, as the companion of my life for thirty-five years, was with me always through good and through evil days. She was French, and her father, M. Arnaud d'Agnel, had been paymaster in the Navy; her uncle, on her

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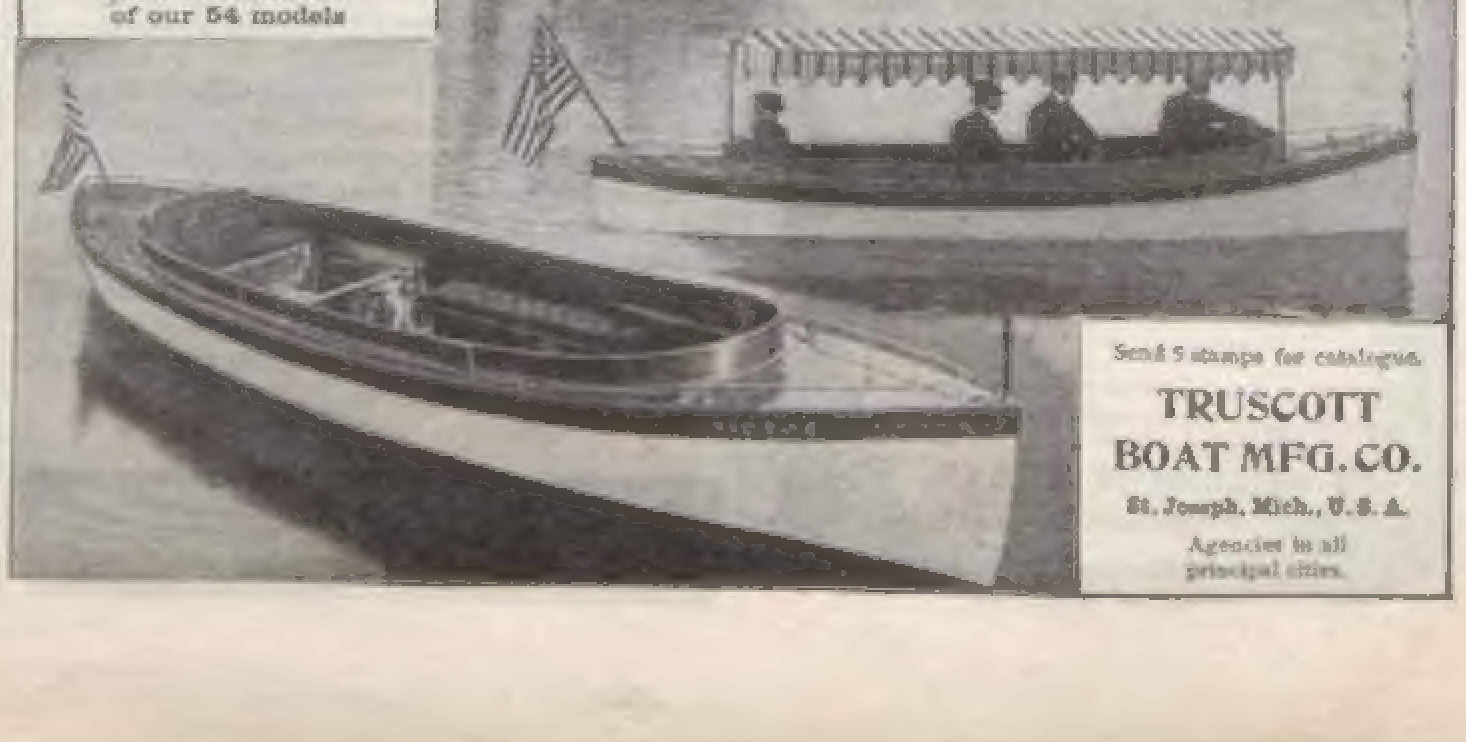

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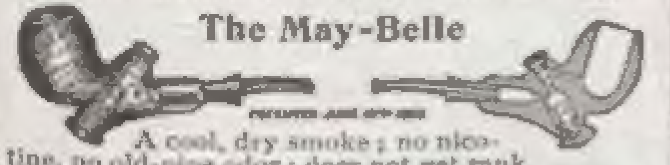

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father's side, had been a Brigadier-General. Her mother belonged to an old aristocratic family of the Var, and her maternal uncle was connected with the Bourbon family.

Our marriage took place in 1858, and it was not until twelve years later that I embraced the career which was to be the veritable passion of my life.

Some of these twelve years were spent in commercial affairs, for I had always had the mania of believing myself very clever in mechanics. I had invented a machine for combing flax at great speed. I began by buying a workshop large enough to hold the machine, and the next thing I did was to have the said machine constructed at great expense.

When everything was ready I gave a big fête in order to celebrate the success of my invention. Every one came from miles round, and more than a thousand persons were present. They all congratulated me, drank champagne, looked at the machine, and admired it.

When the reception was over, the guests gone, and the champagne glasses empty I thought the moment had arrived for trying the machine and setting it in motion.

As everything was ready and the steam up, I said to the engineer: "Go!" and I, myself, turned the tap which was to set it in motion. There was immediately a most formidable detonation. Everything blew up in the air, the window-panes were all broken, and I was thrown violently down whilst a great iron bolt struck my forehead.

I was picked up for dead and it was thanks to my wife's nursing that I was able to get about again three weeks later, cured of my wound and still more effectually cured of my industrial inventions. Never from that time forth have I attempted to set any machinery in motion.

It is with this incident that my reminiscences of early youth come to an end. It has required a certain effort on my part to recall them, first because I do not care to dwell on those far-off days of the past, and, secondly, because I have been obliged to put myself constantly in the foreground instead of speaking about the events with which I have been connected and the men with whom I have come in contact.

But, such as they are, without order and without cohesion, the few lines I have written may at least have a certain philosophical value. They will show that great results may sometimes spring from very slight causes, and that, in order to become a journalist of note in the world, very little is often all that is required . . . just a pipe to break at the right moment on a journey.

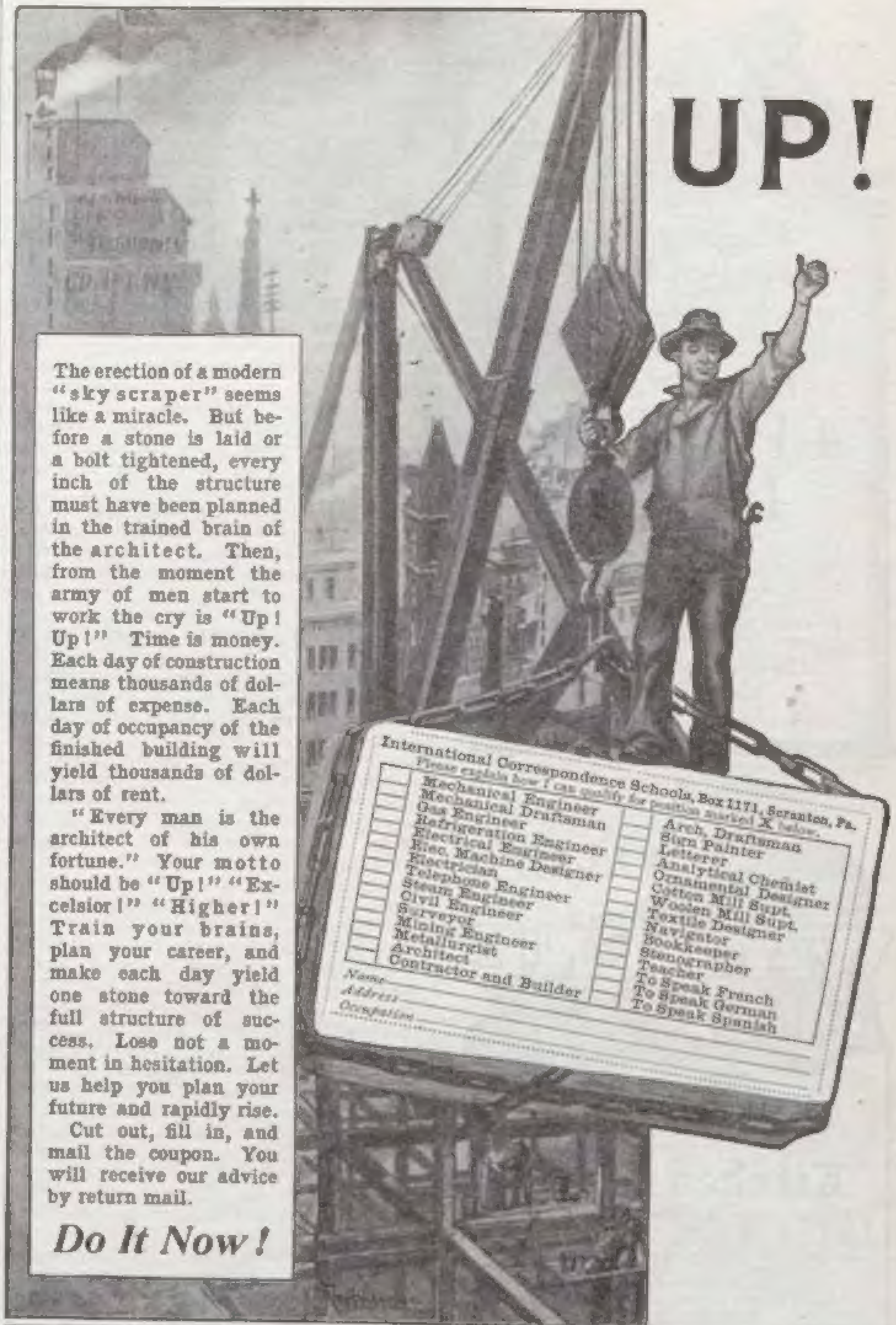
Editor's Note—This is the fourth in the series of M. de Blowitz's Recollections. The final installment will appear in an early number.

* * *

Americans of Today & Tomorrow

(*Continued from Page 2*)

in their relation to the whole body of our laws and the established order into which they must go, if enacted into law, and work in unison and harmony. They are the product of men who come here determined 'to do something'—men who want to create the sensation of achievement. But achievement is mischievous unless it is effective—unless it works for the good of the great body of our people and the general betterment of the whole assemblage of our laws. So all of the brain power and nervous energy spent in concocting these impracticable measures is lost both to the man who conceives them and to the people he serves. If such men would only patiently wait and carefully study, and then after consultation work with others, contributing all of their energy to a common effort for the enactment of wise measures or the prevention of unsound policies the nation would be served and the usefulness of these men who now waste their talents would be increased quite beyond calculation." This talk of one of the sages of the Senate is worth reproduction here; and it is worth, too, the thoughtful



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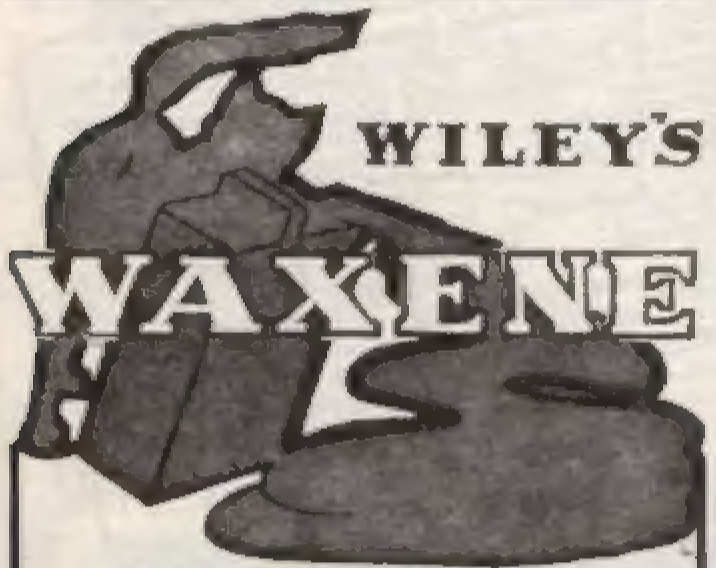

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meditation of every young American who would grasp that truth most needed at this hour and in the future by all Americans. After all, it was only a diluted form of that wisest pronouncement of that wise man, Paul—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

I am not counseling timidity either of plan or of action on the part of Americans of to-day; I am pointing out merely how absolutely essential it is that the American of the twentieth century shall regulate his vigor and make himself the master of his own masterfulness. I would have him the director of his energies and not their slave. Let the American pour the tremendous power of his strength and his resources toward the accomplishment of great and worthy purposes. Let him not waste and dissipate his noble advantages, which, well conserved, well used and well directed, render him the very monarch of the world's destinies, now and far into a future so brilliant that it is dazzling.

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Let no one fear that the enthusiasm of American youth will thereby be harmfully repressed. If every preacher in America were to make conservatism the text of all his sermons for the next decade, and every platform speaker were to do the same, and all the editors were to make that word the theme of all their editorials—even if every mother were to teach her children, not the gospel of mere effort but of thoughtfulness and thoroughness, there would still be no danger that the American character would be unduly toned down. For, after all, there is something about us that is abnormally energetic. "Pardon me," said a Russian of world travel and experience, "but the soberest of Americans seem to me to be intoxicated." Observing the immense quantity of spirits which Englishmen—and of the better class, too—consume with apparently no effect, the question was put to an Englishman of letters who was also an English statesman of large reputation: "How can you Englishmen drink so much? If Americans drank only a small portion of the liquor you consume they would be intoxicated." "I think it must be the difference in our climate, for Americans seem to us constitutionally intoxicated. It appears to us that you have not the power of repose. I have observed your people closely in every section of your own country, and it is very rare when I find one who has time to think."

Whatever an Englishman says a Russian will always say the reverse; and whatever a Russian says an Englishman will say is quite the contrary of the truth. Yet here were two eminent and observant men making a common statement in almost the same terms.

A certain great ethnologist, now deservedly prominent in one of the best of American universities, delivered a lecture some years ago in which he sought to demonstrate that our climate produced abnormal perception and electric execution. Another American of age and reflection, now an ambassador to one of the great courts, declares that our phenomenal activity is due to our political institutions which give to every man boundless opportunity (and therefore alluring invitation) to make the most of his chances and endowments. It is not worth speculating as to the cause, but the fact is important. We have the impetuosity of impatience, and yet nothing is surer than that all of the cards which Nature has placed in our hands might as well be thrown away unless we play them with skill and design. Steady then, young American! Prudence! Thoughtfulness! Conservatism! Repeat these words to yourselves at the hour of rising and then repeat them at the hour of retiring, and measure your conduct during the day by them, and all the while know that the glory of our nation and your own success depends upon the degree to which your daily conduct measures up to those standards of truth and wisdom.

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